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THE

IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. I.—MARCH, 1851.

ART. I.—REMOVAL OF THE IRISH LAW COURTS.

It is unhappily, too much the custom of the Imperial Legislature, to view matters connected with the social condition of Ireland with an anti-Irish feeling. From whatever source this sentiment be derived, whether it springs from ignorance or prejudice, or a desire to carry out the principles of centralization to their utmost limits, or all of these sources combined, it is not necessary at the present to inquire; the fact, however, is so; and centralization appears to form, the alpha and omega of political faith with every Englishman of the present day.

Ireland has ever been and still continues to be the battle-ground of faction. Ireland has over and over again been declared by successive statesmen to be their chief difficulty; and that difficulty still continues, the monument of their ignorance and weakness. But it is a difficulty created and perpetuated by themselves; it is a difficulty sedulously kept in existence by party spirit, to serve as a lever, in the hands of an opposition, to overthrow whatever party may be in the enjoyment of political power; and there seems to be but one policy with respect to Ireland which has been consistently adhered to by English ministers, the policy of "*divide et impera.*" Different governments have entertained different views as to the manner in which Irish affairs ought to be regulated, but all, by their acts have shown that this maxim is one of general and universal repute. If the Whigs are in office, the Liberal party in Ireland are excited to antagonism with their Tory fellow-subjects; while again,

in the following year, if a change of ministry has in the meantime taken place, Toryism is in the ascendant, and *its* advocates are elevated in turn over the heads of their opponents; and hence it comes to pass, that every matter relating to the improvement of the social condition of Ireland, is viewed through the magnifying glass of party; and presents an exaggerated and distorted appearance to the mind of each, as the case may be.

But this evil, following the natural course of error, goes further; and not content with interfering in matters of a purely political and party nature, extends itself to those also which are essentially social. The so called "country party," haunted by the same evil genius of disunion, partakes of the general apathy shown towards all questions of general importance; and feeling a jealousy with respect to matters not immediately connected with or affecting themselves, totally disregard the interests of the mercantile community; forgetful of the indirect injury which must inevitably ensue to them if the interests of the latter be disregarded.

But the subject to which we wish to call attention at present, is one on which there ought not to be a second opinion. The removal of the Court of Chancery and Superior Courts of Common Law in Ireland, with their attendant machinery, from Dublin to Westminster, is a subject which affects all classes of society—the professional man, the merchant, the artizan, and the agriculturist, are more or less concerned in the issue; it extends to every individual and every portion of this island.

Now, though we sincerely trust that no such intention exists in the minds of those who direct the destinies of this empire, yet circumstances do exist which we are not foolhardy enough to despise. Letters have been written advocating such a change; pamphlets have been published with the same intent; proposals have been started for the purpose of testing public opinion; while reports have been circulated and afterwards contradicted, in order that the public mind may be made familiar with the notion, and that familiarity may produce a fatal security; looking too, to the means by which similar great changes in the constitution of this country have been effected, we cannot shut our eyes to the possibility of some such measure being brought forward at no distant time.

It is true, that Lord John Russell, when bringing forward his bill for the abolition of the Lord Lieutenantcy in Ireland, last May, is reported to have used words to the following effect:—The noble Lord said, "Before I enter into it," (the question before the House), "I wish to clear away two misrepresentations which have been sedulously circulated upon it; one is, that there is an intention at the same time, or soon after, to remove the Courts of Law from Dublin to London. Now there never was the slightest foundation for it (hear, hear). We never had any intention to propose a measure which would be injurious to Ireland and the administration of justice (hear, hear)." We may afford to give Lord John Russell credit for having expressed what his sentiments *were* at the time he uttered the above words (and his expressed opinion, that such a measure would be "injurious" to the administration of justice, is worth something); but the noble Lord spoke in the past tense, and gave no pledge that at a future time his opinions and intentions would not change. And so manifest was the tendency of the measure then before the House, that the late Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his general cautiousness, during the debate on the second reading, involuntarily disclosed the end to which the measure naturally led, when he said, "You have a separate bar and separate judges, but would it not be reasonable to apply the principle to all? You might except Scotland, for there a different system of jurisprudence prevails. I really think it would be more advantageous than the proposed plan." We say he unintentionally disclosed this opinion, for he afterwards "explained" that "he had no intention to interfere with the bar of Ireland or the judicial bench: he had purposely left that question untouched." We take it, however, that greater faith will be given to the "unadvised" statement of the Right Honourable Gentleman, than to an explanation rather awkwardly introduced, when he discovered the error into which he had fallen.

The examples afforded by ministers of the crown are not, we must confess, such as to induce us to place much reliance on their expressed opinions. The Right Honourable Gentleman himself affords us a memorable instance of how opinions, entertained for the course of a long political life, may change; but even granting that the sentiments of prime ministers partook of the immutable character of the laws of

nature, there is no security that some *other* minister may not arise, who will hold opinions directly opposed to his predecessors in office. Who, in the year 1782, anticipated the proposal of the Act of Union, after what was then declared to be a final arrangement between the two countries? Who, in the year 1800, would have thought that a bill for the abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland could have been introduced into the House of Commons of the *United Kingdom*, contrary to, and in violation of, the expressed and implied engagement to the contrary? Yet how many an honest man has been disappointed—how often has confidence been betrayed! The assertion then, that there never was the slightest foundation for the rumour, and that the ministers never had any intention to promote such a measure, affords to us no security whatsoever. Assertions are of little value, where engagements have been disregarded.

The question has been raised, and we would be more than foolish to slumber in security while even a possibility of any such proposal being brought forward, exists. We may be wrong in our expectations; we sincerely hope so. No man is infallible. If our fears are unfounded, we will be among the first to express our satisfaction; if, on the other hand, some grounds do exist for the observations we are about to make, we feel that we have done no more than our duty in taking up our pen to expose the injustice and injurious consequences of so fatal and pernicious a catastrophe.

It appears to us that the Act of Union, passed in the 40th year of his late Majesty King George III., clearly decides the illegality of any measure tending to abolish or remove the Irish Law Courts. The 8th article of Union runs thus—

“That it be the eighth article of Union, that all laws in force at the time of the Union, and *all the Courts of Civil and Ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the respective Kingdoms, shall remain as now by law established within the same, subject only to such alterations and regulations from time to time, as circumstances may appear to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to require.*”

The Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland was a great national compact or treaty entered into, between two independent nations. It was expressly stated to be such by Mr. Pitt, when introducing the measure to the consideration of the English legislature.

The nature of such treaties or compacts is simply this, that the contracting nations are willing mutually to forego certain rights and surrender certain privileges, for the attainment of some advantage, such as, for instance, a more intimate connection between the two countries. Advantages are yielded on both sides; the consideration must be mutual, and the conditions expressed in the contract or treaty must be strictly adhered to. This interpretation is so consonant to common sense, and so agreeable to natural justice; that to dispute or call in question the binding qualities of such conditions (in consideration of which the contract is entered into), would be to upset and overturn the foundation of all national law and jurisprudence.

At the time of the passing of the Act of Union, Ireland was an independent nation, and consequently capable of entering into any contract it might think for its advantage; if it was not so, the validity of the Act of Union cannot be supported. If Ireland at that period laboured under a disability to contract, all arguments urged in favour of the Act of Union, and in support of the measure, must fail; if Ireland was induced to enter into that compact by fraud or corruption, if she was forced to agree, or if she assented under the influence of duress, the Act of Union, according to every principle of law, must fail: it is no longer binding upon Irishmen, if contrary to their wishes. But Ireland was at that time in the enjoyment of her constitution of '82, and fully competent to enter into any contract or treaty, subject to any condition and in consideration of any engagement, which those to whom her administration was entrusted were of opinion would result to her advantage.

The case of Hanover and England, at one time united under the same sovereign, affords a tolerable example of the connection which then existed between England and Ireland; and it would have been equally competent for Hanover and England to have entered into a similar agreement or contract, if the people of both countries had consented or desired. But it is unnecessary to dwell more fully upon the circumstances under which the Act of Union was passed, inasmuch as it must be admitted that it owes its power and binding qualities, to the fact of the competency of each nation to enter into the contract, being established, and to that fact alone. After the several articles are set forth, the Act proceeds—

"Be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the *said foregoing recited articles, each and every one of them*, according to the true intent and tenor thereof, be ratified, confirmed, and approved, and be, and they are hereby declared to be, *the articles of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland*; and *the same* shall be in force and have effect *for ever*, from the first day of January, 1801, provided that before that period an Act shall have been passed by the Parliament of Great Britain for carrying into effect in the like manner, the said foregoing recited articles."

It is hardly necessary to state, that before that period had elapsed, an Act *was* passed by the Parliament of Great Britain to carry into effect the recited articles.

The narrative, as set forth by the Act of Parliament, is plain and express: the Irish Parliament passed an Act setting forth certain articles or conditions, on the guaranteeing of which, and on which alone, the Act was to take effect. These conditions were afterwards submitted to and accepted by the English Parliament; the Act became law, and the two countries were united.

Such is the narrative of the Act of Union. Grotius, in his work "*De Jure Belli et Pacis*," lib. ii., cap. 15, divides treaties into two general classes,

"First, those which turn merely on things to which the parties were already bound by the law of nature; secondly, those by which they enter into further engagements."

It is under the latter class that the Act of Union comes as a treaty. It was a further engagement entered into between two independent nations, to which they were not bound to accede by the laws of nature. We have printed in italics those portions of the 8th Article of Union, to which attention ought particularly to be directed. One of the conditions is expressed to be, that all laws in force at the time, *and all the Courts of Civil and Ecclesiastical jurisdiction, should remain as by law then established* in both kingdoms; and though the subsequent portion of the article provides that they shall remain subject only to such alterations and regulations from time to time as circumstances may require, yet that provision plainly refers to such alterations and regulations *in the practice* of the law, as might naturally be expected to become necessary from the increasing wants

of a mercantile community, and the advancement of more enlightened legislation. "Alteration" cannot in any sense be construed "abolition;" nor can the "regulation" of our Courts of Law be taken to include their "removal" from Dublin to Westminster.

If Acts of Parliament are so perverted from the manifest sense and intention with which they are passed—if treaties agreed to on the faith of the contracting parties, are broken through and violated, the science of legislation becomes a trickery, national honour becomes degraded, and confidence destroyed.

The following passage from Vattel's "Law of Nations" clearly points out the rights and duties of parties to such contracts:—

"It is a settled point in national law, that he who has made a promise to any one, confers upon him a real right to require the thing promised, and consequently, that the breach of a perfect promise is a violation of another person's right, and as evidently an act of injustice, as it would be to rob a man of his property. The tranquillity, the happiness, the security of the human race, wholly depends on justice, on the obligation of paying a regard to the rights of others; the respect which others pay to our rights of domain and property, constitutes the security of our actual possession; the faith of promises is our security for things that cannot be delivered or executed on the spot. There would no longer be any security, no longer any commerce between mankind, if they did not think themselves obliged to keep faith with each other, and to perform their promises; this obligation is then as necessary as it is natural and indubitable, between nations that live together in a state of nature, and acknowledge no superior upon earth to maintain order and peace in their society. Nations, therefore, and their conductors, ought inviolably to observe their promises and their treaties. This great truth, though too often neglected in practice, is generally acknowledged by all nations."

He adds further—

"As the engagements of a treaty impose on the one hand a perfect obligation, they produce on the other a perfect right: the breach of a treaty is therefore a violation of the perfect right of the party with whom we have contracted, and this is an act of injustice against him."

It has been said that an Act of Parliament can do everything but make a man a woman, or a woman a man. An Act of Parliament can no doubt effect most important changes, but it can never alter or affect the nature of right and wrong. The principles of right and wrong are situated far beyond the limits of legislative interference, or those to which an Act of Parliament can extend; justice will

remain justice, national right will remain national right, notwithstanding all the laws that have been passed or will ever be passed to the contrary. Upon what principles of justice can it be then contended, that a Parliament constituted with respect to the contracting parties, in the proportion of five to one, has the jurisdiction to adjudicate upon one of those very conditions to which it owes its existence? Upon what principle of justice can it be contended that a treaty, which declares that certain conditions shall *for ever* form the ground of union between two countries, may be altered except by mutual consent? Mutual consent is a necessary antecedent to any such change; and in order that that consent might be fairly ascertained, both parties should be placed in the same independent position in which they were, previously to the contract having been entered into, to enable them to exercise their choice, free and uncontrolled.

That such a mode of ascertaining the national sense and wishes of the Irish people will be adopted, we do not expect; but if some plan be not devised for this purpose, we do not hesitate to state our opinion, that a measure having for its object the removal of the Law Courts from Dublin to Westminster, would be a breach of the Act of Union, would absolve the Irish people from the obligation of that Act, would be a violation of the laws of nations, and unconstitutional in the extreme.

Nations, like individuals, have distinctive traits of character. The soil, the climate, and physical condition of the various portions of the earth's surface differ from each other in productiveness, temperature, and geographical position. It would appear that Providence in like manner, and no doubt for a wise purpose, had implanted in the minds of those by whom each portion was peopled, inclinations and sentiments differing as widely from each other as the physical conditions of their respective countries. The vast extent of the plains of Asia has stamped and impressed on the Tartar tribes their pastoral habits; and so likewise in the manners and institutions of each individual nation, we may trace the peculiarities of their character to causes intimately connected with and depending on the physical and natural capacity of their country.

Of course, in proportion to the rapidity with which civilization advanced, and the means of communication between nations increased,

those distinctive impressions of nature gradually became fainter and fainter. Conquest too, along with other causes, lent its assistance to destroy, or at all events to blend them together; and hence those broad distinctions and peculiarities of character which in the earlier ages of the world distinguished nations from each other, have now as it were become confused; and the traces of a custom which formerly was peculiar to one nation alone, may now be discovered in many. We cannot forbear laying before our readers the following passage from one of Mr. Justice Story's works:—

“ The earth has long since been divided into distinct nations, inhabiting different regions, speaking different languages, engaged in different pursuits, and attached to different forms of government. It is natural that under such circumstances there should be many variances in their institutions, customs, laws, and polity, and that these variances should result sometimes from accident and sometimes from design, sometimes from superior skill and knowledge of local interests, and sometimes from a choice founded in ignorance and supported by the prejudices of imperfect civilization. Climate and geographical position, and the physical adaptations springing from them, must at all times have had a powerful influence in the organization of each society, and have given a peculiar complexion and character to many of its arrangements. The bold, intrepid, and hardy nations of the North of Europe, whether civilized or barbarous, would scarcely desire or tolerate the indolent inactivity and luxurious indulgences of the Asiatics. Nations inhabiting the borders of the ocean, and accustomed to maritime intercourse with other nations, would naturally require institutions and laws adapted to their pursuits and enterprizes, which would be wholly unfit for those who should be placed in the interior of a continent, and should maintain very different relations with their neighbours, both in peace and war. Accordingly, we find that from the earliest records of authentic history, there has been (as far at least as we can trace them) little uniformity in the laws, usages, polity, and institutions either of contiguous or of distant nations. The Egyptians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, differed not more in their characters and employments from each other, than in their institutions and laws; they had little desire to learn or to borrow from each other, and indifference, if not contempt, was the habitual state of almost every ancient nation in regard to the internal polity of all nations.”

The national character and feelings of the English and Irish people are totally dissimilar. We might perhaps, if we were not treating of a subject of such grave importance as the present, take a pleasure in tracing what influence the peculiar characteristics, even of scenery, have had upon the mind of man; in inquiring into the different feel-

ings and sentiments which are developed in those who have been placed, from early childhood, in communion with nature, who have been educated under her care, and become imbued with the spirit of truth, freedom, and patriotism; but however agreeable such a digression would be, our limits forbid us to wander through the fertile fields of speculation, and we must return.

The thoughts, the feelings, and natural propensities of the Irish and English people are then widely different; and yet the institutions, as at present established in both countries, are similar in principle. This may at first sight appear to be a contradiction in terms, but the origin of this similarity is easily explained.

In Mr. Cathcart's translation of Savigny's *History of the Roman Law in the Middle Ages*,* the fall of the Western Roman Empire into the arms of its northern invaders is thus described—

“When the Goths, Burgundians, Franks, and Lombards, founded kingdoms in the countries formerly subject to the power of the Romans, there were two different modes of treating the conquered race: they might be extirpated by destroying or enslaving the freemen, or the conquering nation, for the sake of increasing their own numbers, might transform the Romans into Germans, by forcing on them their manners, constitutions, and laws. Neither mode was however followed, for although many Romans were slain, expatriated, or enslaved, this was the lot of individuals, and not the systematic treatment of the nations; both races, on the contrary, lived together, and preserved their separate manners and laws.”

But the conduct of the English in their treatment of the Irish race, from the time in which they first acquired a position in this country, was almost quite the reverse: they sought to transform the Irish into English, by forcing on them their manners, constitution, and laws; the particular mode of dress then in use among the Irish was prohibited, and heavy penalties were imposed on the intermarriages of the two races. But there is this difference between the compulsory change of the manners of a nation and the change of their constitution and laws: it is easy enough for a victorious party in a conquered country to establish any constitution and enact any laws they may think fit, but the manners of a people are not so easily transformed; the constitution and laws of a country may depend on a fortuitous

* Vol. I. chap. iii, pp. 99—104.

combination of circumstances; the latter may change, and the former may therefore be at times altered without evil consequences, but the manners of a people take their complexion from nature itself, which is immutable; penal laws may be enacted, but persecution ever strengthens those habits against which it is directed; and though in seeking redress and demanding justice, the inhabitants would be compelled to avail themselves of the laws as administered by their conquerors, yet means for the evasion of laws imposing restraints on established customs, are seldom wanting. The consequence of such treatment is manifest: the *institutions* of the country were no doubt changed, but such is the tenacity with which a nation adheres to its peculiar *habits and characteristics*, that not even the lapse of years from that period to the present day, has been able thoroughly to extinguish them.

The constitution and common law of Ireland being thus at that early period abolished, and the English constitution and English common law substituted in its place, it is plain that the principles of the latter, when applied to the process of legislating for different subject matters, through a long course of years, produced different results both in the practice and administration of the law. Now, though it is not our object in the present instance to point out minutely the differences which exist between the laws of the two countries, we may allude to one or two matters which manifestly required different treatment; thus, for instance, the customs and habits relating to the occupation of land in Ireland are almost peculiar to this country, and consequently the provisions of the statute law affecting this subject (though founded on the common-law principles which we enjoy equally with England) must, of necessity, be also peculiar in its provisions. Differences also exist in many other branches of our respective laws; while that species of property known only to Ireland, that of lease for lives renewable for ever, has also given rise to peculiar equities and a peculiar jurisdiction. We might refer to other examples, but such we imagine to be unnecessary. A careful comparison of the statute books of both countries will show this; and that the fact is so, must be evident to all, who are in any way acquainted with the internal condition of Ireland, or who have studied her peculiar characteristics and habits.

Such a person will plainly understand that many Acts have been passed for the benefit and advancement of English interests, which would be wholly inapplicable to Ireland; and in like manner, that those Acts which have reference to this country, would become totally valueless as a treatment for the social necessities of Englishmen. Such being the case, we think that this difference between the laws in both countries operates as an argument in favour of our being entitled to a separate institution for their study, practice, and administration.

We think further, that without such a separate institution, as our Courts of Law are at present, the administration of justice in this country could not be carried on with advantage, and that, leaving out of consideration the inconvenience which would manifestly occur.

If the quantity of business which engages the attention of the English bar is such, that the members of the profession in that country have, by a tacit understanding between themselves, voluntarily agreed to select different branches of law for their study and particular courts for their practice, it is not, we would imagine, too much to say, that the peculiarities of Irish law, in its practice and administration, also requires cultivation by a distinct and separate body; and if this be so, what object could be gained by the removal of our Courts of Law from Dublin to Westminster? No benefit whatsoever, as far as Ireland is concerned—a step would merely have been taken towards the goal of centralization; a policy which however men may doubt its advantage, when applied to England, no one can deny to be fatal in its effects as regards Ireland. It may be said, however, that we are assuming that this dissimilarity between the laws of the two countries must continue, and it may be urged that such might be easily removed by the sweeping process of an Act of Parliament—that the Gordian-knot which baffled the ingenuity of successive generations was severed by the sword of the Grecian conqueror. True, but to effect such a change, more than an Act of Parliament would be requisite: a long lapse of years can alone reconcile a people to changes in their social polity; and however energetically those changes might be carried out and administered, the more rigidly the laws might be enforced, the greater would be the opposition, and the less satisfactory the result.

"An over-busy meddling," (says Lord Chief Justice Hale) "with the alteration of lawes, though under the plausible name and pretence of reformation, doth necessarily introduce a great fluidness, lubricity, and unsteadiness in the law, and renders it, upon every little occasion, subject to perpetual fluxes, vicissitudes, and mutations; when once this law is changed, why may not that which is introduced be changed, and so on in perpetual motion? so that possibly in the period of an age or two, the law of a kingdom, and with it its government, may have as many shapes as a silkworm hath in the period of a year; so that they that now live, cannot project under what lawes their children shall live, nor the child or grandchild understand by what lawes the kingdom was governed in the time of the father or grandfather; and thereby the constitution of the government, the rules of property, and all things that are concerned to have the greatest fixedness that may be, shall become as lax and unstable as if every age underwent a conquest from a foreign state. And therefore in all times the wisest lawgivers and counsellors have been ever careful to keep the settled lawes of a kingdom as steady and fast as might be, and hence it was, that not so much to gain observance as firmness in their lawes, they were always styled sacred, and the people induced into a venerable esteem of them, by a pretence that their lawes were given from heaven, and therefore not to be changed by any inferior authority."

It would be well if that class of law-reformers, at the head of which stands Lord Glengall, would devote a portion of their time to the study of Hale's "Considerations touching the Amendment of Lawes." Some important information on this subject may also be gathered from the report of the Select Committee on Legal Education, published in the year 1846. In reply to quære 1663, Mr. M. Barry, a member of the Irish Bar, speaks as follows:—

"There are a great many principles, particularly as regards real property law, having operation in Ireland, that have none whatsoever in England; suits in Ireland in the Court of Equity are principally confined to the administration of the real estates. In Ireland there is, as the Committee are aware, a peculiar equity, arising in connection with the tenure of leases for lives renewable for ever. Our redemption law under the Ejectment statutes, and the mode of administering the assets of deceased persons, and of administering the real and personal estate of deceased persons, differs so considerably, that a student whose attention has been confined to the subject of patents and the infringement of patents, and suits for the purchase and transfer of estates, and all those subjects that generally absorb the attention in England; that a student, although very well qualified in the principles of law, would find himself very frequently, when he undertook the practice of our country, at a great loss."

(1664) "That is to say, that instruction and practice in England would not necessarily qualify a man for the administration of the Courts of Equity or the practice at the Equity bar in Ireland, without previous instruction and practice in that department also in Ireland?—Certainly it would not."

The question numbered 1667 is also deserving of attention:

"That embarrassment can scarcely be removed without a greater assimilation of the laws of the country as well as of the practice of the courts? It would be exceedingly difficult to dispense with a knowledge of the laws and equities peculiar to Ireland."

After stating some reasons for holding this opinion, Mr. Barry proceeds:

"It would be, I should say, exceedingly injurious upon that ground to assimilate the laws so as to dispense with the necessity of such a class in the country—in fact, I think it would be impracticable."

We take it then to be quite plain, that until the Irish character is so altered as to become essentially English, and Irish customs are supplanted by English habits, the laws of the two countries cannot be assimilated in such respects as to render their exclusive administration in England, advisable.

But if our Courts of Law and Equity were removed, and if the attempt to assimilate the laws of the two countries was abandoned, what would the result be then? Can one who has spent his life in the study of English laws, English customs, English habits, and English prejudices, be as competent, *ceteris paribus*, to undertake the administration of the law in Ireland, as one who has lived in this country, who has studied the peculiarities of our law, and understands the manners, habits, and feelings of our people? We think not. A judge, to be a good one, requires other qualifications than a mere acquaintance with law. He may be read in all the legal lore of Lyttleton and Coke, he may have learned by heart the pages of the Year-Books, he may have wasted the midnight oil in acquiring an intimate knowledge of Bracton and the other sources of our jurisprudence, he may have studied the Institutes of Justinian and the principles of the civil law, and nevertheless be an incompetent judge. Submit to him a question connected with the law of vested or contingent remainders, and he may answer you with the learning

and clearness of a Fearné; but let a case arise where it is necessary to unravel the intricacies of fraud, where it is necessary to detect and present in a clear and concise view to the minds of a jury (not always the most astute) the tricks and crafty ingenuities of designing men, and he will in vain look to his Coke and his Lyttleton for help. In the argument of a demurrer such a man would be in his element: he would see at a glance the gist of an action, he would silence a dexterous pleader, and distinguish cases and authorities with the greatest nicety; but let an unprincipled witness ascend the witness-box, and he would become, if he had only his knowledge of law to refer to, a cipher, a "thing of quiddities and doubts." There is no royal road to the attainment of this most necessary quality in a judge; he must be a man of general information and versed in general literature; he must have carefully noted the passions which influence men's actions; he must have mingled amongst those to whom he is presently about to administer justice; he must have observed, and that too, carefully, their peculiar habits and customs, and the conventional modes of expression in use. Without these acquirements he is incapable of filling with advantage to the public or honour to himself the high office of judge.

How often does an Englishman come over to this country, and leave as ignorant as when he first landed on our shores—he places reliance where none should be reposed; he forgets that our national character is different from that, from which his experience is derived, or he is totally ignorant of it; he returns accordingly, with notions hastily taken up and obstinately adhered to, and forthwith prepares to put his extravagant ideas into the shape of an Act of Parliament; he legislates for evils that he does not understand, and imagines himself a statesman. Thus laws are manufactured for Irish wants, and thus they always fail in effecting the objects for which they were passed. What comparison can then, be instituted between an English and Irish barrister presiding in our Courts of Justice and administering our Laws?

Nor, does the fact of an English judge presiding over the Court of Chancery in Ireland, and earning for himself the high character which our late Chancellor, Sir E. Sugden, has so deservedly obtained, negative our conclusions. The decisions of the Court of

Chancery are grounded on principles of equity, which, from its very nature, must be unchangeable and alike in all countries. It is one thing to interpret the intentions of a testator, and gather his wishes and inclinations from a written document; it is quite another to balance and give its proper weight to evidence delivered *viva voce*, where the manner of the witness and the most trivial expression made use of, may be of the utmost importance in discovering the truth, and afford a means of testing his knowledge and accuracy.

We hardly imagine that it will be contended that gentlemen of the Irish bar are incompetent to perform the duties or incapable of filling the office of a judge. Was incompetency the fault of Lord Plunket—was incompetency the ground, upon which his appointment to the office of Master of the Rolls in England, was cancelled? But we are not without evidence on this matter also: we have at the present day the authority of Sir E. Sugden for saying, that “the lawyers of the Irish bar and the Irish judges are very accomplished lawyers; they have not probably full justice done them in this country.”

We feel unwilling, Irish barristers as we are, to dwell upon the talents or virtues of the Irish bench; but we have no hesitation in saying, and that notwithstanding a recent publication, that the gentlemen who at present preside over our courts of justice are fully competent to their task, and enjoy the confidence of the suitors in their respective courts.

It appears also, and that on the most satisfactory evidence, that the amount of business is such in both countries as to negative the idea, that by removing the Irish Law Courts, and transferring them to Westminster Hall, the same number of judges at present appointed in England, would be sufficient to get through the business, thereby much increased in amount, in a satisfactory manner; and if the carrying out of the measure at present under our consideration, would result in the necessary appointment of an additional number of judges, (who would, no doubt, be selected from among the members of the English bar, after the present Irish judges had departed from the stage of judicial life), it is quite manifest that the grand object in view, is merely to promote centralization, to increase absenteeism, and to destroy a class in Ireland

who, from their *status*, education, and position, naturally enjoy no small influence in the country, and who have at times, exerted that influence to defeat and dissipate the selfish dreams of English ministers. We must therefore beg the indulgence of our readers in laying before them a portion of the evidence relative to the quantity of business in the respective countries, which now lies before us. Sir John Jervis, in reply to a question asked by Mr. Ellice, a member of the Select Committee on Official Salaries, appointed last session, says—

(1722) "The work of the judges has greatly increased of late. At present every court is in full work, so much so that they have arrears, notwithstanding the introduction of the bill which authorises them to sit in Banc during the vacation for the hearing of their arrears, and which they do continuously after each term."

Again he is asked—

(1723) "Are the duties of the judges continuous, or are they such as only press upon them at particular seasons of the year?—They are continuous; the labour itself is very considerable."

He proceeds to give, as an example, the amount of business during the then present term (Trinity), and states that in each court four judges sit daily from ten to four o'clock, or even later; at night their time is occupied in considering papers, and consulting authorities; the fifth judge in each court sits at *Nisi Prius*; and rising at three o'clock each day, go to their chambers, to be (to use Sir J. Jervis's own words) "pestered to death with hearing interlocutory motions by attorneys' clerks, which is the most laborious of all the duties of the judges." These duties continue *semper eadem*, until they go circuit, while one remains in town during the long vacation.

Mr. Baron Parke also agrees with Sir J. Jervis; he is asked—

(1846) "Do you think that a sufficient diminution has taken place in the amount of the judicial business in the country, to justify a diminution of the present number of the judges?—Certainly not."

Again:

(1847) "Do you not think that the present number of the judges is more than adequate to perform the judicial business of the country?—I think not, certainly."

These extracts show conclusively enough, without encroaching further on our pages, that the Judges in England have quite enough to occupy their time and attention without adding the Irish business to their present duties; but it also satisfactorily appears, that the duties which devolve on the Irish Judges are not of that trivial nature, or of so small an amount, as to be thoughtlessly transferred to Westminster Hall. The last feather breaks the camel's back; and we take it, that the learned gentlemen who preside over the courts at Westminster would not find that feather, of a very insignificant weight, particularly when (as we have seen above) they feel some difficulty in keeping down the arrear of business on their lists.

Sir E. Sugden examined:—

(2079) "Should you say that the business in the Court of Chancery in Ireland is such as to occupy exclusively the entire time of the Lord Chancellor?"

His answer is deserving of attention:

"I should say that the entire time of the Lord Chancellor is required to transact the business of the Court of Chancery in Ireland, and to perform his other duties."

In reply to additional inquiries, Sir E. Sugden states: "He," (the Chancellor) "is at times certainly occupied from morning till night;" again, "the Chancellorship of Ireland is quite sufficient to occupy any man's energy and time."

The late Chief Justice Doherty was also examined at some length; and Mr. Bright, who, in charity, we must believe to be a little deranged on economical questions, endeavoured to extract an opinion, that the amount of business on the Irish circuits was such, that a smaller number of Judges than we have at present would be sufficient to perform their duties; but his Lordship states, that though he has frequently considered the question, and turned it in his mind, with a view to that object, he does not see how the "circuit business could be disposed of with a smaller number of judges than we have at present."

It would thus appear, that if such an attempt as the removal of our Courts of Law be successful, the arrears of business, at present large, must, on the one hand, be accumulated to a frightful extent,

and consequently suitors be thereby prejudiced, and justice delayed; or, on the other hand, if this evil be provided against by the appointment of additional judges and additional courts in England, we are forced to arrive at the conclusion to which we before alluded, viz.: that the promoters of the measure have a remote and ulterior object in view.

The members of the Irish bar are urged to view this measure favourably, or at least to preserve an apathetic indifference as regards it, by the alleged prospect of a wide field for the exercise of their talents, and higher objects for their ambition; but however desirable such objects and desires may be, let Irishmen remember that national honour forbids, and let them by the result, permit the future historian, when chronicling the events of this period, to relate how the Irish bar resisted the tempting offers of ambition advanced in favour of the measure; when such rewards were to be purchased, at the cost of individual disgrace and national dishonour.

It must also be remembered, that as a consequence of the removal of the Law Courts, the emigration of all those gentlemen engaged in the practice of the law, and now residing in Dublin (with the exception of those perhaps who, from their age, family ties, or other circumstances, may abandon the profession), must immediately follow; clients, too, who at present come up to Dublin to transact their law business and consult their counsel, must for the future proceed to London, a long and fatiguing journey, notwithstanding the facilities presented by the Britannia Tube; time and space, though shortened, have not yet been annihilated, and a compulsory visit to the metropolis would scarcely repay the increased expenditure of time and money: and thus the policy of bringing justice to every man's door is violated, and as long as an appeal from the Assistant Barrister's Court exists, or an option of having a question tried before one of the Judges of the Superior Courts is permitted, such a measure will be attended with incalculable injury.

The vast majority of actions tried at *Nisi Prius* are transitory actions, and in consequence of the many advantages which result from having a case tried where the courts of law are located, and the members of the Bar reside, the venues, as a general rule, are at present laid in Dublin; for the future, however, the venues in tran-

sitory actions would, for similar reasons, be laid in London, and a vast increase of expense in the procurement of justice would be the consequence; the travelling expenses of witnesses, their support in an expensive city, and the length of time which they might be detained, while a judge vainly endeavoured to labour through his list, would add materially to the expense of an action; while, in the meantime, the suitor in quest of justice would sit, like Patience on a monument, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, like Niobe in her tears, and though victorious, yet ruined by delay, exclaim—"Another such victory, and I am undone!"

It remains for us shortly to consider what effect the removal of the Irish Law Courts would have in increasing Irish absenteeism. We do not intend to discuss the abstract question, how far absenteeism is injurious to a country. We believe it to be so, and assert it accordingly; and though there are some gentlemen who entertain doubts upon the question, and who endeavour to prove that an income of £1,000 a-year, derived from Ireland, is expended with as much advantage to Ireland in London as in Dublin, we must, nevertheless, even at the risk of being in consequence charged with an assumption, decline entering, at present, into a discussion of the abstract question; and stating our belief, that the latter opinion is erroneous, we are quite willing to undertake any responsibility which may attach itself to the assertion. In treating the question in this point of view, we may premise nevertheless, that we are to a certain extent unwilling to rest our opposition to the measure, on matters of mere pecuniary advantage or disadvantage to Ireland; especially so, when higher considerations are involved. We would prefer to carry persuasion to the minds of our readers through the influence of principle than of self-interest; but though

*"Melius est petere fontes quam
Sectari rivulos,"*

the latter must not be altogether neglected, particularly when we find that principles have been violated, solemn compacts attempted to be broken, and confidence and national faith betrayed.

Let any one throw a glance over the Dublin Directories for the years 1800 and 1850 respectively, and he may there read a sad tale

of the effects of centralization, as evidenced by absenteeism. The nobility and titled aristocracy would appear, as far at least as residence in Ireland would enable the reader to judge, to have become almost extinct. But when he discovered, from other sources, that vast sums are annually remitted to Irish landlords residing abroad, sums too often expended in extravagance and idle pursuits, he would be forced to the conclusion that they had wantonly deserted their duties, and preferred to follow servilely, in the train of London fashion, than occupy that position at home to which they would be entitled, and might fill with honour. But though our nobility and titled aristocracy have deserted their country, an aristocracy even still exists—a professional aristocracy; the aristocracy of learning and talent, of worth and integrity. Of this aristocracy, composed, for the most part, of the members of the learned professions, the Bar forms no inconsiderable portion, and tends in no small degree to maintain and support the tone of society in Ireland. Remove the Law Courts, and Dublin will sink to the condition of a provincial town.

The closing of our Courts of Justice would form an important era in the history of this country. It would be a signal of departure for all those gentlemen who now practise at the bar, or who intend to follow their profession. The large and influential class of attorneys and solicitors should also emigrate; and the Hon. Society of King's Inns should transplant itself, in its venerable old age, to a new and more congenial climate, where it might endeavour to share the fees and emoluments of its more wealthy English rivals. And thus, in consequence of this one act, the aggregate amount of the professional incomes, of Judges, Barristers, Attorneys, and the various other officers attached to our courts of law, and now expended in Dublin, would, for the future, increase the tide of English wealth, and beautify the metropolis of the world.

But this is not all. The professional incomes would not be the only loss to Ireland. The large amount derived from private property, and other sources of income, would be entirely withdrawn from this country, and for ever lost to it. It would be exceedingly difficult to make any satisfactory calculation of what the total amount of loss sustained would be, in the absence of documents which could be relied on; but we take it to be quite plain that its amount must

be very considerable indeed; and equally plain, that its expenditure in London would entail a severe loss on this portion of the empire.

The following return was handed by the present Master Lyle to the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1846:—

A Return of the Number of Students, Barristers, and Attorneys admitted into the Hon. Society of King's Inns for the last Twenty Years, commencing Hilary Term, 1826.

Years.	Students.	Barristers.	Attorneys.
1826	80	30	74
1827	63	42	63
1828	78	38	73
1829	88	50	71
1830	74	47	81
1831	80	54	82
1832	71	44	87
1833	67	52	95
1834	86	58	104
1835	121	41	111
1836	129	70	107
1837	91	56	133
1838	97	97	129
1839	68	97	140
1840	79	107	121
1841	50	66	106
1842	81	54	112
1843	80	60	119
1844	66	43	107
1846	67	56	114

It would appear from this return, that during the above period of about twenty years, 1,162 gentlemen were called to the Irish bar, 2,049 were sworn in attorneys and solicitors, and 1616 gentlemen were admitted students to the Society of King's Inns. The total amount of fees paid by these gentlemen, as a necessary qualification for admission to their professions, was about £100,000; each student paying, in round numbers, £16, each barrister £32, and each attorney, for entrance and admission, about £23. Now this large sum, being on an average £5,000 a-year, received by the Benchers of the Society, is necessarily expended by them in this city. Mr. Lyle further stated, in reply to a question, whether he could give the Committee a statement of the expenditure of the Society for the last ten years, that it varied during that period from

£6,000 to £9,000 a-year, while in the year 1838 it amounted to so much as £11,554, these additional sums being derived from other sources of income.

Again: at present it is necessary for a gentleman seeking admission to the Irish bar, to serve six terms in some one or other of the English Inns of Court. This has been often dwelt on as a peculiar hardship on Irishmen. So early as the year 1682, Richard Laurence, in his "Interest of Ireland," published in that year, writes as follows:—

"I might also insist upon the expense this kingdom is at, in educating the sons of most persons of quality in the Inns of Court and Universities in England and foreign countries, which is computed to cost this country at least £10,000 per annum."

(No inconsiderable sum at that period.) Nor has this evil been diminished since then. Mr. Barry, during his examination, was asked by a member of the Committee,

"Taking into consideration the necessity of living absent from their own homes, and living here, where they have not perhaps the same conveniences as in Ireland, the additional expense to the candidate for the Irish bar is considerable?—It is enormous—comparatively speaking, enormous."

Now, if the expense which a young man incurs during a residence of one year and a half in a dissipated metropolis, is, to use the words of Mr. Barry, "comparatively speaking, enormous," a residence for three years, which for the future would be the necessary period of probation for the candidate for the bar (so as to enable him to practise, even in the Assistant Barristers' Courts), must be doubly expensive; in other words, whereas the loss to the country has heretofore been the expenditure incurred during a year and a half's residence in London, the loss for the future would be that of three years' expenditure.

The professional income of the Judges would likewise form an important item in the calculation. Taking their salaries at the reduced rate of remuneration recommended by the committee, it would amount to over £59,000 annually, as follows:—

Lord Chancellor,	£6,000
Master of the Rolls,	4,000
Chief Justice of Q. B.	4,300

Chief Justice of C. P.	£4,000
Chief Baron of Exchequer,	4,000
Nine Puisne Judges,	27,000
Five Masters in Chancery,	10,000

Add to this sum, the annual salaries of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy and Insolvency, the Masters of the various Courts of Common Law, the Taxing Masters, Examiners, &c., &c., and some idea may be formed of its amount and importance.

There are also about seven hundred gentlemen practising at the Irish bar, and taking their professional income on an average to amount to £200 a-year; £140,000 would form the next item in the computation.

Next in order, and by no means the least in importance, would come the members of the profession of attorney and solicitor; then the numerous clerks and officials attached to our courts; and so on, through the various grades of professional persons engaged in the practice of the law, until having gone through the entire category, we arrive, by the simple process of addition, at a grand total. Whatever the amount would be—considerable, without doubt—the entire, with perhaps a trifling amount as an exception, would be lost to this country, and to an almost incalculable extent affect Ireland in her trade, her commerce, and her manufactures; in fact, circulate through and paralyse every branch of her industry.

We have thus far sought to draw the attention of our readers to this important question; we have endeavoured to show that the removal of our Courts of Law would be a flagrant breach of a national contract, and an open violation of the law of nations. We have shown that such a measure would, from the dissimilarity between the two nations in condition and character, be impolitic, and attended with inconvenience, while at the same time a gross injustice would be inflicted on this country, by carrying into execution a measure which would act as a drain on our industrial resources, and increase the pernicious effects of Irish absenteeism.

We have not attempted to set forth, with any degree of accuracy, the total loss which would ensue, even in a pecuniary point of view; we have merely attempted to point out considerations worthy of attention, and leave it to the common sense of our readers to deduce

those conclusions which must inevitably follow. Day by day we see our institutions annihilated, our public offices removed, and Ireland a victim to the policy of centralization; and this, almost without an effort to stay the sacrifice. At times we are ignorant of the contemplated change, until we are awakened to the reality by having to deplore our loss; at others, lulled to a fatal security by misrepresentations and promises invented for the occasion, are thereby induced to forego our rights—the change is carried out and perfected, the promises are utterly forgotten. It is our duty then, to provide against the former evil by watchfulness, to defeat the latter by exposing the futility of all promises. An equivalent may, perhaps, be offered as a temptation to the Irish bar to abandon their national honour—if so, let it be indignantly refused. Shall the names of Flood, Grattan, Curran, Plunket, and of Bushe, and a host of other illustrious fellow-countrymen, be forgotten? Shall the scenes of their efforts be effaced? Shall the courts that resounded with their eloquence be closed, or occasionally exhibited to some curious stranger, as a monument of Ireland's degradation and Ireland's fall? Shall the future historian of our times exclaim with the poet,

—Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
 Aura sacra fames?

Shall the Irish bar become a consenting party to their own dishonour? No! There still, we hope, exists amongst us, enough of that spirit by which our forefathers were actuated, to enable us to resist with success, so unconstitutional, so injurious, and to ourselves, so dishonourable a catastrophe.

ART. II.—THE TENANT LEAGUE v. COMMON SENSE.

It has been said, and we believe with truth, that some men are always boys; and for our parts, we think it might with equal correctness be asserted, that some nations are never to be wise. Age succeeds age, generation after generation passes away, and the later is not more calculating, or more thinking, than the earlier; thus the great round of life goes on, producing but a continued series of

failures, or a long catalogue of fruitless aspirings. Nations, like individuals, have their peculiar and distinctive weaknesses or vices; and varied and multifarious as those weaknesses may be, there is not one, in the whole melancholy list of errors, so destructive to prosperity or happiness, whether of man individually or collectively, as the disposition to trust too easily the professions of plausible, designing, loud-talking grievance-mongers. We know well that when men are aggrieved, or, which is the same thing, fancy themselves so, they are in general but too willing to lend a ready ear, and give an active support to him who asserts he is their friend, and will save them, if it be possible, from the evils to which they consider themselves exposed. We are well aware, that in all ages and all countries, designing and knavish men have not scrupled to trade upon the ignorance of the masses, or to rise by means of the popular voice, and by adopting the popular cry. Amongst all the nations of the earth, we are acquainted with none that has been so often deceived and misled, by following the incitings of false friends, as the Irish. Dissensions and misunderstandings, falsehood and recrimination, meanness and treachery, double dealing and political scoundrelism, public dishonesty and open corruption, these, all these, have, in an unparalleled degree, marked the conduct and the policy of the majority of those, who have, from time to time, acted as the leaders of the Irish people. Never thinking for themselves, the people have been either the dupes or the slaves of those who have usurped their leadership. No experience of those leaders' deception has been sufficient to make them guarded; no open or discovered villany has been clear enough to undeceive them, and thus, the very perfection of their own unsuspecting minds, has been the chief cause of their misery and their degradation. We ask any thinking man in the community to look back upon the past history of our country: we ask him to consider that history gravely, calmly, and dispassionately, and to name then the chief causes which have conduced to place this country in its present position; and for our parts, we are quite satisfied the answer must be, that in most cases, the causes of our misfortunes can be found in the folly of the people themselves. They have ever aimed at the impracticable, and have in general looked but to the end, without taking time to bestow a moment's serious reflection upon the means by which that end

could be attained. But, although we consider the conduct of our countrymen to have been unwise and inconsiderate, yet we do not intend to impute to them wicked or vicious designs. We know that misgovernment has oppressed them; we are quite willing to admit, that they have been sometimes misunderstood, and frequently misrepresented. English statesmen and Irish pseudo patriots have made them their tools or their dupes, and for seven hundred years, the Irish nation has been cajoled or bullied by its sons and its masters. It is true, that in this present age, faction in Ireland may not be so rampant, or bigotry so blatant, as in the past; the condition of our people is no doubt in some respects ameliorated, but we are sorry to be obliged to confess, that the events of the past eight or ten months prove, that certain classes of Irishmen are as open to the arts of the demagogue, as easy dupes in the hands of the trading politician, as at any period of our history. When we consider the men and the measures by whom and by which the Irish people have been, from time to time, instigated to political agitation, or humbugged into rebellion—when we look back upon the used up, *blasé* topics which have been sufficient to mislead them—when we recollect the results of the agitations, and the melancholy issues of the rebellions, and find in all but the same woful demonstration of weakness and of folly, we feel that the grave philosophical history of Ireland must be found, if it ever shall be found, in the future: the past and the present are but melodrama or farce—in one page horrible, in the next grotesque.

We have been led into this train of thought by reading the proceedings, and considering the expressed intentions and deliberate designs, of a certain political body calling itself, "The Irish Tenant League;" and although many and various as the schemes have been by which adventurous patriots have attempted to regenerate the country, this appears to us the most absurd, because the most impracticable, ever contemplated. But whilst we thus openly and boldly state our opinion of this body, let us not be understood as for one moment assuming that the tenant has no rights, or that the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland seems either satisfactory or equitable, to any man who applies an unbiassed and unprejudiced mind to the subject. We know the law requires full and perfect revision; the necessity for that revision has

been patent to every thinking man for years, more especially for the past four years; and the duties of the landlord, and the claims of the tenant, have been a worthy subject for the deep consideration of good men, and have, on many occasions, furnished a stock-in-trade for the virtuous and indignant political slangwhanger. In a great and free nation, in which each man is at liberty to use his property in any manner he himself may please, so long as he use it not to the injury of his neighbour, it is no doubt a difficult and most invidious task to meddle in the private affairs of the subject. Ministers have been ever averse to undertake the labour, and unless the case be very pressing, one cannot much blame them. But there are cases in which delay becomes culpable, and in which the neglect to introduce amendments in the law may operate as an oppression and an injustice upon certain classes of the community. We think it is the duty of every man who holds the good of this country at heart, to see, that as far as in him lies, the errors which now mark the law of landlord and tenant shall not long continue, and that while the minister shall be pressed onward, to improve and ameliorate, the demagogue and the knave shall be silenced, or, if necessary, CRUSHED. We feel deeply and warmly upon the subject of landlord and tenant law in this country. We know that until it shall have been revised, there can be no just or reasonable hope of steady and progressive improvement. Emigration may carry off some of the population; railways may give a temporary employment to others; public works may afford the means of life to a few; the Incumbered Estates Court, in doing justice upon the present proprietor of land, for the extravagances of his fathers, may people the country with a monied or a working race of landholders; but all these things will be as nothing, unless the law of landlord and tenant be amended.

And let us be understood, the improvement we contend for is not a valuation of land beyond which no rent can be at law recovered. We do not hold that the owner of land is only in the position of a sleeping partner in a mercantile establishment. We do not wish to see society thrown back to its original elements, that all men might scramble for possession. Our tenant-right is not so sweeping, or so bold, as that of the tenant league; but it is one founded in common sense, and strengthened by all the dictates of

common justice. That right which we would give the occupier is more in keeping with the tenant-right of the North, than in accordance with the Utopian views of the gentlemen who swear by the principles of the Lucas and Duffy corps of impracticables. We believe that the tenant who has held under a lease, say for thirty-one years, who has expended his capital and labour upon the land, who has honestly paid his rent, and done all that in him lay to increase the value of his holding, who has trusted to the honour of his landlord for a renewal of his lease at the old rent, by which renewal he could hope to reimburse himself for his expended capital; we believe that such a tenant as this, is, in common justice entitled, either to the renewal of his lease at the former rent, or to the full and fair value of all his permanent and unexhausted improvements. We care not whether those improvements may consist of buildings, of drainage, or of expensive manures. We hold that all improvements made by an out-going tenant, are such as entitle him to full compensation. This is the tenant-right to which we give our earnest support. This is the tenant-right which has placed the northern farmer in his present position. This is such a tenant-right as has been tried and found good in England. This is the "invaluable understanding of tenant-right," of which the Marquis of Londonderry has written, "that to it the extraordinary prosperity of his Irish estates is owing."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh*, Vol. I. p. 71. We have no doubt whatever that the sketch we have given, of the principles upon which tenant-right should be framed, is such as would ill suit the taste of some of the leaguers. They say, that the landlord has no right to set his land at the best rent he can get for it. They hold, that in procuring a tenant, he has no moral right to please himself, as to the price at which he will dispose of his property; but in doing so, must take for assistants some neighbouring farmers, or the parish priest, or Presbyterian minister. The reader may ask, why the landlord, the owner of the soil, is to be prohibited from letting that property at any rent, be it high or low, which shall seem to him desirable. Our answer is, that there can in justice be no such prohibition; but the answer of the tenant league is, that the land being valued by the appointed valuers, the landlord has no right to demand a higher rent, because the sum set upon the land

by the valuator is a fair one. And those leaguers say further, that the landlord who demands a higher rent is a dishonest man, a man who must be put down, for he is one who denies to the poor man the means of obtaining a living industriously, honestly, and manfully. We never read this last argument of the league without thinking of the great truth of Sydney Smith's remark, that "All men are naturally charitable; for A. never sees B. in want, but he is at once most anxious that C. should relieve him." And so it is with those gentlemen of the league. The country, they say, is going to ruin; emigration is getting every day more alarmingly extensive; depopulation is still going on; and, in a word, we, the tenant leaguers, must set ourselves seriously to work, and, *at the expense of the landlords*, save the country from destruction. We have said, and we repeat it, we are not the apologists of the landlords, or the defenders of the present law of landlord and tenant; but we are, and we must be, the opponents of foolish schemes or dishonest speculations. We know that many good men have joined the tenant league; we are fully aware, that large masses of the people have attended the meetings of the body; but for these things we care little, as we believe truth and reason to be higher and holier, than all the noisy railing of the platform politician, or the speculating patriot. We have read the reports of speeches made at the meetings of the league, which have given pain to every man who holds the real good of the tenant-farmer at heart. In those speeches, history has been falsified; truth grossly violated; certain classes of society slandered; and every man who refuses to join the league, and support its principles, has been declared an enemy to society, and a friend to the oppressor of the poor. Before we consider these charges, let us for a moment reflect upon the condition and antecedents of the men by whom the charges are made. We find that the tenant league is composed of some scores of Catholic priests, some dozen or so of Presbyterian ministers, and a large number of tenant-farmers. To these may be added some persons whose whereabouts nobody knows, but who appear to have so little employment that they are always ready to accept invitations to meetings and dinners, at which they can make speeches by the hour, if necessary. Thus formed, and thus constituted, the tenant league cannot be considered either very dangerous or very

formidable; but there is attached to the body a very mischievous ally, namely, a turbulent and corrupt portion of what is called the popular press. This, though impotent, utterly and entirely impotent for serious evil, is capable of creating much trouble, and great annoyance, to every man who wishes well to the prosperity of the country. The principles of the tenant league are, in many respects, perilous and absurd; but we consider that the danger to the well-being of Ireland is increased ten-fold by the adhesion of certain persons, the whole course of whose public lives has been a continued scene of dangerous and destructive follies. Men who have been rash in security, and timorous in danger—who have been often the deceivers, and, as far as in their power, the debauchers of the public mind of the country. These are the persons who have once driven, and who may again attempt to drive, the ignorant and credulous masses into rebellion; and then, unrestrained by any sense of public shame, may lie themselves into an escape from the vengeance of the outraged law, leaving their dupes to suffer all the penalties of absurd credulity. These persons having joined the tenant league, and being supported by their own faction-prostituted press, have been able to push forward their very peculiar views, and have endeavoured to make the movement a war of class against class, of interest against interest, rather than a struggle for the fair rights and just claims of a section of the community. The tenant-right of the North, and its extension to the rest of Ireland, were the demands with which this league originally set out. This, in our mind, was a reasonable demand; at least, it was one to which any government might listen. It was neither revolutionary in its tone, nor did it contain the germs of a socialistic project.

But time passed on—the stagnation of political agitation was great—high sounding protestations of all that was to be done were insufficient to draw money from the pockets of the poor, and in a lucky hour the tenant-right league was pounced upon, and the hungry patriots started the absurd theory of a general valuation of all the land of the country, beyond which valuation no rent should be at law recoverable. And at once a meeting of the “friends of the tenant-farmers” was called, and its sittings were held at the Corporation Assembly Rooms, in William-street. Then was Dublin

frightened from its propriety. *The Freeman's Journal* devoted pages to the morning and evening sittings of the league. The half-bankrupt Dublin tradesman, the ranting platform spouter, the light-headed tenant-farmer, the loafing slangwhanger, always ready to aid a popular humbug; the newspaper proprietor from England, anxious to imp his flight in Irish politics; and the Irish editor, fluttering with anxiety lest the Saxon should out-bray him; the priest and the Presbyterian minister, proclaiming the advent of the political millennium; a few country gentlemen, or gentlemen farmers, as we call them in Ireland, spouting what would be sedition, if it were not nonsense, and each man fancying himself a bucolic Boanerges. All these were at the meetings: the result of the speechifying was the resolution to take the advice of counsel; and that advice having been given, just so much of it as pleased the parties interested was acted upon, and so much of it published to the world as was advantageous to the interests of the same individuals. The league wants money—the league wants members—the members are to bind themselves not to take land from which a tenant has been ejected, unless it can be shown that the ejectment was made necessary by the tenant's own default—above all, they bind themselves, priest, minister, tradesman, farmer, agricultural Demosthenes—all bind themselves to use “every constitutional means” to attain the passing of some law by which the tenant can claim a valuation of his land; and by it his landlord shall be bound, beyond it he shall not be able to recover one farthing rent; and at the end of seven years the ground shall be revalued, if the tenant shall require it. These are the outlines of the tenant league's strong points. Thus recommended, it throws itself upon the sympathetic bosom of the farmer; and he, being told by the league that his landlord has only a right to a share of the profits of the land, being, in fact, only in the position of a sleeping partner, is delighted with the scheme, he is quite ready to back the agreeable friends who come forward in his defence; and thus the league struggles on, supported by falsified statistics, by perverted history, by slanderous imputations, by insolent assumption. This is the tenant league at its nadir. What, reader, think you will it be at its zenith?

The arguments by which the league attempts to support itself

are certainly as novel as they are impracticable; and are strengthened by authority, as the leaguers assert, collected from Scripture, from Parliamentary blue-books, from the notes of tourists, and the pages of political economists. We wish it were possible to observe the look of intense wonder, with which Adam Smith and Paley would hear the astounding announcement, that in their works the league had discovered the doctrine of a general valuation, and the very remarkable theory, that the landlord is but a dormant partner. We say to the league, throw aside authority; cast off political economy, for it is cited in one hour as a favourite science by you, in the next, it is but a blundering method of enabling the minister to starve the country; say boldly that you will try and make your schemes the law of the land; and then men can consider you are honest and open-minded, however they may differ with you as to principles. The league, we assert, has attempted to apply to the state of things we at present see around us, the maxima, the rules, and the policy of ages when the world was but emerging from barbarism. If this be not the true cause of their error, they must proceed on principles of spoliation and injustice, careless of every right, so they themselves succeed in carrying out their intentions. If we assume that the landlord is a robber, because he is unwillingly to allow others to meddle with the property which he has obtained, either by purchase or inheritance; if we go back to the early ages of creation, and apply the laws of that state of society to the present; if we be ready to support the doctrine that "property is robbery;" if we are prepared to declare, that the private interests of a class must be annihilated to serve the private behests, or the wants, of another class; if we can convince ourselves of these things, and of their morality, their justice, and their necessity, in such a case, of course, the principles of the tenant league might seem justifiable; but no *bouleversement* of affairs could ever render them otherwise than violent and extreme. But who is there that can assert he believes any one of these things to be true or reasonable? Who is there, capable of bringing an ordinary reason to bear upon the subject, that can say he believes in the necessity for the change demanded by the league, or that he considers it ever likely to conduce to the permanent good of the tenant-farmer? To argue that the landlord is to set his land at rent

assumed to be fair, is, we contend, unjust in the highest degree, so long as you refuse to apply the principle of valuation to the goods of the manufacturer, the tea and sugar of the grocer, and to all the commodities of trade, and upon which the sellers place their own prices, regulating those prices, as is their undoubted right, by the demand made for the article, and the quantity ready in the market to supply the demand. The principle of valuation, if it be good and necessary, must be extended to the value of the labourer's work, and thus you commence a series of intermeddling legislations, or you deny the assumed rights of one class, whilst you grant them to the other. But are these assumed rights just and lawful; or are they not rather the Utopian dreams of those who argue from the belly, rather than from the brain? Is it not an open absurdity, patent to all, to hold that any class of the community is bound to use its property in any other manner than that in which its owners please, so long as it be used in a way that is not injurious to the commonwealth? We do not see in what other light the proposal of the tenant league can be considered, than an attempt to cast upon the landlords, to throw upon that single class, the burthen of supporting the poverty, the vice, or the idleness of the whole country. Oh! but some friend of the league may say, we don't ask so very wonderful a thing: we only ask the land at a fair rent. A fair rent! that is always the cry; but let us see what the farmers of England expect. They pay high rents, they think them fair, and we enable the reader to judge for himself as to the means by which they advance in the world; we enable the reader to see how unnecessary a valuation is, when men are industrious and honest.

BEDFORDSHIRE.*

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right, except on the Duke of Bedford's estate. The outgoing tenant cultivates the fallows in the usual way, and is allowed for seeds and labour. Incomer does not pay for hay, straw, or dung.

TENURE.—By agreement; leases granted by the Duke of Bedford and some few others. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

* This table of customs is taken from Shaw and Corbet's Digest of Evidence given before the Agricultural Customs Committee, March, 1848.

BERKSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant right. All acts of husbandry paid for by the incoming tenant. Hay and straw taken by valuation. Many tenants are allowed to sell wheat-straw. Drainage very inefficient.

TENURE.—By agreement. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right for improvements. Customs similar to Berkshire. Incomer has the option of taking away growing crops, seeds, and spring and winter ploughing, of which incomer derives the whole benefit valued.

TENURE.—By agreement. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Valuation between the outgoing and incoming tenant for tillage on the land, for the unconsumed hay on the farm, taking it at the consuming price. There is no away-going crop; and the outgoing tenant has the right of consuming the last year's crop of straw on the premises.

TENURE.—By lease and yearly tenure. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

CHESHIRE.

CUSTOM.—Allowance for bones unexpended, and for other kinds of tillages, such as guano and rape-dust. Customs very similar to Lancashire. Incomer takes dung without charge.

TENURE.—Yearly tenures principally; some few leases. Time of entry, Lady-day.

DERBYSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—Compensation for improvements limited. Allowance for bones unexpended, and for guano and rape-dust. Seeds and labour valued, and dung left.

TENURE.—Yearly tenure, leases seldom granted. Time of entry, Lady-day.

DEVONSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The tenant has nothing after he quits his farm; he gives up every thing when he leaves. He never sows his wheat except by agreement; and when he has a six months' notice he sells off by auction, and takes away his cider presses. Dung left.

TENURE.—Short holdings. Time of entry, Lady-day or Michaelmas.

DORSETSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The wheat or barley crop is generally taken off by the outgoing tenant, unless by special agreement. Nothing but seeds and labour valued at a Lady-day taking. Dung left.

TENURE.—Short holdings. Time of entry, Lady-day.

DURHAM.

CUSTOM.—No compensation without special agreement. The outgoing tenant has the succeeding corn crop, but is bound to leave seeds and fallow for incomer. Dung left.

TENURE.—Yearly tenures, with leases from twelve to fourteen years. Time of entry, Lady-day.

ESSEX.

CUSTOM.—Incomer takes by valuation the Michaelmas crops, turnips, and young seeds. No compensation, except for dung and fallows, or for the tillage for turnips, and sowing and hoeing. The valuation for the dung, measured in the heap, is taken at so much per square yard.

TENURE.—Clay lands on lease, but not general. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The outgoing tenant takes the away-going crops at Lady-day, if both wheat and spring corn, paying rent until Michaelmas. The incoming tenant pays for all costs of husbandry, the ploughings, the sowings, and the manuring. Dung belongs to the landlord.

TENURE.—From year to year, by agreements. Time of entry, Michaelmas or Lady-day.

HAMPSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Incomer has the privilege of entry about Lady-day, to prepare his turnip crops; and about June or July has a certain portion of the land to prepare his wheat crops. Nothing valued, and dung left without charge.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancy and by leases. Time of entry, Michaelmas or Lady-day.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Outgoer takes the away-going crop, if incomer will not take it at a valuation; has liberty to thrash until May-day; twelve months following the Candlemas he leaves. As to fixtures, if the tenant puts them up without screws he can remove them, but they generally belong to the landlord. Seeds and labour valued, and dung left.

TENURE.—For twelve months; leases the exception, not the rule. Time of entry, Candlemas-day, 2nd February.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The custom of entry is usually upon the fallows at Lady-day. Every tenant is allowed to quit as he entered, if he can prove that entry; if not, the custom is for a certain portion of the fallows to be given up at a certain time; with respect to the straw and manure, he quits as he enters. Outgoer takes an away-going crop of all corn, paying rents for ground growing it until harvest,

TENURE.—Yearly tenures, very few leases. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

KENT.

CUSTOM.—In the Weald every thing is paid for, such as underwood, hop-poles, young hops planted. The fallows including rent and taxes and manures, and generally speaking half-manures, hay, straw, ploughing, and seeds sown, and drainage, by special agreement.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies, or holdings under short leases.

CUSTOM.—In the eastern part the right is not so extensive, the tenant is paid for labour only.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

CUSTOM.—In Mid-Kent the allowances are more favourable to the out-going tenant than in East Kent. Things are paid for in a higher ratio; hay, straw, and dung at their market value; and throughout Kent the outgoer takes the away-going crop of all corn.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies.

LANCASHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No compensation can be demanded by custom, but it is sometimes given by the landlords. A tenant professes to quit his land on the 2nd of February, with the exception of a pasture field, called the outlet, for his cattle; the house, buildings, and outlet are given up on the 12th of May. The tenant therefore leaving his land on the 2nd February has nothing upon it but the wheat crop, and for that he gets half of the wheat crop allowed him by the incoming tenant, if it is after green crops; if after the summer fallow, he gets two-thirds of the wheat crops allowed him; and the dung belongs to the farm.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies, with some few leases. Time of entry, Candlemas.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Wheat crop valued to the incoming tenant. Principally grass land. The incomer at Lady-day sometimes pays half the winter half-year's rent.

TENURE.—At will, very few leases. Time of entry, Lady-day.

LINCOLNSHIRE (NORTH)—THE WOLDS.

CUSTOM.—In this county tenant-right was first established, and extensive compensations are allowed for improvements, such as chalking, boning, claying, liming and oil-cake. The out-going tenant ploughs up the wheat stubbles, and is compensated for it by the incoming tenant, and the crops are generally valued, including seed, labour, and manure, and general carting.

LINCOLNSHIRE (SOUTH).

CUSTOM.—The usual compensations in South Lincolnshire are for tillages, manure, and draining; and the custom of tenant-right is very much the same as in North Lincolnshire.

MIDDLESEX.

CUSTOM.—In Middlesex the produce is generally sold to the London market; therefore the general rule is to bring a load of dung back for a load of hay or straw.

TENURE.—By agreements and tenancies at will.

NORFOLK.

CUSTOM.—Here the four-course system prevails. The outgoing tenant is allowed for the rent and parish charges upon that portion of the land which is fallowed. For all tillages and manures, and for the seed, sowing and hoeing, outgoer takes no crop, as he quits at Michaelmas. Incomer pays for hay. Dung left.

TENURE.—Agreements and leases for eight years. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The custom of the county is to pay for costs of husbandry, for seed and labour, and for dead fallows; for the turnip crop they pay nothing at all, as they consider the crop to be equivalent to the cost of producing it. Dung left.

TENURE.—From year to year. Time of entry, Michaelmas or 11th October.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

CUSTOM.—Outgoer takes all crops growing when he quits. No tenant-right for compensations, but some trifling payments, as comprised in their leases. Dung paid for.

TENURE.—Leases for twenty-one years in the northern parts, and from eight to fourteen in the southern. Time of entry, 13th May.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—Outgoer is paid for all crops in the ground by the incomer at a valuation, with a compensation for naked fallows in the shape of rent, taxes, and labour. Compensation for bones and other artificial manures and oil-cake, and drainage, but not general manure paid for.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies. Time of entry, Lady-day.

OXFORDSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Outgoer is paid for his wheat crops, the value of seed and labour, and the ploughing upon the turnip-land, and for the clover-seed sown with the barley. Dung left.

TENURE.—Tenancies from year to year. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

SHROPSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant right for improvements. Outgoer takes two-thirds of the wheat crop, after deducting tithes, and the incomer the rest, who pays rent from entry. Dung left.

TENURE.—Tenancies from year to year, with some few leases. Time of entry, Lady-day.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No compensation for improvements. Outgoer generally takes the wheat crop; and incomer is allowed before Michaelmas to come in and plough the turnip fallows, and at Lady-day to sow the spring corn. Dung left.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies. Time of entry, Lady-day.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. The incoming tenant pays for the grass-seeds; he pays also for any tillage that may have been done to the fallows, and he divides with the out-going tenant the wheat crop; and he takes two-thirds from a fallow crop, and one-half of a brush crop; the incoming tenant also pays for the manure, and for the straw and hay at the consuming price.

TENURE.—Yearly tenancies. Time of entry, Lady-day.

SUFFOLK.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right beyond that recognised by the custom of the county and by leases. The custom in Suffolk is to pay for the rent and parish expenses on the fallows, together with all the tillages, ploughing and harrowing, and all crops on the ground. Dung paid for.

TENURE.—Leases for eight years. Time of entry, Old Michaelmas, 11th October.

SURREY.

CUSTOM.—This is the most expensive county in England for farmers, owing to the prevailing custom of compensation which exists. Where the free custom of the county is spoken of, it means that the incoming tenant pays for dressings, half-dressings of dung and lime, and sheep-foldings, for ploughing and fallows, including the rent and taxes on fallows, half-fallows, and lays, and the full value of seed and labour for all crops. Hence, Mr. Clutton says, great frauds are practised by the outgoing on the incoming tenant, consequently little improvement has taken place in it.

TENURE.—Principally yearly tenancies, but leases do exist.

SUSSEX.

CUSTOM.—In this county also there is a heavy tenant-right for dressings, half-dressings of dung and lime. The incomer takes by valuation all crops in the ground and lays, and pays for the underwood in proportion to the number of years' growth. Rags, nitrate of soda, guano and rape-cake are allowed for, as also draining.

TENURE.—By the year generally. Time of entry, Michaelmas.

WARWICKSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right for improvements. The outgoing tenant takes the following crop, except an arrangement is made for payment; the agreements are now generally made for valuing it to the incoming tenant. Incomer may plough for spring crops after Lady-day. Dung left.

TENURE.—From year to year. Time of entry, Lady-day.

WILTSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Incoming tenant pays for tillages; if the landlord makes the agreement, he is to do the tillages, otherwise the outgoer is entitled to the away-going crop of all corn. Incomer may sow seeds with the last barley crops. Dung left; cartage of manure allowed.

TENURE.—From year to year, and by lease. Time of entry, pasture lands at Lady-day; arable farms at Michaelmas.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

CUSTOM.—No tenant-right. Outgoer takes the away-going wheat crop, but the straw is left for the benefit of the succeeding tenant, and the manure belongs to the landlord. Only seeds and labour valued.

TENURE.—Yearly holdings. Time of entry, Michaelmas, Lady-day, and Candlemas.

YORKSHIRE (EAST RIDING).

CUSTOM.—No compensation for the purchase of artificial manures, draining or chalking. The offgoing tenant is entitled to the away-going crop, varying from one-third to one-fourth of the arable, according to the description of the land he farms; the away-going crop in the Wolds averages one-fourth part of the arable, therefore if a tenant had 400 acres of arable land, he would have a right to an away-going crop from 100 acres. The dung belongs to the land.

TENURE.—By agreement from year to year. Time of entry, Lady-day.

YORKSHIRE (NORTH RIDING).

CUSTOM.—Custom very similar to the East Riding, except that in some instances the offgoing tenant is entitled to two-thirds of the arable land. No compensation for any kind of improvements.

TENURE.—From year to year. Time of entry, Lady-day.

YORKSHIRE (WEST RIDING).

CUSTOM.—Here tenant-right prevails, to as great an extent, if not greater, than in Lincolnshire. In the tillage and half-tillage, and whatever tenants have done in the fallow year, they get paid for; then they go to a second year, and have half that allowed in the following year.

TENURE.—From year to year. Time of entry, Lady-day.

We have, at this very great length, placed before the reader the sworn testimony of some of the best and first agriculturalists in England, as to the customs of the various counties; and we have done so for the purpose of showing, that honesty and industry, in the business of the farmer, require no protection from the law, except that guardianship which every other class of industry in the commonwealth obtains. We have stated, that in our minds the law of

landlord and tenant requires serious attention, and is in a state which causes regret in the heart of every man who loves his country, and is anxious for its improvement. We find the question pushed forward by interested or ignorant men, in a manner so violent and so absurd, that it disgusts every real friend of the tenant-farmer. We do not say that the tenant league is wrong in all its objects, but we assert, we shall ever assert, that the project of a valuation is the damnation of the whole scheme, and that the attempt to support the scheme by garbled extracts and misquoted authorities, is but adding open lying to palpable folly or clumsy dishonesty. We regret that the poorer classes of our countrymen have fallen, in some instances, into the error of giving credit, to the protestations or promises of those who profess to be their friends, but who are in reality their greatest foes. We are not now about to sketch the form into which we believe the question of tenant-right should resolve itself. We are not legislators; our highest aim is to show the vice or the absurdity, of some projects of the tenant league, and to express our opinions upon the imperfections of the law of landlord and tenant—imperfections we believe to arise, not from any defect inherent in the law, but springing rather from an unhappy state of society, which has induced one class to look with carelessness upon the welfare of the other; and for this wretched condition of affairs, we believe the proper remedy is to be found in calm, considerate, wise legislation, rather than in the empty dreamings of ignorance or enthusiasm, or in the glittering theories of designing knaves. We believe that if the tenant-right of the North of Ireland, and the custom of the county of Lincolnshire were amalgamated, and the special merits of each moulded to suit the peculiar circumstances of Ireland; if the fullest compensation for permanent and unexhausted improvements were given to the tenant; if the land were secured to him so long as he paid his rent, or if, when unable or unwilling to pay, he were entitled to his full compensation; if these improvements were made, and enforced by well considered legislation, then would the tenant farmer, the honest tenant farmer, be fully satisfied, for he would have security of tenure, which is nothing more than security for capital expended. Let the Irish farmer look to the condition of the tenants on the Bridgewater Estates. There the landlord is the guardian

of the tenant's interest. Leases are unknown; the tenants require no statute to enforce their just claims; they are happy, because they are industrious; honest, because they are treated fairly; and independent, because they respect themselves, and this same self-respect makes them mindful of all that is due to the condition of their landlord. We are fully aware, that it may be urged in support of the league, that the condition of the English farmer is not a fair argument to urge against the doctrines of the league, as the tenant in Ireland has never had fair and even justice extended to him, and that it is to obtain this justice, to place the Irish farmer in the position of the English yeoman, the league directs its energies. Well, we are satisfied; we are as anxious as any member of the league to see the Irish farmer placed under the same footing as the farmer of the sister island. We say, let Sharman Crawford, let those men who have consistently, untiringly, and against all the yelpings of faction, toiled onward for many a weary year in the cause of the Irish farmer, suggest, or frame, the necessary law of tenant-right. Let it be such a right as all good men must look upon with satisfaction and hope; let it be sound in conception, and just in all its details. Let the tenant league, casting aside the fellowship of those speculating traders in politics who damage its reputation and clog its progression, give its honest, open, legal support, to the tenant-right of the tenant-farmers' old and tried champions; and then will true men throng to its standard, ready to support it in all difficulties, until it arrive, as with such support it must, at the full completion of its most sanguine hopes, seeing spring around it a people rendered happy by the administration of wise laws, passed neither for the gratification of the demagogue, nor for the aggrandisement of the aristocrat, but enacted for the benefit of all: reserving to the landlord his undoubted right of using his property as to him shall seem most advantageous, and preserving to the tenant the fullest security for every farthing expended, of which he shall not have obtained the entire benefit.

We have said that we are not the apologists of the landlords, and truly we are not, and never can be, the apologists of those men who have neglected the great duties of their state of life, and who have handed their tenants over to the mercy of the grinding agent or the

brutal driver. But if there be some landlords of this class in our country, there are others, who have lived on amidst the jarrings of the time, and have borne all the malignant calumny and vituperation cast upon their order by the unscrupulous writers of a miscreant press; and who have sacrificed every pleasure, and resisted every temptation to extravagance, that they might be the better able to expend their incomes in promoting the welfare and increasing the comforts of their tenantry. For men of this class—and we thank God that they are numerous—we are not the apologist: apology for them is needless. Every man who is acquainted with Ireland can name many such in the various counties; and though too high-minded, and too conscious of their own true positions, to enter the lists with the tenant league's slanderous supporters, they are respected, and their good deeds well known to all who take an interest in the condition of the people, and the acts of their superiors.

We feel we have trespassed at very great length upon the attention of the reader, we shall therefore briefly close this paper. But there is one subject to which we *must* direct attention, as it concerns every man in the community, be his position high or low. We allude to the attempts made, and threatened to be repeated, by the tenant league, to return persons to Parliament, whose sole claim to that distinction will be, that they are supporters of the peculiar views of the league. When we consider that it has been a favourite project of parties in Ireland, to return members for the purpose of advocating, or voting for a certain set of principles; and when we recollect the "Irish Parties," and the "Irish Councils;" when we recal the burning, fiery eloquence expended in the Rotundo or the Music Hall, and contrast the acts and speeches of the orators and patriots when in the House of Commons, with their promises out of it, we feel sorrow, deep sorrow, at discovering that our people are still "ignorant in spite of experience." The late Daniel O'Connell, when working the agitation for Repeal, did, as every body knows, insist upon the return to Parliament of men who would support his views upon the question. High-minded, honourable men, who had served the country faithfully, were thrown aside by the electors, forgotten at the word of the idol of the hour, and in their places, men were sent to Parliament, who had no claim whatever upon the constitu-

encies, save only the fact of being *declared* Repealers. Whilst O'Connell lived, these men voted at his bidding. His great power and influence kept all closely together; but, reader, where is the question of Repeal to-day? Where are the Repeal Members? Are they at Conciliation Hall? Are they united in the House of Commons to demand the measure, or "an instalment?" Where are those "Invisible Greens," the '82 Club? Gone, all gone, like the empty phantasm of an idiot's dream. O'Connell and the Repeal of the Union have departed together. Duffy and Lucas creep onward with the tenant-right. Prospero has vanished, and his roaring thunder is silent: Caliban and Trinculo are mouthing on the shore.

The legislature has given an extended franchise to the country. The people are about to experience all the advantages or disadvantages of the measure. If properly and wisely used it will prove a blessing, if turned to serve the purposes of faction, it must of necessity be a curse. We have referred to the case of the agitation for Repeal, not with the intention of either praising or dispraising that question, its advocates or its supporters, but simply for the purpose of showing the evil results of the system of returning persons to serve in Parliament, whose sole claim is, the promise of supporting on all occasions a certain set of principles, pleasing to a section of the community. We object to this system. It was dangerous and bad at all times: *now*, with the extended franchise, it is doubly objectionable, and, if persevered in, will but serve to show to the world that our countrymen are unfit to possess the advantages the Act of Parliament confers—advantages which belong to the nation of right, but which if ill-used, will show that there are some rights it were better a people should not possess, until education and common sense shall have enlightened the public mind. At the late election for the county of Limerick, scenes were enacted, and sentiments were uttered, disgraceful to every member of the tenant league, who is or pretends to be, a friend to the tenant-farmer. No station, however high and worthy, was respected. No sanctity and unobtrusive piety was held sacred from insult. No services in past times were remembered. All was confusion, violence, intimidation, and intolerance from first to last, the election was one scene of violence and misguided feeling, the people, in too many instances,

allowing themselves to be deceived by the promises and protestations of the slandering, unscrupulous emissaries of the tenant league. True, the faction did not succeed. The good sense of the electors saved the county from the disgrace of doing the work of the would-be dictators. Yet, the attempt was made to mislead: it may be, and we have no doubt will be, made again. But if the electors of the country are really anxious for the advantages of Ireland, they will scout from the hustings the nominee of the league, at least until it shall have learned the true interest of the farmer; and thus will the electors prove themselves worthy of the franchise, fit to enjoy it to its full extent, and able to distinguish between the seducing theory of the knave or fool, and the less glittering, but more secure and lasting, because proved, advantages of the Northern and English tenant-rights.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. III.—CURRAN AND HIS COTEMPORARIES. *By*
 CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., *one of Her Majesty's Commissioners*
of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. 8vo. *Edin-*
burgh and London. 1850.

CLIO, the goddess who presides over History, is represented in ancient story as crowned with laurel, holding in one hand the trumpet of Fame, in the other, a book, the record of illustrious deeds. It was her peculiar province, to chronicle the actions of great and illustrious heroes, and to hand down to posterity, the annals of noble and celebrated men; she loved to record their deeds, in language pure and chaste in its composition, calm and dignified in its style, and accurate in its details; and as it was her object, being the great instructress of mankind, to present without favour, men and things in their true characters; she cultivated eloquence, but it was the eloquence of facts.

Mr. Phillips does not however, in the work before us, ambition to the character of a historian; if he did, we would have occasion to dwell more fully upon the almost impossible task of describing impartially, and painting in their true colours, the actors in a great political drama, when friendship is the source from which one's

knowledge is derived; but as Mr. Phillips states his object to be, to give merely a personal sketch of Curran's Cotemporaries, as they appeared upon the stage to him, many of whom were his acquaintances, some of them his intimates; and declares his aim throughout to be, a "*verisimilitude*" in the portraiture—in short, to make the reader as familiar with the originals as he was himself—we feel as it were disarmed, and inclined to extend to him an indulgence we would not willingly grant, if he had appeared in a different character.

Mr. Phillips's work is amusing and instructive; its style is light and fascinating; and if it is not in all respects what we could wish, we cannot but feel a pleasure in availing ourselves of Mr. Phillips's introduction, and renewing our acquaintance with "Curran and his Cotemporaries."

The village of Newmarket, the birth-place of John Philpot Curran, is situated in the county of Cork. His father, James Curran, whose paternal ancestor had come over to Ireland a follower of Cromwell, had been appointed by the Aldworth family, seneschal of the manor of Newmarket, and in addition to the revenues of his office, was possessed of but a very trifling income. Martha Philpots, his mother, a "woman of gentle blood," was gifted with a mind of no ordinary capacity, far indeed above the average of persons in her class of life; and we are told by a writer, that "her legends were the traditions of the olden time, told with a burning tongue, and echoed by the heart of many a village Hampden."

On the 24th July, 1750, was born their eldest son, John Philpot Curran. Educated under a mother of such natural endowments, young Curran imbibed those pure principles of natural truth and religion, which fortified his mind, and enabled him to resist the temptations of wealth and preferment, which were so often thrown in his path, and urged on his acceptance. The gentle teachings of the mother, inculcated in childhood, were never forgotten by the son; and after she had been removed from the busy stage of life, a monument erected over her resting-place, reminded the reader, that, "this frail memorial was placed by a son whom she loved."

The education afforded by his parents (if we except the lessons instilled into his youthful mind, by his mother) does not appear to have been very extensive. The future orator and judge, we are

told, was indebted to the Protestant clergyman of the parish, Mr. Boyse, for instruction even in English grammar and the rudiments of the classics; and after the latter had exhausted the treasury of his own knowledge, he further provided for the future success of his adopted pupil, by sending him to Middleton school, then under the care of Mr. Carey; and paying out of his own means the expenses of his tuition.

Curran used to acknowledge that his subsequent success in the senate and at the bar, was owing in a great measure to the kindness of his friend Boyse; "*he made a man of me,*" was his frequent expression. On one occasion, about five-and-thirty years after, when returning home from court to his residence in Ely-place, he found his old friend seated in his study, "his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home; he rushed instinctively into his arms and burst into tears." We cannot say that we admire these tragic outbursts of friendship and affection. Mr. Curran must have been, at the very least, between forty and fifty years of age when this scene was perpetrated. The unexpected appearance of some long-lost friend, whose fate was unknown, or the hope of whose safety was merely sufficient to keep "alive despair," *might* draw tears of joy, from a manly heart. But Mr. Curran "bursting into tears," at the sight of one, with whom he might have communicated every week of his life, is rather too puerile for a man of forty; while the concluding portion of the scene is almost as absurd a piece of affectation as we have ever met with—"You are right, sir (said Mr. Curran); you are right: the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours: you gave me all I have—my friend—my father!"

From Middleton school, Curran entered Trinity College, under Dr. Dobbin, in the middle of the year 1769, as a Sizar. In 1770 he obtained a Scholarship, and appears to have had some idea of reading for a Fellowship. This was, perhaps, to gratify the earnest wish of his mother, that he should select the Church as a profession. She fondly hoped that "Jackey" would have died a bishop, at the very least. A college life, however, was at that time little suited to cultivate and nurture the more sober and religious sentiments of the

mind, particularly of one who is described as being "the wittiest, dreamiest, most classical, and ambitious scamp in College."^{*}

Among the many anecdotes told of Curran, during this period of his life; the following, as given by Mr. Phillips, must content our readers. Those who are desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with Curran's wit and humour, must consult the work itself. "Dr. Hailes, one of the Fellows, during a public examination, continually pronounced the word '*nimirum*' with a wrong quantity. It was, naturally enough, the subject of conversation, and his reverence was rather unceremoniously handled by some of the academic critics. Curran affected to become his advocate. 'The Doctor is not to blame,' said he; 'there was only one man in Rome who understood the word, and Horace tells us so,

Septimius Claudii *nimirum* intellegit unus."

Mr. Phillips, in this portion of his work, inflicts a well-merited rebuke on the intellectual idleness of the Fellows of Trinity College. Mr. Phillips quietly remarks in a note to page 12, "there are, no doubt, at this moment many men of genius among the Junior Fellows of the College, but they *so totally attach themselves to tuitions, that literature is out of the question.*" The words are Mr. Phillips's, the *italics* are our own. The immortal Swift is quoted as an authority:

"Scarce a bow-shot from the College,

"Half the globe from sense and knowledge."

We would suggest to Mr. Phillips the following verse for his next edition—

Says a lad from without,
A scholar no doubt,
I'll wager my cap full of dollars;
That all will agree,
In this plain truth with me,
That the *fellows* are very bad *scholars*.

But in sober earnest, can we feel surprised that the "Silent Sister" should have received heavy blows and sore discouragement from almost every party? Her means of doing good, are numerous; the good effected small. She possesses a large revenue, and an

* Curran's Speeches. Dublin, 1843.

extensive patronage in the church, while her magnificent library lies almost totally useless, in consequence of the stringent regulations which are imposed upon all persons, desirous of availing themselves of its benefits. Impaled upon the shield of the arms of our University appears a volume *closed*; it was intended, no doubt, to signify that here was the abode of learning, here the seat of the Muses; but one would almost imagine that Queen Elizabeth, by approving of such an emblem, had anticipated the late rules for the regulation of the library, as approved of by the Provosts and Board of Senior Fellows.

Or, again, is the mode of education adopted, such as to draw forth and stimulate the distinct and peculiar talents of individuals; is not the mind of a student rather, *constrained and confined to that particular course* of study marked out in the calendar; and are not practical results, the grand object of all education, totally disregarded? if otherwise, how comes it to pass, that many men who in after life have raised themselves to a proud position in society by their talents, and by their talents alone; remained during their College probation, unknown and undistinguished? Their talents for the first time sprung into existence, when they left its walls, and had thrown off the lethargic influence of University education—

“The glory of the College and its shame.”

Mr. Phillips inserts here some specimens of Curran's poetical compositions at this early period of his life; one of them, a ballad, has attained to some degree of popularity—

If sadly thinking,
And spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking
Our griefs compose—
A cure from sorrow
And grief I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow
Might end my woes.

But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
For death unfailing,
Will strike the blow;

Then for that reason,
And for the season,
Let us be merry
Before we go!

A wayworn ranger,
To joy a stranger,
Thro' every danger
My course I've run.
Now death befriending,
His last aid lending,
My griefs are ending,
My woes are done.

No more a rover,
Or hapless lover,
Those cares are over—
"My cup runs low;"
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go!

On leaving College Curran entered the Middle Temple, as a law student; and occupied his time in London in hard study and laborious mental exercise, and, like most young men of talent, who are without the means of indulging in extravagance, endeavoured to improve himself in a knowledge of his profession. He seldom went to theatres, or other places of amusement; and, in point of fact, led a life of strict propriety and temperance.

If, however, we divest ourselves of those feelings of romance which Mr. Phillips endeavours to throw around all Curran's actions; we must arrive at the conclusion, that his residence in London was far from being agreeable. He had contracted that terrible malady, "home sickness;" and his letters from London, given in full by Mr. Phillips, breathe the feelings of a mind that sighs for home. He gives a sentimental account of his journey to London; forgives the Fellows of College, "whom he never loved;" and, in conclusion, begs, for Heaven's sake, to be told some news or other, "for, surely, New-market cannot be barren in such things." These two letters occupy ten pages of Mr. Phillips's work; we think, however, they might

have been curtailed, without any injury, either to Mr. Curran's character, or to the interest of the work itself.

There was one event however, which occurred during his stay in London, which is far more interesting, and deserving of attention—his first essay in public speaking. We cannot do better, we imagine, than give the account, in Mr. Curran's own words; it affords a fair example of that conversational style of speaking, for which he was so celebrated. The extract we take from Mr. Curran's Life, published by his son:

"When I was at the Temple, a few of us formed a little debating club—poor Apjohn, and Duhigg, and the rest of them! they have all disappeared from the stage; but my own busy hour will soon be fretted through, and then we may meet again behind the scenes. Poor fellows! they are now at rest; but I still can see them, and the glow of honest bustle on their looks, as they arranged their little plans of honourable association, (or, as Pope would say, 'gave their little senate laws,') where all the great questions in ethics and politics (there were no gagging bills in those days) were to be discussed and irrevocably settled. Upon the first night of our assembling I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned gentleman that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down.' I stood up—the question was Catholic Claims, or the Slave Trade, I protest I now forget which, but the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre, but, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more, yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried 'hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, the most sanguine of them, despaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was, for the present, silenced; but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, 'the Devils of Temple Bar;' where, truly may I say, that many a time the devil's own work was going forward. * * * Such was my state, the popular

throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long-expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day, and when the leg of mutton, or rather the bone, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch for the health and length of days (and Heaven heard the prayer) of the kind mother that had remembered the necessities of her absent child. In the evening, we repaired to 'the Devils;' one of them was upon his legs, a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person, or by the flippancy of his tongue—just such another as Harry Flood would have called 'the highly-gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.' I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as, I believe, I shortly after told him) traducing the illustrious dead, by affecting a confidential intercourse with them, as he would with some nobleman, '*his very dear friend*,' behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenius, the glory of the Roman forum, spoke of Tully as the famous cotemporary and rival of Cicero, and, in the short space of one half-hour, transported the Straits of Marathon three several times to the Plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and, whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or, most probably, the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met there was something like wager of battle in mine, upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to Orator Mum, who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it, in future, by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and, I believe, not entirely without effect; for when, upon sitting down, I whispered my friend that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come quite clean off? 'On the contrary, my dear fellow,' said he, 'every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so well dressed.' So, sir, you see that to try the bird, the spur must touch his blood; yet, after all, if it had not been for the inspiration of the punch, I might have continued a mute to this hour. So, for the honour of the art, let us have another glass." (p. 41—47.)

It must not, however, be supposed that the nervousness which Curran felt, when rising to address a public assembly, was overcome altogether by the successful issue of his maiden speech at the "Devils' Club." No such thing. When rising, in some matter of trivial importance, in the Court of Chancery, after his call to the bar, he was so overcome by his feelings, that when Lord Lifford requested

him to raise his voice, he became silent, laid down his brief; and left it to a friend, to finish the motion.

Previous to his call to the bar, Mr. Curran contracted a matrimonial alliance. It turned out to be, however, one of those ill-suited and unhappy marriages which have so often marred the domestic comforts and happiness of great men. Socrates had his Zantippe, and Curran was not without his domestic troubles. In a poem written by Curran, entitled the "Plate Warmer," (certainly a very unromantic name, but in which the origin of that highly useful addition to the culinary staff, is traced to divine invention,) (p. 347,) where, when talking of Jupiter, he writes,

" He sometimes chanced abroad to roam,
For comforts often missed at home ;"

one might almost imagine, that there was more reality in the sentiment, than the mere imagination of a poet. Curran's wife was a Miss Creagh, daughter of Dr. Creagh of Newmarket, and a cousin of his own; with her "he got a woman he loved, though she seems to have been lazy, and rather conceited."

Phillips describes the marriage as an unfortunate one for Curran; "it was to him a fountain of perpetual bitterness, overflowing the fairest prospects of his life, and mingling itself with the sweetest cup of his prosperity." We can sympathise, on this subject, with the feelings of Mr. Phillips, as the *friend* of Curran.

Mr. Curran was called to the bar in the year 1775. It appears, he had previously thought of emigrating to America, and that it was after much indecision, he finally determined in favour of the Irish bar. Mr. Phillips here takes the opportunity of describing the Irish bar, as it existed at that period. The likeness is a flattering one, and we will give a portion of it to our readers:—

" To that enlightened body, as at that day constituted, the 'future men' of this country may be allowed to turn, with an excusable, and, in some sort, a national satisfaction. There were to be found her nobles, her aristocracy, her genius, her learning, and her patriotism, all concentrated within that little circle. No insolent pretension in the high frowned down the intellectual splendour of the humble; education compensated the want of birth; industry supplied the inferiority of fortune; and the *law*, which in its suitors knew no distinction but that of justice, in its professors acknowledged none

except that of merit. In other countries, where this glorious profession is degraded into a trade, where cunning supplies the place of intellect, and a handicraft mechanism is the substitute for mind—where, in Curran's peculiar phrase, 'men begin to measure their depth by their darkness, and to fancy themselves profound, because they feel they are perplexed;'—no idea can be formed of that illustrious body; of the learning that informed, the genius that inspired, and the fire that warmed it; of the wit that relieved its wisdom, and the wisdom that dignified its wit; of the generous emulation, that cherished while it contended; of the spotless honour, that shone no less in the hereditary spirit of the highly born, than in the native integrity of the more humble aspirant; but, above all, of that lofty and unbending patriotism, that at once won the confidence, and enforced the imitation of the country."—(p. 33, 34.)

Our readers, especially Irishmen, must not, however, lay this flattering unction to their souls; for before the conclusion of his work, Mr. Phillips favours his readers with a far different description. We suppose that in this instance we are bound to follow the rule of law applicable to wills, and must consider the later description as representing the real sentiments of the writer; if this be so, the pride we naturally felt when reading the above passage, as a "verisimilitude" of what the bar then was; is considerably reduced by a perusal of the following:—

"The bar of Ireland now is, I am told, no more like that learned body in the times of which I speak, than are the squires of the present day like those of Castle Rackrent. The fire and the fun of the squirearchy are gone. The morning of whiskey, the noon of duelling, and the nights of claret, have all passed away, and days of vulgar reckoning have succeeded—days, a dream of which never disturbed the Milesian imagination—days, forsooth, when an Incumbered Estates Bill tells landlords that they must pay, and tenants that they may live! The then bar partook, as might have been expected, very much of the character of the gentry. Enjoyment of the present and defiance of the future, constituted its characteristics. Law was scarce, and, to say the truth, its acquisition somewhat dangerous, when to demur to a declaration amounted to a personal offence. Of course there were exceptions, and both sound and shining ones; but we speak of the rule. Zeal supplied the want of learning; each man became the champion of his brief, and 'wager of battle' was the plea most recognised. The reports in vogue were those of the pistol."—(p. 359, 360.)

We regret we cannot enter more fully than we have done, into the particulars of Curran's early life; the short limits of a Review

necessarily exclude many matters which it would be interesting to dwell on, and which are deserving of attention; we must content ourselves with noticing those matters only, which must occupy a prominent position in a history of his life. Having attended the Cork Sessions for some time after his call to the bar, he removed to Dublin, a more extensive field for his talents, where he settled himself in lodgings in Hay-hill, at that time a very fashionable locality; here, like many others of his brethren at the bar, he endured for some time the pressure of contracted means, and the importunities of his landlady; one morning, however, after a constitutional walk before breakfast, an unexpected but welcome visitor presented itself on his return; a large brief, "with twenty golden guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it." This good luck at once established his respectability in the eyes of his landlady, who must have had, up to that time, very grave doubts as to his solvency—doubts which however were now speedily removed, and Curran was once more restored to favour. For this introduction to old "Bob Lyons," he was indebted to Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, who, unfortunately was murdered during the insurrection of 1803; and who, to the period of his death, remained his staunch and earnest friend.

It was on the occasion of a visit to Mr. Lyons, at his country seat in the County of Sligo, during a summer excursion, that Curran had well nigh ended his earthly career, and Ireland had been deprived of one of her firmest friends, and ablest advocates. Curran having some business to perform, was spending a day or two in the town of Sligo, and was occupied one morning at the window of his bed-room, arranging his portmanteau; when he was suddenly stunned by the report of a blunderbuss, discharged by some person immediately behind him; the panes of glass above his head were broken, and the entire room filled with smoke; the blunderbuss was found lying on the floor discharged, and, still more strange, the door of the room was shut, so as to lead to the conclusion that no one could have either entered or left the room; to add to all, a mechanic, who lived in a front room of the house at the other side of the street, loudly asserted that a *malicious* attempt had been

made upon his life. The mystery was, however, after some time, cleared up: a young boy, not quite ten years of age, who lived in the house, confessed, that provoked by some slight chastisement inflicted on him by Curran a short time before, he had hid himself behind the curtains, and while Curran was engaged at his portmanteau, taking deliberate aim, had discharged the blunderbuss at him; the room door had been lying open, through which, concealed by the cloud of smoke, he managed to escape, and closing the door after him, avoided detection.

The first case which established Curran's character at the bar, and ensured his future success, was tried at the Cork Summer Assizes for the year 1780; it was an action brought against an officer highly connected in the county, for an unmanly assault on an old man, "and a very poor one," the parish priest, Father Neal. The circumstances of this trial are well known; Curran alone was found daring and bold enough to undertake the poor man's cause—the result was a verdict in favour of his client; while, of course, a duel with St. Leger, the defendant, followed as a necessary consequence. Curran did not return St. Leger's fire.

The circumstances connected with this trial are peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as they show, how great and undue an influence men of wealth and rank possessed in that day, even over the administration of justice. We, at the present time, may well wonder that any difficulty should have existed in obtaining an advocate from among a numerous bar, to vindicate outraged justice, and enforce the law in favour of the oppressed; but though no means, however base and unjustifiable, were left untried to intimidate men from coming forward to defend the claims of poverty and justice, yet, such attempts seldom proved successful. The timorous were terrified, the venal bribed, and to those who disregarded the one, and disdained to receive the other, no alternative was offered but a hostile meeting—a meeting which, as society was then constituted, it was impossible to decline. About the same period, but on another circuit, events similarly strange occurred: Lord Mountgarrett, afterwards the Earl of Kilkenny, was involved in litigation with several of his tenants; their claims (so unjustifiable were Lord Mountgarrett's proceedings) were taken up, gratuitously,

by Mr. Ball, an attorney of the highest respectability, and several barristers of the circuit. When the cases came before the court for trial, it generally turned out, that Lord Mountgarrett's counsel were defeated; his lordship would, however, brook no defeat, at all events *according to law*, and forthwith determined to pursue a different course. He caused to be posted in the bar-room at the hotel, a paper, whereby he offered the members of the bar, in plain terms, the alternative of either fighting with him, or declining to hold brief against him. Mr. Blake had the honour of receiving the first challenge—it was accepted; a meeting took place, but no fatality occurred. Then came Mr. Ryan, a king's counsel; both parties, on this occasion, were wounded. After him followed the late well-known Peter Burrowes; the challenge was, in this instance, offered by Lord Mountgarrett's son, the Hon. Mr. Butler; and Burrowes's life was only preserved by reason of the pistol ball having struck against a penny which had remained from the evening before in his waistcoat pocket.

In the year 1783, Curran was returned to Parliament for Kilbeggan, and immediately joined, in the companionship of Flood who was also returned for the same borough, the ranks of the opposition. Lord Longueville, to whose influence he was indebted for his seat, hoped to find in Curran a ready and willing instrument to increase his own importance, and promote his own advancement; in this, however, his lordship was disappointed: on the very first opportunity which presented itself, Curran voted in direct opposition to his wishes, and when remonstrated with on the subject, honourably determined to appropriate "the only five hundred pounds he had in the world to the purchase of a seat, which he insisted on transferring as an equivalent for that of Kilbeggan." This conduct on Curran's part was only what we would have expected. Curran was too independent in his principles, to become the representative of a borough, shackled with an implied pledge to carry out the object of any patron, however influential; and was by far too high-minded to retain a seat, when he discovered that he was indebted for it, to the ungenerous expectation of his pursuing a line of conduct he could not conscientiously adopt. In the spring of the year 1790 he was elected for Rathcormac, which he continued to represent from that period to the year 1797.

As a specimen of Mr. Curran's eloquence in the senate, Mr. Phillips gives a limited extract from a speech delivered by him, and which he states is now, for the first time, published: we can only afford our readers a short portion of it.

"The present is the most awful and important crisis that Ireland ever saw, considering the actual state of the nation, of the empire, and of the war in which we are engaged. As to the original motives of the war, it is not the time to inquire into them; they are lost in the events; if they had been as pure as they have been represented, how much is it to be regretted that the issue has proved only, that it is not in mortals to command success! The armies of Europe have poured into the field, and surrounded the devoted region of France on every side; but, far from achieving their purpose, they have only formed an iron hoop about her, which, instead of quelling the fury of her dissensions, has compressed their spring into an irresistible energy, and forced them into co-action. During its progress, we saw the miserable objects for whom it was undertaken consumed in nameless thousands, in the different quarters of Europe, by want, and misery, and despair; or expiring on the scaffold, or perishing in the field. We have seen the honest body of the British manufacturer tumbled into the common grave with the venal carcass of the Prussian hireling; we have seen the generous Briton submit to the alliance of servitude and venality, and submit to it in vain. The sad vicissitudes of each successive campaign have been marked by the defeat of our armies, the triumphs of our enemies, and the perfidy of our allies. What was the situation of the contending parties at the beginning of the contest? England, with Spain, with Austria, with Prussia, with Holland, with Ireland on her side; while France had to count the revolt of Toulon, the insurrection of Le Vendée, the rebellion of Lyons, and her whole eastern territory in the hands of her enemies. How direful the present reverse! England exhausted, Holland surrendered, Austria wavering, Prussia fled, and Spain fainting in the contest; while France, triumphant and successful, waves a military and triumphant sceptre over an extent of territory that stretches from the ocean and the Rhine to the Pyrenees and the ocean. I will not dwell upon this miserable picture; I will only observe, that during this long succession of disaster and defeat, Ireland alone, of all the allies Great Britain has, neither trafficked, nor deceived, nor deserted. The present distresses of her people attest her liberality of her treasure, while the bones of her enemies and of her children, bleaching upon all the plains of Europe, attest the brilliancy of her courage and the steadfastness of her faith."—(p. 125.)

This may be taken as a fair example of Curran's style of eloquence in the senate. It is admitted by all, that his speeches in that distinguished assembly fell far short, even in his own estimation,

of his efforts at the bar. We have not indeed the same opportunities for forming a just opinion of their respective merits; the Parliamentary debates were exceedingly badly reported at that time, and it is hardly fair that Curran's reputation as a Parliamentary debater should depend on the fortuitous attention or skill of a reporter; besides, too, his speeches in defence of state prisoners naturally excited far greater interest, and greater care was accordingly taken in catching as accurately as possible, the glowing sentiments which fell in quick succession from the lips of the advocate. Mr. Phillips here canvasses the popular error attempted to be deduced from the fact that Curran did not obtain the same celebrity for his speeches in the legislature, as at the bar—that a barrister should be incapacitated by his profession from sitting in either houses of Parliament. But really, the question is in our mind too absurd to entertain for a moment. Curran accounts for the disparity in his *own* case, in a very satisfactory manner—

“ You must consider that I was a person attached to a great and powerful party, whose leaders were men of importance in the state, totally devoted to those political pursuits from whence my mind was necessarily distracted by studies of a different description. They allotted me my station in debate, which being generally in the rear, was seldom brought into action till towards the close of the engagement. After having toiled through the Four Courts for the entire day, I brought to the House of Commons a person enfeebled and a mind exhausted. I was compelled to speak late in the night, and had to rise early for the judges in the morning; the consequence was, that my efforts were but crude; and where others had the whole day for the correction of their speeches, I was left at the mercy of inability or inattention.—(p. 138.)

We must hurry along with this short sketch, and leave unnoticed the stormy debates and Parliamentary struggles of Curran's contemporaries, and proceed to take a rapid view of his more brilliant efforts at the bar; to use Mr. Phillips's words, “ we feel more at home with him at the Four Courts,” and we cannot but regret, that we can do little more than give an outline of some of the most remarkable of his speeches.

The first case of importance was the trial of Hamilton Rowan, for the publication of an address to the Volunteers of Ireland, from the United Irish Society. This was the first of a long series of state pro-

secutions, in which the history of those times may be studied with advantage. Rowan was convicted, sentenced to a fine of £500 and two years of imprisonment; and having been subsequently charged with the crime of high treason, he contrived to make his escape to France in a small fishing-boat. He ultimately returned again to Ireland, in 1805, having previously obtained the King's pardon. In Curran's defence of Mr. Rowan, the following very beautiful passage occurs:—

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

“ This paper, gentlemen, insists on the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland; and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since its commencement this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our Catholic brethren have re-obtained that admission which, it seems, it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individual been crushed? or has the stability of the government or that of the country been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they have received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, you have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatise, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country. I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrised, that you ought to speak this language at this time to men who are very much disposed to think that, in this very emancipation, they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths: do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold enough and honest enough to propose that measure—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper—giving ‘universal emancipation.’ I speak in the spirit of the

British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle the helm of his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in its own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which burst from around him, and he stands, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of *universal emancipation*.”—(p. 176.)

Rowan's case was followed in the succeeding year (1794) by the trial of the Rev. W. Jackson: convicted at the bar of justice, when called up for judgment, he anticipated the vengeance of the law, and expired in court from the effects of poison administered by his own hand.

The following passage from his defence of Mr. Peter Finnerty, proprietor of the Press newspaper, who was charged with having published a libel on Lord Camden's administration, and whose trial occupies the next place in order, in Mr. Phillips's work; exhibits the skilful advocacy whereby Curran was accustomed to lead and captivate the feelings of a public assemblage, in favour of the accused. The subject of the libel was the untimely execution of Orr:

“But, gentlemen, in order to bring this charge of insolence and vulgarity to the test, let me ask you whether you know of any language which could have adequately described the idea of mercy denied, when it ought to have been granted, or of any phrase vigorous enough to convey the indignation which an honest man would have felt upon such a subject? Let me beg of you for a moment to suppose, that any one of you had been the writer of this very severe expostulation with the Viceroy, and that you had been the witness of the whole progress of this never-to-be-forgotten catastrophe. Let me suppose that you had known the charge upon which Mr. Orr was apprehended—the charge of abjuring that bigotry which had torn and disgraced his country, of pledging himself to restore the people of his country to their place in the constitution, and of binding himself never to be the betrayer of his fellow-labourers in that enterprise—that you had seen him upon that charge removed from his industry, and confined in a gaol—that through the slow and lingering progress of twelve tedious months,

you have seen him confined in a dungeon, shut out from the common use of air, and of his own limbs—that day after day you had marked the unhappy captive, cheered by no sounds but the cries of his family or the clinking of chains—that you had seen him at last brought to his trial—that you had seen the vile and perjured informer deposing against his life—that you had seen the drunken, and worn-out, and terrified jury give in a verdict of death—that you had seen the jury, when their returning sobriety had brought back their consciences, prostrate themselves before the humanity of the bench, and pray that the mercy of the crown might save their characters from the reproach of an involuntary crime, their consciences from the torture of eternal self-condemnation, and their souls from the indelible stain of innocent blood. Let me suppose that you had seen the respite given, and that contrite and honest recommendation transmitted to that seat where mercy was presumed to dwell—that new and unheard of crimes are discovered against the informer—that the royal mercy seems to relent, and that a new respite is sent to the prisoner, that time is taken, as the learned counsel for the crown has expressed it, to see whether mercy could be extended or not—that after that period of lingering deliberation passed, a third respite is transmitted—that the unhappy captive himself feels the cheering hope of being restored to a family he adored, to a character he had never stained, and to a country he had ever loved—that you had seen his wife and children upon their knees, giving those tears to gratitude which their locked and frozen hearts could not give to anguish and despair, and imploring the blessings of Providence upon his head, who had graciously spared the father, and restored him to his children—that you had seen the olive branch sent into his little ark, but no sign that the waters had subsided.

‘Alas! nor wife nor children more

Shall he behold, nor friends nor sacred home!’

No seraph mercy unbars his dungeon, and leads him forth to light and life; but the minister of death hurries him to the scene of suffering and of shame; where, unmoved by the hostile array of artillery and armed men, collected together to secure, or to insult, or to disturb him, he dies with a solemn declaration of his innocence, and utters his last breath in a prayer for the liberty of his country. Let me now ask you, if any one of you had addressed the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of qualified complaints?” (p. 190.)

Soon after the termination of this trial, the eventful year of 1798 was ushered in. In consequence of the excitement of the times, and truly eventful times they were, Curran, though he had studiously avoided identifying himself with the political movements of the day, was “certainly marked out by the adherents of the government as particularly obnoxious, and many there were who would with

pleasure have seen him ascending the scaffold he was every day depriving of its almost predestined victims." And as he likewise suffered at this period under severe personal indisposition, and extreme lowness of spirits, it was considered advisable that he should retire for a short period to England to recruit his health. Here once more the idea of emigration to America, and living there in peace and retirement, started into existence; he subsequently alluded to this intention with evident feelings of sorrow, at having entertained for a moment the thought of deserting his country in the hour of her necessity. We must refer our readers to the work itself (page 203) for the expression of those sentiments delivered with an anxious desire to atone for that "infidel despair."

Soon after his return to Ireland, Mr. Curran again gave a fresh instance of his "spirit, disinterestedness, and intrepidity," in moving for a writ of habeas corpus, to delay the execution of Wolfe Tone who had been just convicted and sentenced to death by a court-martial. To our minds, the earnestness of Curran; the generous indignation of Lord Kilwarden's constitutional mind; and the excitement arising from the peculiar circumstances of the case, contribute to make the following scene one of the most interesting in Mr. Phillips's work.

"I do not pretend," began Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charge of which he is accused; I presume the officers were honourable men; but it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, whilst the Court of King's Bench sate in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, court-martials might be endured; but every law authority is with me, while I stand upon the sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a writ of habeas corpus, to be directed to the Provost-marshal of the barracks and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone.

"CHIEF JUSTICE.—Have a writ instantly prepared.

"CURRAN.—My client may die while the writ is preparing.

"CHIEF JUSTICE.—Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint

the Provost-marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed.

"In a short time, the Sheriff having returned, thus addressed the Court:—'My Lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order, the Provost-marshal says he must obey Major Sandys; Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.'

At this time Mr. Curran announced the return of Tone's father, with a message that General Craig refused to obey the writ of habeas corpus.

"CHIEF JUSTICE.—Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody; take the Provost-marshal and Major Sandys into custody; and show the order of the court to General Craig."—(p. 216.)

Passing over the trial of the Sheares, and the melancholy events of that tragic year, we are led to the consideration of that "gigantic scheme" of political fraud, the Act of Union. It is hardly necessary to state that Curran's opinions and sentiments were opposed to the passing of that measure; he saw its necessary consequences and inevitable results. In the year 1796 he stated that "a Union with Great Britain would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland. * * * It would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, governed by a few tax collectors and excisemen, unless possibly you may add fifteen or twenty couple of Irish members, who might be found every session sleeping in their collars under the manger of the British minister." (p. 244.) The experience of years has established the truth of this prophecy; and it is only left us now to lament, that the words of the poet are applicable to Curran—

—"dei jussu, non unquam credita Teucris."

But though no one can, even for a moment, defend the means whereby, or the unseemly haste with which, the Act of Union was passed through the Irish Houses of Parliament; though no one can justify in any case an act of suicide or gross breach of trust; yet we agree fully with Mr. Phillips in thinking, that that measure cannot be now *reconsidered* with a view to its repeal.

"Can it be doubted (says Mr. Phillips) that where a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, unworked mines, wasted water-force, abundant fisheries, and every temptation to commercial enterprise, invite British investment, capital would long ago have filled the land with happiness and plenty, were it not for the wild and wicked war-whoop which warns it away? With the attainment of Roman Catholic Emancipation agitation should have ceased

in Ireland ; and until it does cease, the country must retrograde. He who can educate Ireland into this truth, will be her real patriot, her best benefactor. No Repeal is wanted.”—(p. 243.)

And again, after describing the venality of the Irish members, and “plebeian peers” of that period, he writes—

“Who can recollect the returns consequent on the Emancipation Act—who can even now behold the iron despotism openly influencing every Irish election, and doubt for a moment of what materials their parliament would be composed, or by whom it would be packed, or what unhallowed acts it would be compelled to perpetrate? No, no: honest representatives can well serve their country in an English senate should they feel so disposed; and of the dishonest, to sell it in a native one, we have had enough.”—(p. 256.)

These are the sentiments of Mr. Phillips, written in the year 1850, and with them we fully agree. As we are on the subject of the Union, we cannot forbear, numerous as have been our quotations, from referring to the eloquent address of the present Lord Plunket, when that measure came before the consideration of the house—

“Sir,” said Mr. Plunket on the Union debate, “I thank the administration for this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions. Through the black cloud which they have collected over us, I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissensions, not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by hallooing Protestant against Catholic, and Catholic against Protestant—not by committing the north against the south—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices—no!—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and substantive distinction; they have united every rank and description of men, by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them, that they will see every honourable and independent man in Ireland rally round the constitution, and merge every other consideration in opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. *For my part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.* Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I should be proud to think my name should be handed down to posterity in the same roll with those disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country—successfully, I trust it

will be. In all events I have my exceeding great reward. I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty; and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned, the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote this night on the other side, lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so: it will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave. I in the most express terms deny the competency of Parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution. I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it."—(p. 292.)

After the Act of Union was consummated, and during the temporary peace of 1802, Curran visited Paris. Here also, "his temper was soured, and he saw everything with a jaundiced eye," and after a short absence, returned to Ireland. Shortly after his return he was engaged as counsel for the plaintiff in the celebrated case of *Hevey v. Sirr*; an action for false imprisonment. For the circumstances of this extraordinary trial, we must refer to Mr. Phillips's work. We scarcely remember to have ever read a case, where the facts disclose so gross a violation of every principle of constitutional justice. There is but one case only, as far at least as we are aware, which admits of comparison, and which, as Mr. Phillips has not referred to, we will shortly notice. Mr. Wright, a teacher of the French language, resided at Clonmel; he was a quiet, inoffensive man, and assiduously avoided all transactions which might render himself obnoxious to the government; and was, moreover, employed professionally by several families of the highest respectability and distinction in the neighbourhood. In fact, Mr. Wright was the very last person in the world to engage in treasonable designs. Mr. Fitzgerald, the defendant in the action, was a magistrate; and Wright having heard that some charges of a seditious nature were made against him, and naturally feeling anxious to anticipate his accuser, and establish his own innocence, proceeded to Mr. Fitzgerald's residence, in order, if possible, to convince him of the falseness of the charges which were made against him. Mr. Fitzgerald was out on the occasion of his first visit, but on the following day finding him at home, Mr. Wright, in the presence of a

friend, explained the object which he had in view. We will allow Mr. Burrowes to finish the story in his own words.*

"Mr. Fitzgerald, drawing his sword, said, 'Down on your knees, you rebellious scoundrel, and receive your sentence.' In vain did the poor man protest his innocence; in vain did he implore trial on his knees: Mr. Fitzgerald sentenced him to be first flogged and then shot. The unfortunate man surrendered his keys, to have his papers searched, and expressed his readiness to suffer any punishment the proof of his guilt could justify—but, no: this was not agreeable to Mr. Fitzgerald's principles of justice; his mode was, first to sentence, then punish, and afterwards investigate. His answer to the unfortunate man was: 'What, you Carmelite rascal, do you dare to speak after sentence?' and then struck him, and ordered him to prison. Next day this unfortunate man was dragged to a ladder in Clonmel-street, to undergo his sentence. He knelt down in prayer, with his hat before his face. Mr. Fitzgerald came up, dragged his hat from him, and trampled on it; seized the man by the hair, dragged him to the earth, kicked him, and cut him across the forehead with his sword; then had him stripped naked, tied up to the ladder, and ordered him fifty lashes.

A Major Ryal, an officer, happening to pass at the time, asked Mr. F. the cause for which the wretched man was punished: a note was handed to him, from which, as he was informed, he would ascertain the justness of the sentence, Mr. F. adding, that he did not himself understand French, though he understood Irish. Let the reader imagine, if he can, the contents of the letter:

"SIR:

"I am exceedingly sorry I cannot wait on you at the hour appointed, being unavoidably obliged to attend Sir Laurence Parsons.

"Yours,

"BARON DE CLUES."

Mr. Burrowes continues the narrative in the following words—

"Notwithstanding this translation, which Major Ryal read to Mr. Fitzgerald, he ordered one hundred lashes more to be inflicted, and then left the unfortunate man, bleeding and suspended, while he went to the barracks to demand a file of men to come and shoot him."

This, however, was refused, and he was again removed to gaol. For such injuries, almost incredible at the present day of the world,

* Select Speeches of the late Peter Burrowes, Esq. K.C. By Waldron Burrowes, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: 1850.

an action was brought against Fitzgerald, and a verdict for £500 damages, was awarded against the defendant.

On the 23rd June, the insurrection of 1803, under the leadership of Robert Emmet, suddenly broke out in Dublin. The name of Robert Emmet, even to the present time, excites feelings of commiseration and pity; and so intimately is his name connected with the history of Curran's life, that we seldom hear the latter spoken of, without the melancholy fate of the former being present to our minds. Robert Emmet was the youngest of three brothers; and had imbibed in his early childhood, from the instruction of his father, the strongest feelings of patriotism, and devotion to the service of his country. The eldest, Temple, was called to the Irish bar, and after a brilliant but short career, died at an early age. Thomas Addis, the second, adopted the profession of his deceased brother, but becoming implicated with the government, finally succeeded in escaping to America; while the fate of Robert, the youngest, closed the sad page of the history of this ill-fated family. Emmet was but twenty-three years of age at the period of his death. "He had been educated at the University, and for his demeanour, his talents, and his virtues, was admired, respected, and beloved; his mind was naturally melancholy and romantic; he had fed it from the pure fountain of classic literature, and might be said to have lived not so much in the scene around him, as in the society of the illustrious dead."

The ardent affection which Emmet entertained for Curran's daughter is well known, and the fact that he might, in all probability, have escaped the painful death (ignominious, we cannot call it) which he afterwards suffered, had he not lingered about the residence of his "love Sarah" to bid one last adieu, has thrown the genius of romance over his eventful life, and wrapped its mantle around his dying moments. The following are the last words he ever uttered in public. A verdict of guilty had been returned by the jury, and the usual question, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against him, was put to the prisoner. After some observations, in the course of which he was interrupted by Lord Norbury, who unfeelingly told him, he disgraced his father's and his brother's memory, by associating with himself, "hostlers, bakers, butchers, and such persons," Emmet spoke as follows—

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns of those who were dear to them in this transitory scene, dear shade of my venerated father! look down on your suffering son, and see has he for one moment deviated from those moral and patriotic principles, which you so early instilled into his youthful mind, and for which he has now to offer up his life!

"My Lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time will cry to heaven! Be yet patient, I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with every thing that was dear to me in this life; and, for my country's cause, with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. My race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let no prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."—(p. 305.)

Curran refused to act on behalf of Robert Emmet at the trial.

The following anecdote must prove interesting to our readers—

"One day previous to his trial, as the governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmet's room rather abruptly; and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance, he apologised for the interruption. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it there was a tress of hair. "You see," said he to the keeper, "how innocently I am occupied. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution!" It need scarcely be stated, that the tress was Miss Curran's—she was in his heart till it ceased to beat."—(p. 306.)

After this melancholy period had passed away, and time had somewhat alleviated the sorrows, and cicatrized the wounds inflicted by exacting justice, Mr. Curran was continuously employed in every matter of importance or of public interest. In the celebrated abduction case of *Pike v. Hayes*, he was brought down specially to Cork to prosecute; and as the duties of a prosecuting counsel are admirably defined by Mr. Curran in this case, we will trespass on our readers' patience with one extract more:—

"It is the privilege, it is the obligation of those who have to defend a client on a trial for his life, to exert every force, and to call forth every resource that zeal, and genius, and sagacity can suggest. It is an indulgence in favour of life; it has the sanction of usage; it has the permission of humanity; and the man who should linger one single step behind the most advanced limit of that privilege, and should fail to exercise every talent that heaven had given him in that defence, would be guilty of a mean desertion of his duty, and an abandonment of his client. Far different is the situation of him who is concerned for the Crown. Cautiously should he use his privileges; scrupulously should he keep within the duties of accusation. His task is to lay fairly the nature of the case before the court and the jury. Should he endeavour to gain a verdict otherwise than by evidence, he were unworthy of speaking in a court of justice. If I heard a counsel for the crown state anything that I did not think founded in law, I should say to myself, God grant that the man who has stated this may be an ignorant man, because his ignorance can be his only justification. It shall therefore be my endeavour so to lay the matters of fact and of law before you, as shall enable you clearly to comprehend them; and finally, by your verdict, to do complete justice between the prisoner and the public."—(p. 324.)

Curran's celebrated speech in the case of *Massey v. Lord Headford* is given in full by Mr. Phillips, as an appendix.

In 1806 Curran was elevated to the bench as Master of the Rolls, succeeding Sir M. Smith, as Judge of that Court. He does not appear however, to have been well qualified for that office; the technicalities of the Rolls being suited neither to his habits, his knowledge, or his taste.

In the year 1812, while he still continued to hold office, he was solicited by the electors of Newry to stand for that borough; he responded to their proposal, but after a six-day contest was defeated; the successful candidate being a General Needham. In the following year he resigned his seat on the bench, in consequence of ill health; his spirits were broken, "his dearest child had withered, under the last blow that struck his country, and all that remained at home had been possessed by a villain."* We gladly spare ourselves the pain of following Curran's narrative through the last few years of his life. He died in London, in the month of October, 1817, surrounded by several of his children and dearest friends. His

* Curran's Speeches, with a Memoir, by a Barrister. Dublin: 1843.

remains were privately interred in Paddington Church; they have since been lately removed to his native land, and they now repose in Glasnevin Cemetery. Such was Curran—"In evil days, erect amidst the grovelling, pure amidst the tainted; in public life the most consistent of patriots, in private the most exquisite and enchanting of companions."—(p. 373.)

The limits of our space, and the deep interest attached to Curran's life and actions, have necessarily compelled us to pass over unnoticed several of his cotemporaries. In a sketch like the present, we could hardly be expected to notice severally the public career of Scott, Burgh, Hutchinson, Roach, Yelverton, Grattan, Flood, Fitzgibbon, Rowan, Tone, and several others, who are introduced by Mr. Phillips to his readers, in a rather confused and unsatisfactory manner. We must also say, that to our minds, the narrative of Mr. Curran's life appears to have been broken through unnecessarily often; and that it requires, a more than ordinary degree of attention on the part of the reader, to enable him, when he comes to the conclusion, to connect together the narrative, so as to have *one* comprehensive view of Curran's life. At some future time we shall probably recur to Curran's cotemporaries.

The work itself is enriched with numerous anecdotes, but our space is too limited to indulge the curiosity of our readers in this respect; besides, we do not wish to consider them, as belonging to that class of whom it might be said—

"Parva leves, capiunt animos."

We must now take leave of Mr. Phillips, for the present at all events. On the whole, we can, we think, safely recommend his work, as an interesting and instructive addition to the library of the Irish gentleman.

ART. IV. — THE PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF THE IRISH BAR.

MORE than one hundred and twenty years ago, the great Chancellor of France wrote, that the profession of the lawyer was "nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate." Very possibly, in the days of Louis XV., D'Aguesseau may have found the profession of the law to be all that he has represented it; but, alas! in our time, things are sadly altered, at least for the lawyers; all men know that the profession of the law is not "nobility without title," and everybody, from a chief justice to a tipstaff, feels, that it is very far indeed from being "riches without an estate." Young men sigh over the remembrance of the years cast away in preparing for the business, or the advancement, which may never arrive, and old men repine at the degeneracy and want of legal pugnacity of the present age.

We are writing in the Gallery of the Four Courts' Library, and have, what may be considered, a bird's-eye view of the working and reading portion of the Irish bar. We see below us the laughing, jovial Nisi Prius man, recounting the pleasant stories of circuit doings, of dishonest witnesses driven into truth, of unwilling jurors cajoled into acquiescence. We mark the grave Equity lawyer, with hand thrust deep into his pockets, and looking as if his single brain contained all the cases of Vesey, and all the luminous erudition of poor Spence. We observe the gay-hearted, light-pursed juniors, disputing the merit of the questions furnished by "THE LEGAL AND HISTORICAL," or considering the probable effects of the fee-annihilating "*Process and Practice Act*." And though last not least, we have before us, that hardest worked, and worst paid body of professional men in Europe, the Irish Common Law lawyers. Though looking down upon the busy scene, fancy bears us back to the glorious past of the Irish bar, and we recall the flashing wit, the ever-flowing, ever-springing humour, the eloquence, the patriotism, the unflinching courage of its members. Undaunted in the love of Ireland's independence, at a period when patriotism was a species of petty treason—uncontaminated by bigotry, in an age when by law

the Roman Catholic was a slave in the land, the touching of whose soil is the emancipation of the bondman—unstained by bribery, at a time when public honour was a marketable commodity—honest, in the days when political prostitution was the earliest step to preferment; when he who sold himself the first, the readiest, and the easiest, was considered the best friend of the Government, and the most loyal subject of the king. These were the glorious days of the bar, the dark ones of Ireland; and if the saying of De Quincey be true, that “dates may be forgotten, epochs never,” we would make these days, dates for our country, but immortal epochs for our profession. We trust the profession is not altered in any of these essential particulars. We know that there are at present amongst its members, men of genius as brilliant, of patriotism as pure, of mental power as deep, as ever distinguished the bar. And we are quite satisfied, that as a body, the Irish lawyers of this day, far excel those of the past, in all branches of legal learning, whether of constitutional, common, criminal, or equity law. We know not if this latter improvement be the result of the world’s progression in mental culture, and of the necessity men find of keeping pace with the lawyers of other countries in all knowledge; or whether it be the necessary consequence of that conviction, which our profession feel, that he who would obtain promotion must be, not only a barrister, but also a lawyer, and that connection alone, without some decent share of learning, will not entitle him to advancement. Whether the improvement spring from these sources, or any of them, we will not say, but the change is plain to every man, patent to all the world; and it is one of those improvements at which we may feel an honest and true satisfaction.

But whilst we thus openly and fairly express our opinion of the bar, and express it too in a manner which may expose us to the imputation of an egotistic *esprit de corps*; we cannot conceal from ourselves, we will not conceal from others, the fact, as it appears to us, that the profession is at this moment in a position most perilous to its integrity as an independent body. For the past fifty years the bar has been the goal of the ambitious scion of the middle classes in Ireland. Our trade is annihilated—our manufactures are ruined; or but sufficient to enable the manufacturer to drag out a miserable

living; thus, the man who has spent his life in trade is unwilling to place his son in a position in which he must too often live, hoping against despair; therefore he sends him to the bar, and thinks that he thus puts him in the way of advancement, and perhaps of riches. And the young man enters the profession with high hopes and noble praiseworthy aspirations. We all remember that Gil Blas when setting out on his travels fancied himself "*la huitième merveille du monde*," and so it is with our young barrister. We never knew a young man enter the profession who did not mean to quit it, and the world, a Chief Justice or a Chancellor; and it is only when he has been six years—that magic six years—at the bar, and when the "iron realities" of life, have, as Douglas Jerrold would say, "rubbed the bloom off the peach of existence," that he begins to feel, although a possible chancellorship may be, and is, a very agreeable thing; yet that an assistant-barristership in possession is still better.* With this conviction upon his mind he commences the chief labour of his life. The prize of all his present hope is before him, he will do nothing to forfeit it. He cannot join this society, because it may displease the Viceroy; he cannot join that, because it may be distasteful to some body else. There is no safe place of social refuge for him but the Dublin Society; he flings himself into its learned embraces, he is a regular attendant at its *reunions*, and he goes, with a grave learned face and pleasingly combed hair, to the meetings of the Statistical Society. Let us be understood. We do not object to any man's pushing his way through the world boldly, stoutly, and perseveringly.

—*Rem facias; rem,*

Si possis recti; si non, quocunque modo rem,

says Horace, and so say we, barring the words in italics. We do not object to any man's seeking for that advancement in his profession to which he has a claim, but this same system of deference to the will of the authorities, this same anxiety to please, this gentle rose-water and kid-glove suavity of manner, this coyish, nervous hesitation in public conduct, has extended not only to those who look for the comparatively paltry office of Assistant Barrister, but appears in

* The office of Assistant-Barrister is put only as an example, as being the first appointment to which the lawyer can aspire.

a great measure to affect all those who have any pretensions to expect promotion. This, we know, is a bold truth, and to write it in a publication devoted to advance the interests of the bar, is still more bold; but as it is true we write it, though with pain, and sorrow, and humiliation, and we feel bound to state it, because the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW* is meant for the advancement of the real and lasting, not the apparent, interests of the profession. The bar, as a body, is utterly and entirely powerless. It is as nothing in the judgment of the minister. The genius, the learning, the eloquence of the members are of no weight whatever; and placed in the balance against the slightest wish of a Westminster Hall Nestor, or the absurd theory of a cheese-paring political economist from Manchester, all the extemporaneous energy of the Irish bar is but as a feather in the scale. This is a melancholy state of things—melancholy in the present, and most melancholy in the possible future. And how, the reader may ask, is this condition of the bar brought about? The answer is plain: by the conduct of the profession itself. To that conduct we have just referred, to its results we have with regret directed attention, and we now pass to its further effects, and to some most galling, because very recent, insults.

We have with pride looked back to the glorious days of the bar: we have seen that as time rolled on, as trade glided from our shores, and manufactures passed to the more enterprising and happy sister island, that the Four Courts became the rallying point for all the aspiring talent of the country. Holding, as the profession does, a high place in the society of Ireland, social, gay, and educated; and anxious, as all men are, to enjoy the society of the great, the bar have taken advantage of their position, and have become the regular attendants at the Castle, and the *habitués* of the Viceregal Lodge. Thus exposed, they have been ever the easy dupes of the Viceroy of the time, and their political feelings have been made the chief medium of their political enslavement. The blandishments of the Castle, the frippery and meretricious glare of the Levee, the brilliant fascinations of the glittering Drawing-room, all these have been in turn used to seduce the barrister from the allegiance due to his profession; and many a man whose support could not be obtained by a bribing place, has been lured over to aid the schemes of the

dominant party by the flattering empressment of a Lord Lieutenant, or has succumbed in a moment of weakness, overcome by a well managed, properly conceded polka. The two great bodies, Whig and Tory, into which the bar is divided, have been in turn played one against the other; the Catholic has been pushed forward by one Viceroy, no matter how incapable of doing justice in his office; by another the Protestant has been thrust upward, no attention being given to his qualifications; and in too many instances the politics and political services of the appointee have been alone considered, and slashing newspaper articles, or magazine tirades, have had more weight than legal learning, or professional acquirements. Thus the bar has been weakened, its force divided, its most powerful energies rendered useless, or worse—ridiculous. English chancellors, English commissioners, English court officers have overrun the bar. Chancellors have been appointed whose sole claim to the honour in Ireland was political. Within the last fifteen years the Irish bar has been three times passed over, that English lawyers might be thrust into the Chancellorship. First came Sugden, who held office for three months in 1835. Next came Campbell; to make way for him Plunket was jockeyed into resignation. It was of no moment whatever that the Irish bar were insulted in the person of their head. It was of no consequence that when Plunket was appointed Master of the Rolls in England, the bar of *that* country indignantly, and successfully, and properly repelled the galling outrage. It was not worth a moment's thought that the Irish Chancellor was the last great man of a mighty era. Campbell, the Government *protégé*, was to be provided for; the ministry was tottering; the Irish chancellorship was the only available gift within their grasp; so the Irish lawyer was cast aside, the Scotch importation hurried into office, from which he retired in three months, to enjoy his pension, and to laugh at the dishonour, the disunion, and the weakness of the Irish bar. In 1841, Sugden, "with a manner that rankled in the mind of every gentleman, and gained him credit for having broken the heart of one, and driven another from his court,"* came a second time. His profound learning, and great quickness of comprehension, were ex-

* "The Whig Law Appointments fairly Considered," p. 8.

pendent in snarling at the decisions of Lord Plunket; his chief energy appeared directed to drilling the solicitors; and his great pleasure seemed to consist in insulting those of the bar who did not resent it; and in snubbing those who were too manly to endure tamely his insolence.*

And is the system of appointing English lawyers yet at an end? THE COURT FOR THE SALE OF INCUMBERED ESTATES, is a sufficient answer. The Irishman who attends that court sees upon the bench above him, in the person of the third Commissioner, not an Irish lawyer well read in the laws and customs of his country; not one who has grown old in the pursuit of professional learning; not a man known to the country and the bar, at whose promotion all might feel a just satisfaction—no, no; the Irish bar is simply the *Irish* bar, to it no respect, or deference, or consideration is due, so the third Commissioner for the Sale of Incumbered Estates in IRELAND is an Englishman, an English barrister, and called to that bar in the year 1844—a man who, when sent here as a Commissioner, at a salary of £2000 a-year, had not sufficient standing to obtain (if called to the Irish bar) an assistant-barristership. Now, reader, what think you of the appointment of Mr. Charles James Hargreave, Conveyancer, late of 69, Chancery-lane, London? If you be an Irish barrister, no doubt you feel elation, and satisfaction most ineffable. And why, it may be asked, was this appointment made? For the simple reasons: first, that it suited the pleasure of somebody in office; and secondly, because the bar were not in a position to oppose it. The appointment, reader, was not made because there were no lawyers fit to fill the office in Ireland, or because Mr. Hargreave is more learned than many Irish barristers called in the year 1844. But no matter from what cause the nomination may have arisen, it sprang from no want of Irish lawyers; and but for the wretched condition to which the profession

* We do not mean for a moment to detract from the merit of Sir E. Sugden as a lawyer. We believe also that he did good service to the suitors of the Court of Chancery. He was, however, a regular martinet—with all the faults and all the merits of that unenviable character. Our complaint is, not that a lawyer great or ignorant was appointed, but that the appointee was an English lawyer, and that the Irish bar, with the example of the English, tamely endured the insult.

is reduced, we could with ease have shown this Government, or any other, very good, and very sufficient reasons for recalling Mr. Hargreave to London, and enabling him to cultivate a respectable conveyancing business in the shady precincts of Lincoln's Inn.

We have observed that there is no want of Irish lawyers, and truly we are right. There are at present at the Irish bar 1,380 members. Of these, 635 are subscribers to the Four Courts' Library, and therefore a working bar, or willing to work. The circuit lists number 530 members. This is a formidable array, and we venture to assert, that amongst these 1,380 there are as learned, as eloquent, as educated men as in any other professional body in the world. And yet how little can they do! how poor, and miserable, and weak are all their efforts to advance the profession, or to check the aggression of the Government. Does this last statement require proof? If so, we give it. During an hour of happy inspiration, the law advisers in England thought fit to turn the attention of Parliament upon the state of legal affairs in Ireland. And after much consultation of *English* sages, the Act known to lawyers as the 13 Vic., c. 18, was passed. It has been said, and there can be no doubt as to the truth of the aphorism, that the sons of men of genius seldom possess the great gift of the father, and if indeed there could be any question of the maxim's truth, Sir John Romilly would afford a most perfect exemplification of its correctness. We have, however, nothing to do with the exact amount of brains conceded to Sir John, or with the blundering absurdity introduced into the Process and Practice Act by our noble, adventurous, and facetious countryman, Lord Glengall—blunders which can never be forgotten, whilst the Amendment Act shall remain upon the statute-book, a memorial of Parliamentary pleasantries, more laughable than the little deceptions of Doctor O'Toole, and more ridiculous than the Doctor's ideas of Bell's and the Lancastrian system. But upon the subject of this same bill we have some observations to make. We have to express our deep indignation at the manner in which it was passed—passed as if it were meant for the regulation of some petty consul upon the coast of Africa. No commission was issued to inquire into the state of the law, and to report to the Commons upon it. The chief judges of Ireland were

not consulted, but, by the Act, they were directed to make rules. Rules proved necessary by whom? By *the English law advisers*. Well, for once in many years, the Irish bar seemed resolved to reassume its old position of honourable self-respect. The bar met. Holmes, the last of those who, in the old time, thought life and prospects of advancement as nothing, when compared with the advantage and honour of their profession and country; Whiteside, with his quick fancy and vivid eloquence; Fitzgibbon, with his sound sense, and plain, unvarnished, honest reasoning; these were at the meeting, lending the full weight of their position to its objects. The great body of the bar attended too. But what could the speeches or resolutions avail? The men who were united then to pass their opinions upon the measure before Parliament, were disunited the day before, and would be disunited as widely the next day. What could all the quick extemporaneous energy, the burning eloquence, the powerful reasoning do? There was no power in the members to make their resolutions respected; the disunion which had weakened the profession for years was too well known, and the contemptuous manner in which the bill was passed, could only be equalled by the cool and quiet superciliousness of reception afforded to the bar meeting resolutions. If the Government wished to show us the position in which we stand, if the Minister were desirous to teach us the little weight our wishes can command, it would be impossible to devise a method more certain than this we have been considering. Why is not the Irish bar as united as the English? Why are they not banded together like the Scotch? Why is the Whig lawyer, why is the Tory lawyer, to forget the profession, and think only of party interests? These are the questions which suggest themselves to every thinking man in Ireland; and the result of all thought upon the subject must be, that if the Irish bar shall be merged or swamped in the English, this pitiable misfortune must be brought upon the country by the folly and dissension of the bar themselves.

There is another subject to which we wish to draw the attention of the profession, namely, the boasted patronage extended to it, by the nomination of its members to colonial appointments. And indeed, when one considers some of these appointments, the

predominant feeling must be, astonishment at anybody having been found willing to accept them. True, a man who has come to the bar trusting to support himself by honourable labour in his profession, who finding himself disappointed, may be willing to accept any office, not caring what or where, thinking in the words of Alfred Tennyson's hero,

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow."

Such a man may be willing to risk his life for the chance of a retiring pension. He may go as judge or assessor to some deadly climate, he may drag out a few years of sickly life amidst the swamps or reeking forests of a distant settlement, and if blessed with a particularly strong constitution, he may return with a diseased brain or a perforated liver, to the astonishment of all his friends, who had advised him when going out to apply to Government for his funeral expenses in advance. These are the appointments to which Irish barristers may aspire. They make good assessors in Timbuctoo, or Queen's advocates in Sierra Leone, but they must on no account expect a Third Commissionership in Henrietta street.

But it may be urged, that the colonial appointments of the Irish bar are not all confined to these "City of Edenish"* settlements. We are quite aware that Mr. Crawford has been sent to Adelaide as a judge; we know too, that Mr. Jeffcott has been transported as recorder to Singapore, where he revels in the astounding dignity of knighthood. These are the best appointments which have been lately made, and when they are cited as glowing examples of the good things given to the Irish bar, one feels inclined to exclaim with the logicians, "*Non valet argumentum a particulari ad universale.*" These are the appointments so much boasted, and, as it is stated in England, so unfairly given to the Irish lawyers. We are not now about to write at length upon them, but we propose in our next number to show the entire system of colonial appointments in its true light, and to expose the monstrous fallacy, the deep injustice, and complete misconception which now prevail upon the subject.†

* See Charles Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

† The Irish bar owe a debt of deep gratitude to Mr. Sadleir, M.P. for

There is yet another cause which has had no small share in reducing the bar to its present condition. It is a cause upon which one feels unwilling to touch; however, we think ourselves bound to notice it, as it has set man against man, and in too many instances, has caused the feeling of religious bigotry to exhibit itself in places to which it should never have obtained entrance. We refer to the system adopted by various administrations, of making the profession of a particular religion the best claim to legal promotion. We object to political claims *alone* being considered the best entitled to precedence. We object to family influence being looked on as the first step to advancement. We detest the practice of giving place to him who has immolated his honour as a man, before the shrine of self-interest, or who has prostituted the dignity of his profession, and played the politico-literary flunkey to a Viceroy. But bad as a system of promotion upon any of these grounds would most unquestionably be, we look upon this, of advancing a lawyer solely because he is a Catholic or a Protestant, as still more unworthy, and more disgraceful to any administration. It has, however, been tried, and tried with success; its object being to weaken the bar as a body, by introducing jealousy, dissension, and division amongst its members. But have the professors of either religion been in any degree benefited by the system? Have Catholics been pushed onward according to the hopes held out to deceive and betray? Has the Protestant portion of the bar been placed in the ascendant, as might have, from Government promises, been not unreasonably expected? We are of opinion, that each section has been in turn most flagrantly fooled into partisanship with the ministry of the day, and thrown aside as an instrument having done its work, when the difficulty of the hour had passed. True, it may be said the Catholic portion of the bar has been advanced in more than its fair proportion since Lord Clarendon's appointment; but with the fairness or falseness of the assertion

Carlow. The papers moved for by him in Parliament last July, are most valuable, as showing how little the bar owe the Government for Colonial preferment. It is sufficient for the present to say, that although from the 10th July, 1848, to 10th July, 1850, Colonial appointments, the salaries of which amount to £37,718, were in the gift of the Government; the return moved for by Mr. Sadleir shows that only £5,000 of this money has been given to Irishmen, and one of the appointments is the enviable one of Queen's Advocate at Sierra Leone.

we have nothing whatever to concern ourselves. We know that although there are thirty-three assistant-barristerships, only nine of these are held by Catholics. We are fully aware that this defect, this inequality, cannot be laid to the charge of Lord Clarendon; but we know, and wish our brother lawyers to remember, that although since the year 1848, five vacancies have occurred in these chairmanships, only one of them has been given to a Catholic. We know that a high office has been conferred upon a Catholic lawyer, but we know that it was his by right. All men who have watched that lawyer's progress at his profession, know that he holds his office upon his own merits, owing nothing to any man or to any man's favour; that he has risen to the bench by his own unaided efforts, and has borne a weight of unjust and cruel vituperation and falsehood, such as few men would have had courage to battle through. In our opinion, James Henry Monahan, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, may feel prouder of his Judgeship, than any peer of the realm, at being "the accident of an accident." We wish not to enter the lists of literary warfare with our elder brother "The University Magazine;" but we most strongly protest against the correctness of the charge made in the number for January last, page 156, that the appointment of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is either "favoured" or "factionous."

And let us now state our reasons for referring at all to this subject; we had no intention of doing so, until we had read an article just adverted to in the "University." We consider the subject a disagreeable one, because it seems tainted with sectarianism; but the writer of the article in question asserts, "that the grand recommendation for Lord Clarendon's favour, has been the profession of the Roman Catholic religion."* We have shown that such has not been the case. We have laid before the reader the number of Catholic assistant-barristers; and although it is quite true, that of the twelve judges, THREE are Roman Catholics, we cannot for our parts discover, how the Roman Catholic appointments made by Lord Clarendon, can justify the writer in asserting, that by them "the honour of the profession, and the interests of the public are syste-

* University Magazine, January, 1851, p. 155.

matically slighted.”* It is very true that Catholics have been invested with the empty dignity of sergeant; but to make amends for this, the same sergeants have been most “systematically” passed over, and once a sergeant, always a sergeant, seems the motto of Lord Clarendon. And after all, what is there in the title sergeant? If it gave to its holder the exclusive practice of the Court of Common Pleas, as in England, we could understand the feeling which might arise in the breast of a Protestant lawyer; but the title being, as it is in Ireland, *vox et proterea nihil*, we really and sincerely think, that the religion or the politics of the man who may obtain it, are not of the slightest moment whatever; it is, we admit, a *titre*, and being so, furnishes Lord Clarendon, or any other viceroy, with a *bait* by which he may draw some lawyer to support his tactics. We care nothing for the religion or politics of the man who is graced by the title; we only regret that it may be, and has been used as a successful means to lure our brothers in the profession from a just regard to the interest of the bar, and that *this* honour, and others, have been so corrupting as to justify the statement of the “University” writer, that “the legal profession is too much divided into cliques, each pursuing its narrow views and interests, and fearful of embarking in honest politics for the good of Ireland; this is the defect of the men of the law; they seem wanting in *esprit de corps*, and their attachment for place is suspected to be superior to their love of country.”†

We quite agree with the above statement, so far the writer has our fullest faith in the truth of what he has written. The condition of the bar is lamentable in the extreme. But as we wish to allay the anxiety of our friend of the “University,” we beg him to consider for a moment, although the empty title sergeant, has been conferred in more than a fair proportion upon Roman Catholics, that of the four well-paid snug Masterships in Chancery, one only has been

* University Magazine, January, 1851, p. 155.

† Ibid. p. 155. “Honest politics,” says the writer of the extract. We find it particularly difficult in Ireland to discover the exact meaning of “honest politics.” As nonsense is every body’s sense but our own, so the honest politics of one man are, in Ireland, the dishonest politics of the other. We once knew an old gentleman—a barrister too, by the way—who always added to the toast, “Civil and religious liberty all over the world,” the words, “founded on sound Protestant principles.” Alas! as Thackeray says, “Oh! Ireland! oh! my country, when will you learn that two and two make four, and to call a pike-staff a pike-staff?”

given to a Catholic;* and for the benefit of Catholic lawyers, we beg them to bear in mind the fact, that since the year 1829, thirty-eight Protestant lawyers have obtained place, and only ten Catholics have been so favoured. For a full and plain exposition of these facts we refer to the following tables, taken from the *Freeman's Journal*, which show the appointments made since 1829—

TABLE No. 1.—JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

CHANCELLORS.	
<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>
Lord Plunket, Sir E. Sugden, Lord Campbell, Sir E. Sugden, M. Brady.	NOTE.—Under the existing law Catholics are not eligible to this office.
MASTERS OF THE ROLLS.	
F. Blackburne, T. B. C. Smith.	Sir M. O'Loughlen.
MASTERS IN CHANCERY.	
Mr. Goold, Mr. Curry, Mr. Litton, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Lyle,	Mr. Murphy.
TAXING MASTERS.	
Mr. O'Dwyer, Mr. Tandy.	Mr. Reilly.
COMMON LAW JUDGES.	
Pennefather (C.J.), Blackburne (C.J.), Crampton (J.), Perrin (J.), Moore (J.), Doherty (C.J.), Jackson (J.), Joy (C. B.), Brady (C.B.), Richards (B.), Foster (B.), Lefroy (B.)	Monaghan (C.J.), Ball (J.), Woulfe (C.B.), Pigot (C.B.), O'Loughlen (B.)

* We mean no disrespect to any of these four gentlemen. They perform their duties ably, attentively, and carefully. Master Litton having

TABLE No. 1.—JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS (*continued*).

REMEMBRANCERS.	
<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>
Lyle (C.R.), Hamilton (S.R.)	
PREROGATIVE COURT.	
Keatinge (J.)	NOTE.—A Catholic not eligible.
BANKRUPT COMMISSIONERS.	
Macan, Plunket.	
INSOLVENT COMMISSIONERS.	
Curran.	Farrell, Baldwin.
INCUMBERED ESTATES COMMISSIONERS.	
Richards (B.), Longfield, Hargreave.	
LAW TAXING MASTERS.	
Mr. Hudson, Mr. Colles.	
TOTAL 38.	TOTAL 10.

TABLE No. 2.—CHANCERY OFFICIAL STAFF.

CHANCELLOR'S OFFICERS.	
<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>
Mr. T. W. Brady, Secretary, Mr. C. Brady, Sec. B. C., Mr. M. Brady, Purse Bearer, Mr. Sniton, Train Bearer.	

brought into his office all the unyielding integrity and firmness in what he believes to be the proper course of conduct, which distinguished him when at the bar, is enabled, notwithstanding other men's crotchets, to transact his business with honour to himself, to the satisfaction of both branches of the legal profession, and with very considerable advantage to the suitors.

TABLE No. 2.—CHANCERY OFFICIAL STAFF (*continued*).

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

<i>Protestants.</i>		<i>Catholics.</i>	
Mr. Long, Registrar,		Mr. Kelly, Clerk,	
Mr. O'Keefe, ditto,		Mr. Connor, ditto,	
Mr. Sugden, Assistant ditto,		Mr. O'Connor, Jun. }	Clerks.
Mr. Darley, Clerk of the Court,		Mr. Eiffe,	
Mr. Crowther, Cashier,		Mr. Hart,	
Mr. Buchanan, Clerk,		Mr. Levy,	
Mr. Geale, ditto,		Mr. Moore,	
Mr. Mathews,		Mr. Perrin,	
Mr. Shaw,	} Clerks.	Mr. Whelan,	
Mr. Sheridan,			
Mr. Revitt,			
Mr. Wisdom,			
Mr. Ferguson,			
Mr. Mann,			

ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

Mr. Barrington, Accountant-General,	
Mr. Sharkey, Deputy ditto,	
Mr. Rolleston, Chief Clerk,	
Mr. Davis,	} Clerks.
Mr. Pigot,	

ROLLS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Wogan, Keeper of the Rolls	Mr. Morren, Chief Clerk.
Mr. M'Mahon, Deputy,	
Mr. Reilly, Secretary to the Master of the Rolls,	
Mr. Berry, Clerk of Rolls' Court,	
Mr. Hatchell, Clerk of the Enrolments,	
Mr. Nash, Chief Clerk,	

EXAMINERS.

Mr. Quinan,	
Mr. Webb.	

AFFIDAVIT OFFICE.

Mr. Hogan, Clerk of Affidavits,	
Mr. Maddock, Assist. ditto,	
Mr. Maddock, Jun.	} Clerks.
Mr. Smallman,	
Mr. Burrowes,	

TABLE No. 2.—CHANCERY OFFICIAL STAFF (*continued*).

HANAPER OFFICE.

Protestants.

Catholics.

Mr. Fitzsimon, Clerk of the Hanaper,
Mr. O'Brien, Clerk,
Mr. M'Dowell, Second Clerk.

MASTER'S OFFICES.

Mr. Henn, Examiner,
Mr. Litton, ditto,
Mr. Smith, ditto,
Mr. Lake, ditto,
Mr. King,
Mr. Forde,
Mr. O'Callaghan,
Mr. Ferguson,
Mr. Moore,
Mr. Jackson,
Mr. Denny,

} Examiners'
Clerks.

} Taxing
Clerks,

Mr. Murphy, Examiner,
Mr. Dunne, Taxing Clerk.

APPEARANCE AND NOTICE OFFICE.

Mr. Dawson, Clerk of Appearances,
Mr. Keating, Chief Clerk,
Mr. Richey,
Mr. Foster,

} Clerks.

Mr. Mons, Second Clerk,
Mr. Fletcher,
Mr. Fletcher, Jun. } Clerks.
Mr. Blake,

COMMISSIONERS OF LUNACY.

Mr. Beatty,

Mr. Close, Q.C.

SUNDRY OFFICERS.

Mr. Porter, Clerk of Recognisances,
Mr. M'Causland, Clerk of the Custodies,
Mr. Hazlett, Solicitor for Minors and Lunatics,
Mr. Porter, Clerk of the Faculties,
Sir E. Tierney, Solicitor to the Suitors' Fund.

TOTAL 51.

TOTAL 19.

TABLE No. 3.—LAW COURTS.

<i>Protestants.</i>		<i>Catholics.</i>	
Offices.	Salaries.	Offices.	Salaries.
QUEEN'S BENCH.		QUEEN'S BENCH.	
Blackburne (C.J.) ...	£5,074	Mr. Duff, Clerk of the Rules	£800
Mr. Greaves, his Circuit and City Registrar ...	646	Mr. R. Marlow, Assistant ...	350
Crampton (J.) ...	3,725	Mr. T. Marlow, Pleadings Assistant ...	200
Mr. Walker, his Registrar	369	Mr. Lacey, Clerk ...	80
Perrin (J.) ...	3,488		
Mr. Perrin, his Registrar ...	369		£1,430
Moore (J.) ...	3,688		
Mr. Duckett, his Registrar	369		
Mr. Mahony, Clerk of the Crown ...	900		
Mr. Bushe, Master of the Court ...	1,387		
Addition in fees about ...	200		
Mr. Hamilton, Principal Assistant ...	600		
Mr. Byron, Pleadings Assistant ...	400		
Mr. Hanley, Record Assistant ...	400		
Mr. S. Walker, Tipstaff, about ...	200		
Mr. Dooley, Deputy, about	100		
Mr. Philips, Stamp Distributor, paid per centage on sales, about ...	500		
Mr. Percy Bushe, Clerk ...	150		
Mr. St. John, ditto ...	700		
Mr. Wilson, Clerk in Crown Office ...	100		
Mr. Faucit, Crier, and for Exchequer Chamber ...	140		
Mr. Crozier,	} Examiners of Attorneys, paid in fees, about }		
Mr. Reeves,			
Mr. Greaves,			
Mr. Poce,			
The Court-keeper ...	30		
	£23,785		

TABLE No. 3.—LAW COURTS (*continued*)

<i>Protestants.</i>		<i>Catholics.</i>	
Offices	Salaries	Offices	Salaries
EXCHEQUER.		EXCHEQUER.	
Pennefather (B.) ...	£3,388	Pigot (C.B.) ...	4,612
Mr. Delap, his Registrar ...	369	Mr. Scott, his Circuit Regis- trar, ...	276
Lefroy (B.) ...	3,688	Mr. M'Mahon, Pleadings As- sistant ...	400
Mr. Courtenay, his Registrar ...	369	Mr. Armstrong, Clerk ...	100
Richards (B.) ...	3,688	Mr. Teeling, do. ...	150
Mr. Piers, his Registrar ...	369	Mr. Hean, Crier ...	120
Mr. Forde, Registrar to Chief Baron Pigot ...	369		
Mr. Hitchcock, Master of the Court ...	923		£5,658
Addition in fees, about ...	350		
Mr. Yeo, Clerk of the Rules ...	800		
Mr. E. Cooper, his Assistant ...	500		
Mr. Cooper, Principal Assist- ant ...	400		
Mr. Castles, Record Assistant ...	400		
Mr. Patten, Clerk ...	200		
Mr. T. Yeo, Clerk ...	150		
Mr. J. Patten, do. ...	100		
Mr. Watson, do. ...	100		
Mr. Legg, do. ...	80		
Mr. Cathrew, do. ...	150		
Mr. Archer, do. ...	80		
Mr. Mathers, do., about ...	50		
Mr. Pardy, do., about ...	50		
Mr. Nunn, ...			
Mr. Furlong, ...	} Examiners of Attorneys, paid in fees, about }		
Mr. Franks, ...			
Mr. Bagnall, ...			
Mr. Stewart, Stamp Distribu- tor, paid by centage on sales, about ...			
Mr. Gibbon, Messenger for Master ...			
Court Keeper ...			
	£17,543		

TABLE No. 3.—LAW COURTS (*continued*).

<i>Protestants.</i>			<i>Catholics.</i>		
Offices.		Salaries.	Offices.		Salaries.
COMMON PLEAS.			COMMON PLEAS.		
Torrans (J.)	...	£3,688	Monahan, (C.J.)	...	£4,612
Mr. Babington, his Registrar		369	Mr. Monahan, his Registrar		646
Jackson (J.)	...	3,688	Ball, (J.)	...	3,688
Mr. Scott, his Registrar	...	269	Mr. Rorke, his Registrar	...	369
Hon. Mr. Plunkett, Master			Mr. Carey, Principal As-		
of the Court	...	1,387	sistant	...	600
Addition in fees about	...	100	Mr. M. Carey, Principal		
Mr. Green, Clerk of the			Assistant	...	360
Rules	...	800	Mr. Lynam, Second As-		
Mr. Mee, his Assistant	...	300	sistant	...	150
Mr. Reid, Record Assistant		400	Mr. P. Carey, Clerk	...	100
Mr. M'Causland, Clerk	...	200	Mr. Monk, ditto	...	100
Mr. Stewart, ditto	...	100	Mr. O'Gorman, Stamp Dis-		
Mr. Paulet, ditto	...	80	tributor, paid by centage		
Mr. Lefanu, Tipstaff, about		150	on sales, about	...	100
Mr. Plunket,	} Examiners of Attorneys, received as fees, about }	150			
Mr. Dobbin,					
Mr. Stanford,					
The Crier of the Court	...	120			
Court Keeper	...	30			
		£11,831			£10,685

WRIT AND RECORD OFFICES.

Mr. Clancy, Clerk of the		
Writs	...	609
Mr. W. Yeo, Clerk	...	200
Mr. Battley, do.	...	150
Mr. Ferguson, Record Keeper		300
		£1,250

Number of Judges	...	9
Number of Officers	...	65
Total	...	74
Total Salaries of Judges,		
Protestants	...	34,610
Like of Officers, Protestants		20,109
Total	...	£54,719 15 10

Number of Judges	...	3
Number of Officers	...	17
Total	...	20
Total Salaries of Judges,		
Catholics	...	12,914
Like of Officers, Catholics		3,842
		£16,756 3 5

We have not called attention to these tables with the most remote design of passing either praise or dispraise upon the men appointed, or upon the religions they profess. We have referred to them for the purpose of showing, that various governments have in turn cajoled and lured the bar into partizanship, that the result of this partizanship has been dissension and division, and the dissension and division have conduced to place the bar in the condition, the pitiable condition, of weakness and inutility, to which we at present see it reduced. This system is not the growth of one year or of ten; for more than a quarter of a century the process of centralization in legal appointments has been aimed at; it has never during that time been lost sight of, and the utter powerlessness of the bar being a first step towards its full completion, all the arts and all bribes of successive Viceroy's, have been directed to produce jealousy and division amongst the profession; sometimes it has been attempted openly, with all the boldness of a daring highwayman; at other times, it has been carried on silently and insidiously, with all the secrecy of an accomplished burglarians crackman. We think that in calling attention to these facts, we do a service to the Irish bar. We believe our country to be as worthy of a distinct bar as Scotland, and it will be no fault of ours, if the legal profession in Ireland shall ever become merged or swamped in that of England. If we thought the members of the Irish bar degraded in soul, or forgetful of that allegiance which every man owes to his profession, we might despair of seeing a national feeling amongst the members; but we are sure that there is a love of Ireland mingled with the self-sacrificing spirit of those, who day after day throng the hall and library of the Four Courts, and who prefer the weary toil of our profession to more agreeable, and perhaps more money-getting pursuits. We know the bar meeting to which we have referred, proved that though powerless at present, there was some of the old spirit still amongst us, and who can despair of seeing a brighter day dawn upon us, when we recollect the sentiments uttered by Holmes, by Whiteside, by O'Loughlen, by Fitzgibbon. Napier too, following his own honest convictions in every phase of life, and in all the changes of politics, is an ally so powerful, so true, so unchanging, that his services to

his profession cannot be too highly rated, or the value of his parliamentary assistance too greatly valued.

We have now at sufficient length, in this article at least, attempted to lay before our readers the present condition of the Irish bar. We have shown its utter weakness, its complete powerlessness to act with independence and spirit, and its great unwillingness to cast off all the debasing trammels by which government bribes and viceregal baits have entangled it. We have shown how the system of division has been tried, and crowned with such perfect success. We have proved how the Protestant has been raised to place by one government, and the Catholic by another. We have, we think, made it quite plain that each of these classes has in turn found itself fooled and deceived. We have shown, (but at no great length, as we mean to return to the subject,) that the whole system of colonial appointments is carried on in a spirit degrading to the Irish bar, and have proved that most even of the few appointments given to Irishmen are so unhealthy, that death is in general the speedy lot of him who is nominated. We have tried to place before the reader, in as strong and plain colours as possible, the manner in which the Irish bar has been passed over, in the appointments of Lord Campbell, Sir Edward Sugden, and Mr. Hargreave. These are the facts, and these the melancholy proofs of the fallen state of the present condition of the Irish bar—facts and proofs which clearly show, how readily England has adopted, and is prepared to carry out, the advice of Mr. Rowley Lascelles, who writes of the law department of Ireland, “Much of this department has been abrogated by act of Parliament, and MORE MUST AND WILL BE SO. This and the two preceding departments (State Officers and Education) are still in the old spirit of a distinct kingdom, and cannot be too soon consolidated with the parent establishment.”*

* *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ.* Schedule after page 228. Part II.

We consider this a very fitting place to introduce the evidence of Lords Brougham and Campbell, and of Mr. Pierce Mahony, given before a select committee of the House of Commons, appointed the 8th of April, 1846, to inquire into the present state of legal education in Ireland. We refer to this report for the purpose of showing that the suggestion of Lascelles has not been lost sight of. The reader will observe Lord Brougham's opinion of Irish trials at Nisi Prius, and the great objection he and

We know not in what terms to write of the future condition of the bar. Its present state we believe to have sprung from, and to be the offspring of the errors of the past; and upon the acts of the bar now, upon their union, and the casting aside of all petty differences, depends the future. We have observed that all other professions unite when the members consider their interest threatened or injured, and endeavour to obtain protection or redress. Within the past three months, we have seen the doctors of the noble profession of medicine assembled in Dublin, for the purpose of urging upon the Minister, the necessity of certain changes in the laws regulating the medical charities and the medical profession in this country. They were acting for themselves and for Ireland. Why should not the bar assemble with the same unanimity? They have a profession and a country to serve; they belong to a profession which has suffered in every change of society in Ireland; they belong to a profession

Lord Campbell entertain to there being any centralization in Scotch law. Mr. Pierce Mahony's "hope" is also worthy of observation, as it proves him to be a man of the most unbounded credulity, and infantine reliance upon English feelings of reciprocity.

MR. PIERCE MAHONY.

Question 2534. Would it, in your opinion, conduce to the improvement and remuneration of the profession, if the Irish barristers were allowed to practise in the courts of England, and *vice versa*?—Certainly; and I hope I will live to the time when English barristers will be made Irish judges, and Irish barristers English judges. The more the distinctions of country are broken down, the better for the United Empire.

LORD BROUGHAM.

3805. There is, I apprehend, much greater exactness, and much greater attention to strict rules, with us, than takes place at Nisi Prius, in dealing with evidence and examining witnesses, in the sister kingdom. For all of which reasons I consider that the Irish barrister coming here for a period is a great advantage.—3806. There is also the additional advantage of having the opportunity here of attending a conveyancer's office, there being very few conveyancers to be found in Ireland? I suppose so. I must add, that the business of the Court of Chancery is of very limited amount in Ireland.—3807. Would it be desirable to allow Irish barristers and English barristers to practise reciprocally in each country? I do not see any great objection to it.—3808. Would it not tend to assimilate the practice, and to correct any errors which may exist in the Irish practice? It might very much tend to correct the Irish practice. I am a great friend to sending over, from time to time, an English judge to preside on the Irish bench, and I should see no objection whatever to bring over an Irish judge occasionally to this country; I see no objection whatever to that interchange. There would be the greatest objection to a similar interchange with Scotland, because the system of law there is totally different, and has been for

which has, in all the great epochs of our country's history, taken a leading position worthy of itself. We will not, we cannot believe that the bar is so changed, so lost to all sense of public and private interest, as to continue in the present state of miserable selfish disunion. There is, there can be no private interest, either honourable or paramount, which clashes with the interests of the profession. That preferment which is gained by slandering the country, that advancement which springs from the adoption of party principles, and attempts to thrive by bitter foulness of anonymous pamphleteering, must be opposed and exposed. These are the evils of the bar, the surest signs of its decay, and the most melancholy proof of its want of unanimity, and disregard of national interests.

There was a time when the Irish bar was united, and each member acted as if his country and his profession depended upon his honour and his courage. Actuated by such sentiments as these, and believ-

ages past, though originally it was so exactly the same, that there is a doubt expressed by some legal antiquarians, whether the oldest book in the Scotch law is a translation or an original, the *Regium Majestatem*. I have no doubt it is a translation from our Bracton.

LORD CAMPBELL.

3869. My own opinion is, that there ought to be one bar for England and Ireland.—3870. That they should reciprocate; so that a barrister who practises at the English bar should be entitled to practise at the Irish bar also? Most undoubtedly.—3871. And an interchange of judges? An interchange of judges, I think, would be highly beneficial.—3872. And you would extend the same rule to the Inns of Court; that the course of education pursued in Ireland should be pursued in England, and *vice versa*? Undoubtedly.—3873. Would you require that the Irish student should necessarily come over here for purposes of study, previously to his admission to the Irish bar? Not at all. I think the union would be essentially consolidated by this arrangement.—3874. Do you think it would be advisable also, that English judges from time to time should go the Irish circuits, and Irish judges the English? I feel that so strongly, that I have several times in the House of Lords proposed that that system should be adopted. Lord Wellesley was of opinion that it would tend very much to benefit the United Kingdom if there were one bar for England and Ireland, and that there should be an interchange; that English barristers should be appointed as Irish judges, and that Irish barristers should be appointed English judges.—3875. It has been stated to this Committee, that there is a considerable difference, as it respects both the law and the practice of the law, between the two countries: would that at all interfere with this interchange? I do not at all agree in that; they are essentially the same; the difference between them is quite trifling. There is an essential difference between the law of Scotland and the law of England, but the common law of Ireland and the common law of England are the same, and there is no material difference in the practice.

ing the rights of Ireland to be in danger, the lawyers' corps of Volunteers, upon the 28th of February, 1782, resolved to support their representatives, if necessary, "WITH THEIR LIVES AND FORTUNES." And again, on another great day, when the indignant citizens of an insulted and oppressed nation, assembled to hear from the Viceroy Portland the intention of the King, when all the streets around and all the avenues of the Parliament House, were filled by the armed guardians of the country's rights, upon this great day, the glorious ever-memorable TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MAY, 1782, the lawyers' corps formed the vanguard of the Volunteers, ready, should the King's message prove the King's unwillingness to grant their just demands, to send back, in the thunder of their cannon, the proud defiance of indignant Ireland. True, the days of violence and blood have passed away for ever, and the constitutional redress of grievances is more readily obtained by the pen than by the sword; but surely our bar is still awake to its own interest and the good of the country. We have not recalled these bright days without an object. We believe that "memories like these, God and good men will not let die." We have shown what the bar is, we have recalled the memory of what it was, and have proved that what it yet may become, depends neither upon the will nor the policy of any English minister, but rests solely and entirely with the members of the bar themselves. It is in their power to form a league for the protection of their interests, which no minister will dare to oppose. If Protestant can forget his absurd contempt for Catholic, if Catholic can forget his ridiculous anxiety for exclusive promotion, if both can agree that there is in life something better than the begging for place, and something higher and holier than the putting co-religionists into petty judicial situations; if the long continued course of conduct pursued by the bar be cast away for ever, then may we hope to see the profession in its old position of honourable pre-eminence; but if the present dissensions and jealousy be continued, we may very speedily expect to find our lawyers transported to Westminster Hall, or reduced to the intellectual and dignified position of a Quarter Sessions bar. And then, when time shall have passed on, and when causes of action arising in Nenagh or in Waterford, shall be tried in London, we may regret our folly and divisions too late, and discover that English attorneys

prefer the barrister of their own country, to transact Irish business, taking for their motto, the very national sentiment, **NO IRISH NEED APPLY.** It may be asked, how can the Irish bar prevent the designs of government being carried out? By, as we have shown, forgetting its dissensions, by evoking the public aid, by stirring up the public mind, by calling forth the public opinion of the country. Are there amongst the 1380 men, who form the Irish bar, no active minds, no bold hearts, no ready pens, no eloquent tongues? Can these men forget what is due to themselves, to their profession, and to Ireland? We will not, we cannot believe it; we say to each member of the Irish bar, in the words of an honest, a wise, an eloquent, and a pious man, addressed to a great judge—

“Impress upon yourself the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care—that you are our protectors against the encroachments of power—that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravellers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride, and the scourgers of oppression; when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard, and nations are given up to the madness of internal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life, men depend upon your exercised faculties, and your spotless integrity, and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be well defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used to the public injury, which were intended and nurtured for the public good.”

Rev. Sydney Smith's Works—Vol. III. p. 251.

ART. V.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES
OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE PETER! Uncle Peter! why did you die? Or, at least, why did you “levy fines, and suffer a recovery, and thereby bar the entail and remainders over,” a feat of which I hereby disclaim all knowledge, except as I am informed by Messrs. Seizem and Skinn, your solicitors, that the non-performance of such a piece of legal gymnastics on your part, would, by some process known only to the initiated, have had the effect of preventing me from exchanging my first floor in Bloomsbury, with its cheerful prospect of chimney-tops and steeples, for the commodious family mansion of Ballinahaskin, and accepting the title of landlord to some interesting, but dirty, specimens of the human race, in lieu of that of second clerk in the highly respectable firm, of Filer, Noga, & Co. London.

One morning in the month of November, 1843, an individual might have been observed making his way along Lombard-street, with a rapidity that appeared almost magical, when the density of the fog, and the crowded state of the footpath, were taken into consideration. His brisk yet methodical movements bespoke the man of business, while the mediæval cut of his coat, and the bundle of letters in his right hand, at once stamped him as the district postman. (The fact of my being an ardent admirer of the works of G. P. R. James will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for adopting the above form of commencement.) Any one who took a sufficiently deep interest in the progress of the man of letters above alluded to, might have observed him enter a peculiarly business-like house, and stop at an equally business-like inner door, the upper part of which was glazed with a species of glass so ingeniously ribbed, as to give the street outside, when viewed through it, the appearance of a copy-book with very narrow lines; the prospect was still farther impeded by a legend, to the effect, that Filer, Noga, and Co. were in the habit of transacting their business there. Without pausing to admire the flourishes in the latter work of art, he rapidly dropped four or five letters through a letter-box in the door, and hurried

away, frantically turning over the bundle in his hand. The letters had hardly time to settle themselves comfortably in the box, when the Chubb-lock was invaded by an excessively chubby key, and they were withdrawn by the hand of Mr. Noga, who was proceeding to lay them on the desk of the senior partner, when the direction of one of them caught his eye, and surprised him to such an extent, as caused him to ejaculate, "By Jove!" with so great an amount of vigour, that Mr. Filer actually let fall the tin can, in which he was arranging a small pack of cards, so as to inform all whom it might concern, that the day was Tuesday, and that it was the 18th day of November, 1843; a task which he performed with mercantile regularity, at precisely half-past nine every morning. "Now then! what is it?" said he. Mr. Noga, with a composure wonderful under the circumstances, replied, "A letter for Dempsey." "A what?" cried Filer, making the T sound like the explosion of a percussion cap: "A letter for Dempsey! God bless me!" He was paralyzed, but only for a moment, and walked to his desk with the air of a man who had formed a stern resolution, and was prepared to go through with it. "Mr. Noga," said he, he always mistook him on important occasions, "have the goodness to call Mr. Dempsey." The junior partner obeyed, by opening a door about three inches, and projecting, like a missile, through the aperture the dissyllable, "Dempsey!" A sound was heard in the office outside, as of an individual letting himself down from a height on a boarded floor, and the second after, Montague Dempsey made his appearance.

As, on this occasion, I first have the honour of being introduced to the reader, a slight personal sketch may not be out of place. If confidence may be put in several portraits executed on blotting paper, in a highly finished style, by Jubb, the junior clerk, who is considered to have a taste for drawing, I, at that time, presented the appearance of an individual of middle age and stout proportions, with a bald head, and a remarkably small and unmeaning eye, so small, in fact, that the artist usually represented it by a dot. That I am now altered, at least in obesity, from what I then was, a waistcoat now in my possession affords indisputable, but, to me at least, not very satisfactory evidence. As to my disposition and habits, I am sure my landlady would have no objection to make an

affidavit to the effect, that I was the "quietest, contentedest lodger as ever was."

On my entering the office, Mr. Filer relaxed his expression of stern determination to one of mere ordinary calmness, and said, "Mr. Dempsey, a letter for you has arrived by this morning's post." He here paused, expecting that the astounding announcement would have paralyzed me. "I thought, Mr. Dempsey," continued he, "you were aware, I had an objection to any letters being received in this office, except such as were purely on the business of the house." I, of course, commenced my reply in the orthodox form in such case made and provided, by saying "Really, sir"—when he stopped me with "well sir, that will do; have the goodness not to allow it to occur again; take your letter, sir, and be so kind as to request your correspondent to direct in future to your present—a—a—in fact, to your lodgings." He laid an emphasis on the word "correspondent," as though he considered my having such a thing as something out of the ordinary course of nature. I meekly withdrew, and having arrived at the summit of my stool, proceeded to read the letter with feelings greatly prejudiced against it, as the cause of the calm reproof I had just received; it was written in an uncompromising legal hand, and was as follows:—

"SIR,—It is our duty to inform you, that by the death of Mr. Peter Dempsey of Ballinahaskin, (which event occurred on the 12th ultimo,) you became seised of all his fee-simple property. We have to request, that you will without delay, inform us of your intentions regarding the estate. For any future information you may require, we beg leave to refer you to Mr. James Tapper, Chancery-lane.

"We remain, Sir, your obedient Servants,

"SEIZEM AND SKINN."

I have often since wondered at the calm composure, with which I read the announcement of so great a change in my position in life. I had no reason to doubt its truth, and was sufficiently aware of the circumstances of my Uncle Peter, to know that his income, though itself inconsiderable, would be to me, what the newspapers call, a princely fortune. Yet, if the letter, instead of informing me I was no longer a hard-worked clerk in a merchant's office, but the possessor of some hundreds per annum, had contained merely a ticket

of admission to the Haymarket, I doubt if it would have been at the time less welcome. There must be a provision of nature, which, in some dispositions at least, causes unexpected intelligence to take effect in homœopathic doses, and thus prevents the mind from being over elated or depressed. It must have been so with me in the present instance, for I remember distinctly, proceeding, line after line, through Messrs. Seizem and Skinn's epistle, and then folding up and pocketing it in the most unimpassioned and methodical manner. It had, however, the effect of making me unusually abstracted and silent as the day wore on, which change in my deportment, my fellow clerks attributed to my visit to the private office. In fact, I heard one of them remark to Jubb, that "the governor must have blown up Dempsey prime," a piece of wit which delighted the artist to such a degree, that he immediately commenced a blotting paper cartoon on a large scale, representing me, with an expression of countenance, as if I was receiving the shock of a galvanic battery, standing between the "governors," who were regarding me with looks that a Caribbee might have envied.

The moment I was at liberty I proceeded to Chancery-lane, and having found Mr. Tapper's office, knocked in that desultory and quivering style usually adopted by persons labouring under mental perturbation. The door was opened by a woman who kept her hands under her apron, in which she was perfectly justified if their cleanliness did not exceed that of her arms; by her I was informed that the office was closed, and Mr. Tapper had gone home to something-or-other street in Islington, whither, after a vain attempt to dine, I proceeded, for my mind was in that restless state which requires some active employment, and besides, I knew my own duties would prevent my seeing Mr. Tapper during his business hours. After several enquiries from policemen who were vague, and cabmen who were careless, as to the street I wanted, I found Mr. Tapper's house—an unambitious residence—in whose external appearance the principal feature was, a most imposing flight of steps. On my stating that I came on particular business, I was shown into a room, which, from the stand of geraniums in the window, and the books, papers, and desk on the table, I concluded was an ingenious cross between a study and a green house.

Mr. Tapper shortly after entered, accompanied by a fine flavour of figs, and hot gin and water. He was a little old man, although it was evident from the tie of his neckcloth he considered himself as yet a youth; and no doubt, had I asked him, could have accounted to his own satisfaction for the greyness of his locks, which were so artfully brushed across the bald part of his head, as to delude the observer into the idea, that each hair was growing in several places at once. He advanced towards me with that sidelong step, so much practised by ravens, elderly magpies, and birds of his species, and after apologising for intruding upon him at so unseasonable a time, I proceeded to state the cause of my visit, with a consciousness that if he did not quickly come to my aid by making some remark, I should inevitably break down, which catastrophe did eventually occur, and left me feeling very hot, and looking, I am convinced, very foolish. "So you are Mr. Dempsey," said he, as if that was the only fact deducible from my oration, although I distinctly recollect having, in my flurry, given him information on several collateral points, such as the amount of my salary, the number of clerks employed by Filer and Nogs, and their names, with their respective ranks in the office. "I received a letter this morning, sir," he continued, "from Mr. Seizem, in which he mentioned your good fortune. Allow me to congratulate you sir,—very sudden sir, very,—disease of the heart, I hear." I was about to assure him that as far as I was aware, I was not afflicted with any heart complaint, and that he was very kind to think I should be a loss, when he added, "Left a widow, I believe sir, eh? and three daughters;" showing me that he alluded to my uncle and not to myself, whereupon I felt myself becoming excessively red in the face (which, by-the-bye, is a habit of mine) at the thought of the mental mistake I had committed. I said I was aware that my uncle had been married, but could not say whether he left a widow or family, and that in fact, since the time of my father's death, when I entered my present situation, I had become almost totally estranged from my family, but above all, from my uncle Peter, which I attributed principally to the fact, that since the marriage of the latter, the two brothers had never been on terms. I wound up by saying, I was desirous of ascertaining something clearly about the state of my uncle's affairs; thus, as I thought, diplomati-

cally leading the conversation to the subject I was most anxious about. "Oh," said he after a pause, during which he had steadfastly scrutinized the geraniums, while I hoped he was turning over in his mind the form in which to announce the amount of my future wealth, "I have it on authority, too good to be doubted, that your uncle left to mourn his loss, a widow and three lovely daughters—play the piano, harp, sing, and all that sir—magnificent creatures!" This eulogium he uttered, rubbing his hands and smirking his face into an absolute network of wrinkles, as much as to say, "if I was in your place, you lucky dog, what conquests I'd make." "I suppose my uncle settled handsome fortunes on them," said I, thinking to myself, that though he were Machiavelli himself, he could not now escape being drawn into some confession as to the old gentleman's property. "Ah, ha! Mr. Dempsey," he replied with a horrid leer, "so you have your eye on a future Mrs. Dempsey already." I need not say that my defeat and his triumph were, each in its way, complete. When I had sufficiently recovered my composure, laying aside all artifice, which I now saw was useless, I proceeded to the point at once, and begged of him to give me what information he could respecting the nature, amount, and circumstances of the property to which I had become entitled, stating that I had been referred to him for that purpose. "Really, Mr. Dempsey," said he, drawing himself up, and looking oracular, "I should be most happy, in fact quite delighted, to give you any accurate information in my power—mind, *accurate* information; but I do not feel myself justified in making a statement to you, on which you could not with certainty rely. It would grieve me to be the cause of leading you to suppose your property greater or less than it might afterwards prove; the value of landed property is, you know, fluctuating; on the one hand, a lease against you may have expired, or, on the other, a whole tract of country may have been submerged by the shifting of one of those—what's this you call 'em?—bogs, aye bogs—by the bye, astonishing case that the other day—perfectly wonderful—you saw it in the papers, eh? Whole village carried away—old woman washing potatoes—you remember? No, my advice to you is, to write to Mr. Seizem, to say he may expect you in Dublin—let me see, when could you go? Well, as soon as you can, that's what I would do. If you have any

little business to arrange, any small debts to get in, I shall be most happy to transact it for you, only too happy to serve any friend of Mr. Seizem's—very old friend of mine is Mr. Seizem; first learned my business in his office; I was a mere boy then;" I was about to observe, that I had no idea Mr. Seizem was so old a man as that would lead me to suppose; but suppressed the remarks from a recollection of Mr. Tapper's weak point, and promising to follow his advice, wished him a good evening, he following me to the door with "good evening, Mr. Dempsey—good fellow Seizem—good evening sir." Disappointed as I was, in the main object of my visit to Mr. Tapper, and baffled by his excessive politeness and mysterious unwillingness, or inability, to give me any information, yet I could not help deriving a sort of satisfaction from his manner towards me. It was evident that in his eyes at least I was the landed proprietor, and not the merchant's clerk. Even the vague way in which he spoke of the value of my property excited in my mind feelings of self-importance, and almost made me fancy the transformation complete. As I walked homewards I detected myself several times almost swaggering, and elbowing my way at crowded corners, in a style far different from my usual humble and modest gait; and yet a feeling of intense pleasure at my elevation, was decidedly not amongst my sensations at the time. I felt an uncertainty as to whether the change in my circumstances would add to my happiness; not that I was attached to my then mode of life, far from it. Often when building castles in the air (and who is there who does not at times indulge himself in rearing those edifices) I had pictured to myself, the delights of exchanging a life of monotonous labour for one of untrammelled ease; now that the dream had become a reality, I, who had sighed for the shadow, hesitated to grasp the substance. I was conscious of my own ignorance of the world and its ways, and felt that from having been so long a mere spectator, I was hardly suited to sustain in the great farce, even so subordinate a part as that of a country gentleman of small income, my only preparation for that character being such ideas of rural felicity, as a Sunday trip to Richmond, or a week in summer at Margate, could suggest. If, however, these reflections made me for a moment contemplate letting the matter drop, and taking no further step to secure the fortune

already almost within my reach, such a thought was only momentary. "No," said I to myself, "Montague Dempsey, you have a destiny to fulfil, and do not attempt to flinch from it, sir. There is a "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." (I am fond of quoting Shakespeare, when I know the passage well, and can do it with safety.) "This seems uncommonly like it: so in with you Montague, and don't stand shivering on the bank—never mind the cold—what matter though the stream be a little rough or muddy, or sweep along with it many little disagreeabilities. Have courage, old boy!" (mentally patting myself on the back) "and you won't be swamped; and even if you are, is such a fate much worse than the one before you? If you lose this tide, the same old jog-trot sort of life, the same struggle at quarter-day, to make both ends meet, is before you. To be sure old Parker may go, or be taken into partnership, and you may get his place, and be able to treat yourself to a 'bus home from the city—but you'll want it then, for you will be getting old and shaky, my poor fellow; then, perhaps, you will give up your situation, and starve on your savings, until, at last, you drop off, leaving no one to regret you but your landlady, who will hope, as she puts up the bill on your sitting-room window, that her next lodger may pay as regularly."

This last argument appeared conclusive, though it certainly did strike me as strange, that but the day before, I was contemplating with the most perfect contentment and equanimity, the prospect which I now drew in such sombre colours. As I was that night preparing to adopt my favourite method of discussing a weighty subject, namely, sleeping on it, a mode of arriving at a conclusion in which I consider myself an adept, my landlady entered, with her usual preliminary enquiry after my cold. I had had one about six months previously, but she seemed to be under the impression it had fastened itself on my constitution, as she seldom opened a conversation without asking me how it was. In the present instance she begged to know, was there anything she could send me up that might relieve the cough; and altogether evinced such tender solicitude, that when I recollected the ungracious thoughts respecting her I had been just harbouring, I felt convicted of the basest ingratitude, and accordingly denounced myself as a monster. The sub-

sequent part of her conversation was, on this occasion, about the weekly bill, which she laid on the table.

I have often remarked, that when you are doing all in your power to go to sleep, and trying all those impracticable feats usually recommended for that purpose, such as retrograding through the alphabet, and counting backwards from one hundred to one inclusive, nature and art seem to conspire to frustrate your efforts; your watch ticks with unusual vehemence, as if determined to keep you awake, or go to pieces in the attempt; should your next-door neighbour be possessed of a poultry-yard, the cock attached to that establishment will be unusually vigilant; and should there be a plurality of cats in the street, they will be sure to select the spot beneath your window for the holding of their revels. In my case the animal department was ably supported by a conscientious dog in the next garden, who, as if aware that he was remarkably ugly, and perfectly useless, felt himself bound to do something for his maintenance, and kept up an incessant barking. As to those pieces of mechanism, the church clocks, I have never since felt total confidence in them; I perceived that night such a difference of opinion among them, that I have remained, even to the present day, sceptical respecting the proverbial regularity of clock-work. It was all very well, so long as they were busy with the small hours, but when the chimes were, of necessity, complicated, the discrepancy was painfully evident. The proceedings, I remarked, always opened by a little shrill-toned clock, which appeared to set all the others going; just as in a street row, one shrewish woman will set half a dozen quietly disposed individuals vociferating and shouting. The strain was then taken up by a couple of deeper voiced disputants, who, after arguing the point between themselves, paused, by common consent, to hear what the next had to say; he then delivered his opinion in a deliberate and sententious solo; then another pause, and a distant bell would be heard sending forth, across miles of roof, a new theory as to the correct time; on which three or four nearer would seem to start up, as if determined to dispute the last opinion. Several times when I found, to my great delight, my thoughts assuming that wandering aspect which is a sure forerunner of sleep, one or all of the conspirators, would bring them back with horrible distinctness.

At last, however, the scene changed, and I found myself magically installed in my Irish estates, and presiding at a harvest home, which I had provided in right regal style for my numerous tenantry. Mounted on a beer barrel, I addressed them in a strain of impassioned eloquence, when suddenly the top gave way, and I discovered that Messrs. Filer and Nogs had, by some act of legardemain, possessed themselves of the interior, and furnished it so as, in every way, to resemble their own office in Lombard-street. As I was endeavouring to explain the unceremonious mode in which I had gained admission, somebody seemed to knock outside in so familiar a manner, that it had the effect of wakening me, when I found that my landlady had been, according to her own account, nearly five minutes at my door with the hot water.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI.—IRISH ART, ARTISTS, AND ART UNIONS.

THE fine arts in Ireland have at no period been in a very flourishing condition, and this indeed is a truism so well established and recognized, that it is scarcely requisite in treating of art, to set forth the fact; but the causes which predispose to, and in a great degree occasion their unfortunate position, is a matter on which we are about to offer a few observations.

Their greatest discouragement in this country is unquestionably the apathy towards art, not to say the inability to appreciate it, which the great mass of the public evince; this is not the only drawback to their development, but it is nevertheless a great one; as the fine arts are governed by the same laws of supply and demand, that trade, and indeed all things sublunary, are forced to acknowledge. This may seem, at the first glance, rather incompatible with Celtic tendencies, with our natural quickness and vivacity, as well as with the numbers of our countrymen who have attained to eminence in the arts; nevertheless the fact will be found so, and may most probably be explained in some degree, by the social and political position of the great mass of the fathers and mothers of the present men and women, by the want of a diffusion of wealth amongst the middle

classes, by the almost total absence of art education, and not least, by political turmoil; which is a great and terrible enemy to the progress of art and refinement. It is to be hoped, that matters will not be always so, and no doubt some dawn of better promise is visible, but it is with the present we have to deal; and that apathy prevails, as well as inability to appreciate what ought to be appreciated, all those possessing the power to discriminate, who happen to visit our annual exhibitions, will find most abundant and conclusory proof; they will be sickened by finding the very worst productions often highly praised and admired; indeed the bad obtain most encomiums, probably because they come more to the level of the admirers thereof: and there is joined to this, an affectation of judgment, that is positively disgusting to the educated in art; they affect a sort of cynical criticism too, that vexes; for it is ten to one, but they all say it is a horrid exhibition, that there are heaps of trash, and that such and such an abominable daub ought never to be admitted. Although one will often have regretfully to coincide with this latter assertion, yet, as there are several works of real ability on the walls, generally much more conspicuously placed than are the execrables, the wonder is, why they will not be looked at in preference; because those who affect to sneer at the whole exhibition, as an agglomeration of utter daubiness, set themselves up for the "judicious few," and "grieve" accordingly; after all, this is the most prudent course, it is always safer to condemn than to praise; your critic may be safe enough in faulting a real good thing, for if a work be ever so first-rate, it is certain not to be faultless in every particular; but once let our discriminator commend a glorious daub, and he is quenched in ridicule: he is wise enough to know this, and shapes his conduct accordingly.

It is a matter to be regretted, that so many really very inferior productions are allowed a place on the walls of the Royal Hibernian Academy's annual exhibition. It is contended that this is a fault leaning to virtue's side; as supposing that although bad enough just then, their authors may be encouraged to do better next year. Many artists who subsequently attained to a high position in art, unquestionably did make somewhat indifferent attempts in their early career; but we contend that where there is real genius it will make

itself evident; rude though be its first emanations, still they have the stamp of mind; there is a something under all, which glimmers forth; but when nothing is visible, save dull unmistakeable mediocrity, or sometimes not even so much, it were but christian charity to discourage the perpetrators. Comerford said, alluding to those patrons who invite young men showing a little talent for drawing, to become artists, that they were doing a real and substantial injury to society; they were destroying very excellent carpenters, smiths, house-painters, &c. &c., and creating a class of unfortunates, who never would be capable of doing any good for either themselves or others. We greatly fear, however, that the admission of the works in question is as much owing to an anxiety on the part of the Royal Hibernian Academy, to cover their walls, as to the more philanthropic motive. The committee take perhaps the just view of what the public look for and expect. "This celebrated panorama," writes an editor of some print, "is painted on 15,000 square yards of canvass, and if the spectator has not quality, why he has quantity, and that is just as good!"—aye, just as good with the many indeed, no doubt of it—but an institution like the Royal Hibernian Academy ought rather to lead public taste into a right direction, instead of, according to our supposition, pandering to it in a wrong one. It would be, we conceive, far and away the better course to rest satisfied with a smaller portion of wall being covered with pictures. In fact, exhibition rooms are invariably built on an altogether wrong principle, a lofty wall is by no means the requisite which architects seem to believe, but, on the contrary, in most cases it becomes a decided annoyance. No picture that is worth hanging at all, ought to be hung so as to look worse than it really is, especially in an annual exhibition of works by living artists, where, as a matter of course, it becomes a serious object to make them look as well as possible; yet it is a melancholy fact well known to artists, that no picture ever looks as well in an exhibition room as in the studio. Now, if a good work is hung high, it is most materially injured in its artistic effect, and by a parity of reasoning, if a bad one is elevated, it must become still worse; but as the acre of a wall is expected to be covered, ancient and time-honoured custom has made the uppermost tiers of pictures in an exhibition room, be composed of all that is diabolical in art.

It is the knowledge of how much the effect of a picture is marred, that makes such a fierce contest amongst artists for what is denominated "the line;" that is, the portion of wall between three and seven feet from the floor, and which is the only position in which a painting can be fairly viewed. Now, when the spectator stands in the centre of an exhibition room, the works hung on the line are rather concealed by the other visitors; not so, however, with those in high places; they glare on him in all their atrocity, and the *coup-d'œil* will not give him a very favourable impression as to the character of the exhibition; it also affords a pretext for the sneerers to ask if ever was seen such a heap of trash? and asseverate, that "there is not a thing worth looking at in the entire exhibition;" in this way the artists and the daubers are alike confounded. In short, from those two circumstances, from the very bad pictures which the committee admit, and the flippant and depreciatory tone of criticism it has of late become fashionable to adopt, the Royal Hibernian Academy, we greatly fear, has got an indifferent reputation, and that the greatest amount of artistic power will hardly overcome it; a matter much to be deplored—as such an institution, properly directed, could not but exercise a vast influence in directing public taste, and creating a better and more just appreciation of art. The degree of development that the fine arts attain in any country, is a certain index, pointing out its progress in civilisation, wealth, and power. Ireland's position exemplifies this. The contrast, as regards patronage of art in Great Britain, is as marked as in most other respects. Purchases of pictures out of the Dublin exhibitions are, in truth, like angels' visits. It is a fact, already recorded by the agency of type and printers' ink, that at the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy in 1838, the sales of pictures amounted to thirty shillings! And we well remember the forlorn appearance of the half dozen or so of asterisks in the catalogues, which marked the pictures for sale—some few individuals being always found, who laboured under the extraordinary mental delusion, that purchasers existed. With such bright rewards in prospect, artists did not, nor could they be expected to exert their talents. Portraiture and teaching became the only walks of art cultivated—artists, in common with the rest of her Majesty's liege subjects, being expected to pay

rent and taxes, and not exempt from the necessity of eating and drinking.

It was in the year following the one of gigantic sales above alluded to, that the Royal Irish Art Union was established. And from that period commenced a new era for art and artists in Ireland; but, like all other things started in this country, it was mismanaged, and failed—not from the want of public support, for never was any institution better sustained—but it failed, because it did not deserve to succeed. We have no doubt whatever, that its promoters will ascribe the failure to any or every cause, except the one of there being any thing wrong in its management; but the public only ceased to support the Art Union when it found the institution conducted on certain crochety and mistaken ideas, in opposition to the wishes of the whole profession.

The Royal Irish Art Union made the fatal mistake, at its very outset, of placing itself rather in antagonism with the artists—a class of all others which it most affected, and yet at the same time depended on for its efficiency; but a disposition was manifested to ascribe every suggestion that emanated from an artist to an interested motive. Before the Art Union commenced to work even, a member of its committee expressed his conviction, that the Selection Committee would have to fly Dublin at the close of the exhibition, lest the artists would assassinate them—and this spirit manifested itself in many ways. There was not, at any time, an artist on the Committee of Management, although nearly every member of the profession at first was a subscriber.

Not less vital was the mistake of having a committee to select and purchase the pictures, &c., which were to be distributed, instead of the system of money prizes, so successfully adopted by the London Art Union; which enabled a subscriber gaining a prize to gratify his own taste in the selection of a work of art—paying the artist by an order on the Art Union Committee. And if the prizholder preferred a work priced at a lower sum than the amount of his prize, he was at liberty to select it, but the overplus became forfeited to the society; likewise, if a work of art costing a greater sum was fancied, the prizholder was permitted to add the difference—and this occurred in very many instances; but no prize-

holder was allowed to divide his prize, by purchasing a number of pictures; only one work could be selected. The utility of this arrangement is manifest; for otherwise there would be a danger of the larger prizes being frittered away in the purchase of minor works. This system is infinitely preferable; it induces people to think and reason on art, and is therefore educational. A prizeholder lacking judgment, taste, or discrimination, is nearly certain to seek opinions from others whom he conceives possess those acquirements; besides which, it so immediately resembles the legitimate public patronage of art.

By the system of a committee selecting the works from the exhibition, it was a matter of the greatest doubt, that even when a prize was obtained by a subscriber, the department or style of art which he fancied most, should fall to his share. Landscapes were allotted to those who preferred sculpture, and figure subjects to the admirers of marine views; in fact, it reminds one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence evinced in the distribution of coats to the general postmen—"all the long men get short coats, and all the short men long ones."—(*vide* "Pickwick Papers.") One consequence was, that those who had no feeling or taste whatever for art, made use of the pretence of not liking the work which fell to their lot, as a reason for disposing of it; and as the man who prefers a pair of breeches to a painting by Landseer, will not be difficult to please regarding the price he may obtain, the Art Union prizes were offered for sale, in all quarters of the city, at a fourth, and sometimes at an eighth of the price the artists received for them. To such an extent was this carried, that a proviso had to be inserted in the Act of Parliament legalizing Art Unions, prohibiting any prizeholder from disposing of his prize, until one year after its distribution by the society. The money prizes would, to a great extent, have counteracted this tendency, as having selected a picture or other work of art, to the prizeholder's own fancy, shame, if no higher feeling, would prevent its being immediately disposed of for any thing it might bring in the market.

The Royal Irish Art Union acted on the system of bureaucracy, prevailing to such an extent in continental institutions, which presupposes, that mankind are children, quite incapable, if left to them-

selves, of doing any thing right, and therefore kindly takes every thing into its own hands. Acting on this system, the Committee of Selection issued their fiat, and the Irish public were required to take trustingly, and without enquiry, every work as most admirable, which coincided with the ideas of excellence entertained by the committee. Not much improvement in public taste was likely to result from this system of teaching the principles of art by rote, even if the committee possessed, within itself, the first taste of genius of the age—which it did not. At first, indeed, the public was willing enough to give the committee credit for all the discrimination it supposed itself to possess, and its decisions became most potent. It is but just, however, to observe, that during the first two years of the Art Union's active existence, it was much less objectionable in its procedure than it subsequently became. The Royal Irish Art Union professed itself established, "to raise the arts in Ireland from their degraded position," and "to create a patronage that would induce our artists to devote their time and talents to works above mere portraiture." The plan of the society, as arranged at a meeting held in Dublin, 8th April, 1839, was as follows:—

"This Society is established for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, by the purchase of the works of living artists exhibited in the metropolis.

"A Committee consisting of twenty-one members, chosen at a general meeting of subscribers, select and purchase at the exhibitions, from the artists in Dublin, such works of art as are creditable to the talent and genius of the country; and at the close of the season these prizes are distributed by lot amongst the subscribers."

In the Society's Report for the year 1840, the following passage occurs—

"Your Committee would, however, recommend to their successors, to impose so far a restriction on the purchase of the works of foreign and non-resident artists, as to give the preference in every case where the merits are equal, to such works as have been painted within the year, and expressly for the exhibition in Ireland. They consider that this will give the resident artists a fair priority, with a proper stimulus for exertion, and allow the productions of each successive year to bear evidence in themselves of the advance of art."

These were the grounds upon which public support was solicited for the Royal Irish Art Union, and upon those grounds the Irish public most liberally subscribed to that Institution; but it will scarcely be credited, that the way in which the committee carried out those professions was, by allocating a larger portion of the funds placed at their disposal, on non-resident artists, than on the artists in Ireland. This was not the course pursued in the two first years of its existence; during that period, the constitution of the society was adhered to, and the results were in the main satisfactory; but in the subsequent years, from some unexplained cause, a totally different principle seems to have pervaded its councils, and the consequence is, the gradual extinction of what might have been a most useful and valuable institution. In the two first years, viz., 1840 and 1841, there were works of art amounting to £1000 purchased from resident artists, and a sum of £510 was spent on works produced by non-residents; but from the year 1843 to 1848 inclusive, £5,470 was appropriated to the purchase of works by non-resident artists, and a sum of only £3,572 was devoted to the encouragement of the artists residing in this country. The absurdity of supposing for an instant that the productions of English, or even of Anglo-Irish artists, could by possibility be thought creditable to Ireland, is self-evident, and how the Art Union Committee of Selection arrived at the conclusion that they were "creditabile to the talent and genius of the country," we are utterly at a loss to conceive. That Irishmen have attained to eminence in art, literature, or science, we, as fellow-countrymen, may surely feel some laudable pride; but that we should take the credit of all the talents which others have had the taste to appreciate and foster, is surely mean, and akin to the procedure of the fly in the fable, who congratulated himself on having raised all the dust caused by the coach. Indeed the Committee have furnished irrefragable proof, that they considered themselves as having departed from the original constitution and basis of the society; for feeling the utter absurdity of so designating their English purchases, they caused the following ingenious interpolation to be inserted in the catalogue of their prizes in 1846—

"Plan as arranged at a meeting held in Dublin, April 8, 1839, the Marquis of Ormonde in the chair, and confirmed at a general meeting held 15th April, 1840.

"This Society is established for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, by the purchase of the works of living artists exhibited in the metropolis.

"A Committee consisting of twenty-one members, chosen at a general meeting of subscribers, select and purchase at the exhibitions in *Dublin*, such works as are creditable *for talent and genius, and likely to promote a correct feeling and taste for art throughout the country*; and at the close of the season these prizes are distributed by lot amongst the subscribers."

The words in *italics* show the entirely new signification which the Committee sought to foist on the public, as the original constitution of the society. It would be a proceeding greatly to be deplored by all interested in the development and progress of art in Ireland, if the Committee were entirely debarred from purchasing any works contributed from England or elsewhere, by artists of superior attainments to our own. Their works being brought in juxtaposition with those produced in the country, would no doubt afford that "proper stimulus for exertion" alluded to in the Report of the Art Union already quoted; but quite a different result was arrived at, by the system adopted of swamping the new-born exertions of our own artists, by the quantities of non-resident productions which crowded their efforts into the back ground, or more strictly, up to the ceiling. But indeed the Royal Hibernian Academy is quite as much, perhaps far more, to blame, than is the Art Union Committee, for if that body had not in the first instance given the Art Union the opportunity, by the quantity of English works with which their exhibitions were inundated, the Committee of Selection, could not with any show of propriety, have pursued the mischievous course which it clung to so pertinaciously; and surely, when a body of artists could not be true to the interests of their own profession, a few gentlemen in nowise connected with it, save by a kindred feeling for art, can hardly be blamed for acting similarly. The Association for the promotion of the fine Arts in Scotland, (an Art Union Society,) at its establishment, with true Scottish prudence, restricted itself to the purchase of works produced by natives of that country; and when, several years afterwards, it became apparent that art had sufficiently progressed to be able to bear competition with the English school, the regulation was rescinded, and the great principle of free trade in art, as in all else, was allowed to come into healthful activity.

The arts can only advance by the advance of artists—they act and re-act on each other, and it was mainly by attempting to separate them, that the Art Union failed. There is a certain point beyond which competition eventuates in utter discouragement, and effort is relaxed from a conviction of its hopelessness. Up to 1840 there was literally no encouragement for art in any of its branches, save portraiture, and of that even not much; men therefore turned there attention to other pursuits, and those who possessed that decided bent of genius, which clings through all discouragement to its object, sought countries where their efforts were better appreciated. The Royal Irish Art Union created a new field for its patronage; it professed its great object to be the development of art, in a country where art was in a straggling and enfeebled state. This was its highest mission, and if divested of this object, it would become but a trading speculation to all intents and purposes. Proficiency in art, either by nations or individuals, is only arrived at by years of patient toil and application; to expect our struggling artists could compete on equal terms with the artists of England, for years in possession of advantages and patronage altogether wanting here; was surely as rational as to expect a child to contend successfully with a full grown man; and therefore, when the first year's Report of the Art Union Committee enjoined on "their successors so far a restriction on the purchase of the works of foreign and non-resident artists, as to give the preference in every case where the merits are equal," was virtually to give no preference whatever. It must occur to every astute mind, that if the object of the Art Union be merely to "advance art in Ireland," by disseminating "works which are creditable for talent and genius, and likely to promote a correct feeling and taste for art throughout the country," its establishment was altogether a work of supererogation, as the London Art Union, established some years prior to the Royal Irish, was in a much better position for carrying out such an object, and it could have been more economically, as well as more certainly advanced, by instituting a branch office for collecting subscriptions in Dublin; the very highest class works, and best emanations of the English artists, being at the disposal of the London Art Union; whereas to our exhibitions are forwarded only those works already exhibited in England, which

have failed in obtaining purchasers, and may therefore, in some degree, be classed as the refuse of the London exhibitions.

Art Union Societies originated in Germany, and were established many years there before being introduced into Great Britain; their peculiar feature was, that a number of individuals of limited income, by joining their aggregate of small subscriptions, were enabled to become possessors of works of art, that, before the establishment of such institutions, were quite beyond their means, thus disseminating taste and feeling amongst the masses of the people. On their introduction into mercantile and matter-of-fact England, a new feature was added to them, viz.—diffusion of engravings. One of the pictures purchased was engraved, and a copy given as a bonus to each of the subscribers; whether this was really a judicious addition, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to determine: what is possessed by nearly everybody, nobody particularly values; and an Art Union print was certainly infinitely less thought of than almost any other print. The fact is, a work of the highest excellence, if seen in every print and framemaker's window, and hanging in every house one enters, will inevitably pall on the eye, and become distasteful from too frequent repetition. However, be the introduction of engravings a desirable feature, or the reverse, in Art Unions, it certainly engrosses a large portion of the funds; during seven years of our Art Union's existence, over £8,000 was so appropriated. In Ireland, as regards art there was no printing press—her twin sister, literature, was differently circumstanced—but the creation of an Irish artist's brain had no opportunity of becoming patent to the public: to engrave a work from our annual exhibitions was therefore a great boon to the artists of this country; but in this even the committee could not be true to its mission.—the spirit of tuft-hunting that is implanted to such an extent in every thing Irish, was apparent in its selections for engraving. No meeting or assembly is thought anything of, unless presided over or graced by nobility; lower in the social scale, when the presence of a lord can scarce be hoped for, the sparkle of a military uniform is the essential, which, if by dire misfortune wanting, renders madam's party a comparative failure; every institution must be a Royal one—and even the butcher and baker pursues his calling—“By Authority.” This utter absence of independent spirit and self-

reliance has done more to check progress, than would readily be supposed.

In its prints, also, the Art Union commenced excellently; "the Blind Girl at a Holy Well," by Burton, and "the Young Mendicant's Noviciate," by Rothwell, were admirable in all respects, were both high class works of art, were both exhibited in our exhibitions, and were both by resident artists; but afterwards, distinguished names seemed to be the only desideratum sought by the committee. Sir Martin Archer Shee's "Belisarius," described as the "*chef-d'œuvre* of that distinguished Irishman," was a most unhappy choice,—uninteresting, unartistic, and common-place. MacLise's "Peep into Futurity," never peeped out of it; Mulready's "Fight Interrupted," is also in the womb of time; and Heaven only knows what principle guided the selection of Corregio's "Egeria!" a composition destitute either of mind, truth, or delicacy. Except in the instances of Burton and Rothwell, no work from our annual exhibitions was selected for engraving—no talent "to fortune and to fame alike unknown" has been elicited. Here was a magnificent opportunity utterly lost. The committee cannot look back on the eight or nine years' existence of the Royal Irish Art Union, with the expenditure of nearly £28,500, and point to anything great or lasting it had achieved. On the contrary, the arts are left in a far worse position than before its advent; for there is now joined to the apathy of the public, an equal apathy on the part of artists, and the energy to produce anything noble in art, is as much wanting as the appreciation or patronage to call it forth.

It has been often stated by the committee that the resident artists demanded most exorbitant prices, and this circumstance has been advanced as the reason why more of our artists' works were not purchased. Undoubtedly to some extent this is true enough. Works of the kind being a new requirement in Ireland, their producers did, in some instances, greatly over-value them; but the committee rather gave the initiative in this, and awarded to its favourites, prices that were quite as exorbitant; and it was perhaps but natural that other artists, not so fortunate, should estimate their works as equally worthy of price, and, in some cases, they were perfectly justified in arriving at such a conclusion. Neither did the

committee, by the line of conduct it adopted, tend to bring such pretensions to a right level. Men of abstract pursuits are proverbially sensitive, and quick to take offence, and artists most peculiarly so. The Selection Committee assumed quite too high a tone. In the printed notice usually forwarded to the artists, they were informed that "the committee *could award*" such a price. Now, when no award was sought, this was, to say the least, a little annoying; and the objections to price seemed not to be influenced by any kind of determining principle. Artists, required to accept five pounds less, were greatly chagrined at finding, in the following year, when they had purposely asked, for works almost exactly similar in all respects, the very price named by the committee, to find a still further reduction of five pounds was "*awarded*;" in many cases also, for £25 and £30 pictures, two and three pounds less were offered—a system of higgling, for art especially, which, however passable in an individual, is, from a public body, most atrocious! Also, in the published list of works purchased for the society, certain of them were marked "artists' price," thereby, of course, making it evident, that when this significant sentence did *not* appear, the price had been beaten down—a thing which a high-minded artist would of course prefer not to have made public. It is very questionable, however, that, if the committee had paid to artists for their works larger prices than they were entitled to, or could reasonably be expected to bring, such disastrous consequences would have ensued as the course taken has entailed; and it is morally certain, if the money prize system had been adopted, such a contingency would never have arisen. Howsoever the committee may be influenced by either clamour or cliqueism, certainly the public can not; and the prices usually asked by English artists, as well as public opinion, would very rapidly bring extravagant pretensions to a rational basis; and the Royal Irish Art Union would now be a benefit to society, and an honour to its founders, instead of, as at present, to all intents and purposes, extinct. But so wedded to the Selection Committee system were its managers, and so strenuously did they advocate it, in preference to that of money prizes, before a Committee of the House of Commons during the Art Union agitation, on their presumed illegality and immoral tendency, that, carried away by the same furor, it recom-

mended the prohibition of any other system; and it was only owing to a most persevering and determined stand that the managers of the London Art Union were enabled to preserve the integrity of their institution. Had that body been forced to adopt the system so bepraised by the Royal Irish Art Union, it would, instead of the prosperous and highly useful career it is so successfully pursuing, most indubitably be now in the same unenviable predicament of the latter institution.

Having found it necessary, in order clearly to point out those causes which superinduced the failure of our Art Union, to write much in dispraise of its management, it is but fairness to allude to those points deserving of commendation; and, unquestionably, to its promoters, and especially to the gentleman who fulfilled the duties of Honorary Secretary, is due the merit of having created a feeling for art, and giving an impetus to its progress that, considering the former apathy towards it, was really astounding; and only makes regret more poignant, that his untiring energy and perseverance should have received such an unhappy bias, as to neutralise, in a great measure, those admirable results; for no set of men ever evinced such determination in clinging to, and carrying out, against all opposition, their own peculiar ideas.

The feeling aroused in favour of arts was remarkably evinced by the vast increase of visitors to the annual exhibition, and also by the purchase of several works—in itself an altogether new feature in this country. The committee, by offering prizes for engraving, essayed to develope that art, and it was owing to the establishment of the Art Union, that a copperplate printing-press was for the first time set up in Dublin by an enterprising citizen, Mr Cranfield, by which the committee was enabled to have the Society's engravings printed under its own immediate superintendence. This gentleman has also entered into the print publishing trade, and induced an eminent engraver to become a resident amongst us, and several high class works have been lately published by Mr. Cranfield—painted, engraved, and printed in this country. These fruits have certainly been owing to the Art Union, and we must only hope that *all* will not prove evanescent; but the taste for art, as evidenced by the visitors to our exhibitions, and also the exhibitions themselves, have fallen back to

their former state—but on this subject we shall have some further remarks to offer.

The National Art Union, established here in 1844, took even more effectual steps to found a school of engraving in Dublin, as its managers induced an engraver to come over to this country, and their first print, "Sunday morning," painted by Mr. William Brocas, was engraved here. This society was based on the money prize system and in its general management gave much satisfaction; but its subscription being only five shillings, the greater portion of its funds was absorbed by the expense of the annual engravings, and but a small portion was available for the purchase of works of art. However, had the funds at its disposal been larger, its career of usefulness would have been much extended, as those errors in judgment, fallen into by the Royal Irish Art Union managers, were avoided by this society. Latterly, the yearly subscription was raised to ten shillings; but from the disfavour into which, in this country at least, Art Unions have fallen, and the great expense of the engraving, the society is not making progress. Indeed, from the little favour in which all Art Union prints are held, it is questionable but that, if established on the original German system of having no prints, it might succeed better, for, even with the most flourishing Art Union in the kingdom, the proportion of prizes to subscribers is as one to fifty.

The almost total absence of art-education in Ireland has been already alluded to in this article, as a great cause of our backward position as regards the fine arts—in fact, a knowledge of drawing is altogether a luxurious and elegant amusement of the higher classes, and is not thought by the great mass of the people to have any other use, or imagined to be at all utilitarian. For many years there has been a very excellent drawing-school attached to the Royal Dublin Society, and certainly, to be useful, it could not be connected with a Society better adapted to render it so; but the attendance of pupils, we believe, seldom averaged more than fifty, and instead of making the education there imparted practically of value, as applying to various branches of trade, the majority seemed only anxious to become professional artists—a walk of life, requiring an amount of talent not given to many—even, at the best, somewhat

precarious—and, with mediocre acquirements, the most wretched. In France everybody, as a matter of course, is taught to draw as naturally as to write; there its usefulness in all branches of industry is well recognized, and its fruits are evidenced by the extraordinary proficiency of its people in all the elegancies of taste and design: there is a general appreciation too of that which is beautiful, in preference to bad or vulgar in form. The late Dr. Cooke Taylor used to say, that “beauty was as cheap as ugliness, and a deal preferable any day;” but we fear this principle is not so well understood in Ireland, and manufacturers are forced to make articles to suit the market. Look, for instance, at the willow pattern plate! would such an abomination be tolerated in France? Yet it is impossible in this country to get it understood, that a plain white plate is an elegant article, compared with such a specimen of pictorial ornament! or that a jug or a cup, daubed with one or two rubs of red and blue paint, is not thereby improved in its appearance. The School of Design, lately established in connexion with the Royal Dublin Society, will no doubt do much towards creating a better state of things; and we hope its sphere of utility will not be contracted, owing to a higher class in society availing themselves of its instruction, to the exclusion of those for whom it was more especially intended, and of which we have heard some whispers. It is greatly to be feared also, that, unless art-education becomes more generally diffused amongst the people, by means of our National Schools, &c., the School of Design will only half effect its object; if that which is beautiful in its design is not generally appreciated, manufacturers will not produce it; for after all beauty is *not* quite as cheap as ugliness, and unless there is a disposition to pay a little more for the elegant article, the ugly one will prove the most remunerative. There is perhaps no manufacture in which taste, both in the designer and the purchaser, is so much, or so generally in requisition, as in paper-hanging for walls of dwelling-houses; and the superiority of the French designs over those of home make is in nothing so evident. As we were admiring some beautiful specimens of the kind at an establishment in this city a few days ago, the shopman took occasion to remark how very few of them were purchased, although, he said, they were very generally admired. We opined that per-

haps they might be too expensive. He said—no, not so much owing to that cause, for often a more costly paper, in the usual old style, with plenty of gilt ornament, was selected; but that, generally, when the plain affair was somewhat cheaper than the more tasteful design, cheapness got the preference; the disposition to make a sacrifice, in order to procure the more elegant article, was altogether wanting, and the gaudy, or the vulgar, obtained most admirers. Truly, we thought, “like cleaveth to like.” In how few houses one enters the paper-hangings are in good taste, or selected with a regard to the general aspect of the rooms; very seldom is seen the beautifully pannelled papers, with the chaste flower borders, that our French neighbours, and, indeed, latterly the English also, delight in so much; and yet nothing is so constantly before the eye, or is more calculated to influence taste, especially in the growing generation.

Unquestionably, there is a vast improvement, both in the character of the designs for embellishing our dwellings, and in public taste. In articles of furniture, it is no less evident. The superiority of the circle and the curved line, over the square form, is better recognized. Who that remembers the villainous chairs and tables that surrounded their infancy, will not see the immense improvement on such ugly forms—the square legs getting smaller as they approached the ground, and all the other mis-shapen abominations that were then thought beautiful. In all articles of hardware, in fenders, grates, and chimney-pieces, and in the construction of dwelling-houses, the improvement is most marked; even the little articles of bijouterie spread on drawing-room tables, evince a progress in taste, and show that ultimately the Fine Arts cannot but attain to their proper position in Ireland.

It has been said, that “he who causes two blades of grass to grow, where only one existed before, deserves well of his country;” but he who originates a new opening for human industry, especially one adapted to the employment of women, in this age, when there are so few outlets for their industry, and so many temptations to vice, is surely infinitely more a benefactor of his species. It is calculated that in Paris nearly 30,000 women earn an honourable subsistence by the manufacture of various little articles of taste and ornament, principally of paper, or papier-maché; and can the iron utilitarian

show any such results from his standard of usefulness, or point out better means for the employment of a "surplus population." Nature seems to indicate this, by developing a desire for that which is elegant in the same ratio as wealth and population increase.

And let no one sneer at the introduction of such topics, as out of place; it is by those familiar objects that the great progress of taste is influenced, and the power of appreciating the noblest efforts of genius built up—in itself a talent. Minute objects in nature were not considered beneath the attention of the highest intellects that have adorned art, and the smallest or most homely trifles may be ennobled by the impress of genius. No doubt, those who declaim in sonorous sentences about "High Art," will have their exquisite sensibilities cruelly wounded. To listen to this cant in art is oft times the most horrible infliction that can be visited on an artist; and the greatest misfortune of his profession is, that every one knows infinitely more about it than does he, who has devoted a whole life to its exclusive study.

In addition to the Drawing Schools of the Royal Dublin Society, there has been for several years a school of drawing and painting connected with the Royal Hibernian Academy, but intended principally for students in art, drawing from the living model being a part of the course of instruction, an annual grant of £300 having been given to the Academy, about the year 1837, for that purpose. It possesses also a very good collection of casts from the antique, and a small library of works, principally on art. This institution owes its foundation to the munificence of a private individual, the late Francis Johnston, Esq., who, entirely at his own expense, built, and presented to the Academy, in the year 1826, the building in which its annual exhibitions, schools of art, &c., are held; and, about the same period, a Royal Charter of Incorporation was conferred. Many years prior, the artists of Dublin used to hold their exhibitions in what is now the City Assembly House, in William-street, but from some cause it passed out of their hands: they were denominated, "The Society of Artists," and their first exhibition was held in the year 1765; prior to which period, none are supposed to have been holden in Ireland. A grant of £500 was voted to the society by the Irish Parliament, and exhibitions continued to be held annually until 1775, the number

of works varying from 88 to 160: after this time the exhibitions were held at greater intervals, and, about 1782, the society became extinct. Exhibitions were again held in the year 1800, at Mr. Allen's, Dame-street, an establishment for a long period connected with the fine arts: they continued at intervals, sometimes being holden in the lately vacated Parliament House, but more generally in Hawkins-street, where now stands the Theatre Royal, then occupied by the Royal Dublin Society. Subsequently the Hibernian Society of Artists was formed, out of which grew the present Royal Hibernian Academy; but a good deal of bickerings and petty jealousies existed in those times as well as now—for the artists had no particular bond of union. In 1814 a rival society was formed by the artists, and for a few years two exhibitions were opened at the same time; in contradistinction to the other, it was called the Irish Society of Artists. This latter body would seem to have been more influential than the older established society, for although its exhibitions were at first held at the late Mr. Del Vecchio's establishment, they were afterwards held in Hawkins-street, to the exclusion of the Hibernian Society. The grounds of opposition would seem to have been somewhat selfish and illiberal, relating principally to a division of the funds. In an address from the Hibernian Society of Artists to the Honourable Dublin Society, in 1815, they state that

“ Their institution is not a partial monopoly, confined to a few individuals, but embraces in the most liberal manner the whole profession.

“ They object to artists elected for an unlimited period, whose powers are to be delegated to six, or rather three or four individuals, upon whose honour or honesty the division of the money must depend.

“ Instead of appropriating the funds collected by exhibitions to their own individual use, they have always conscientiously disposed of them to the relief of aged and decayed artists, and from the period of its formation to the present time, have constantly afforded a certain stipend to cheer the old age of a once highly respectable artist, besides occasionally extending assistance to others, where it appeared necessary.”

Ultimately the artists amalgamated, and they continued to exhibit occasionally, often two or three years intervening between each exhibition. The last exhibition held, prior to the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Academy, was in 1823, and was confined exclusively to water-colour paintings and drawings.

The constitution of the Royal Academy of London was taken as the model, the number of its constituent members being reduced, to suit the requirements of art in Ireland, but it would have been well if other differences had also been introduced. The nature of all academies is to create a kind of aristocracy in art, the usefulness of which is questionable, as the academician's gown does not confer talent, and with talent a man is almost certain to become celebrated, without the honour; the aristocracy of talent is, after all, the only legitimate one in art, and is a qualification, that, since the days of Salvator Rosa, has not been the one invariably looked for by academies. An aristocracy cannot exist without a tolerably numerous grade below it, and the attempt to create one in Irish art, greatly resembled forming a regiment of captains and lieutenants, without any rank and file.

The Royal Hibernian Academy was composed of fourteen Academicians and ten Associates, and, as a natural consequence—the total number of artists being but little more—bickerings and paltry contentions have prevailed amongst them, almost since its foundation, thereby militating seriously against its usefulness, especially when no great feeling or taste for the Fine Arts was entertained by the public. To be useful, the institution should be capable of expansion, and ought to contain within itself all the respectable talent available in the country. The notion of an Academy, in the usual sense of such an institute, for Ireland, is simply absurd. Now there was always a comparatively large portion of professional talent outside the Academy; and, unfortunately, in addition to a moiety of its members being non-resident, of some who were resident, it was rather difficult, judging from their displays on the walls of the exhibitions, to fancy what qualifications for membership they were thought to possess. A great part of the misunderstanding which existed was owing to the places assigned in the annual exhibitions to the works of those artists who were not members of the body, so much so, indeed, that not a few of them ceased altogether to exhibit. There is, perhaps, no point on which it is so difficult to afford satisfaction as in the placing of the works in an exhibition—in fact, to satisfy artists in this respect is a moral impossibility, so many other considerations, independent altogether of the merits of the works, having to be considered—such as size, general effect, and the necessity

sometimes of re-arranging nearly the entire exhibition; the placing of some requiring, for all sakes, the displacing of others. We have already remarked that no artist's work appears to the same advantage in the exhibition as it appears in his studio, especially when placed in juxta-position with other highly-coloured, perhaps superior compositions. Of course, the artist will ascribe its altered appearance to any cause rather than a defect in the creation of his pencil; he will prefer to think himself ill-used, rather than admit, even to himself, of such a possibility. But it by no means follows that real causes for dissatisfaction may not have existed. Artists did feel annoyed at being excluded from any voice in the management of the Academy, when others, certainly if not inferior, in no respect their superiors in talent, were admitted. We believe it is an inherent property in all human institutions that a slight infusion of cliqueism will prevail, and where there is professional rivalry in addition, of course there will be just ground of complaint. It has been assigned as a reason why absentee members are not distasteful to the Academy, or why the smallness of the body is not regarded by its members as a defect calling for remedy, that its management is thereby kept more immediately amongst a certain few, who kindly elect each other, and that the few offices of emolument, by not having too many qualified to fill them, fall oftener to the individual member's share; but, we sincerely hope, for the honour of the Academy, that such an imputation is unfounded.

After the establishment of the Art Union in 1840, these causes of complaint were rather increased than diminished—to such an extent indeed were they felt, that in 1842, a portion of the artists determined on forming a new society, to have an annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture; it was denominated the Society of Irish Artists. Paintings in water colours predominated in its exhibitions, and latterly it became almost entirely a water colour Society, similar to those of London: they were principally painted by resident artists, although it was not limited exclusively to the works of such. The first of its exhibitions in 1843 contained 140 works, which were all by resident artists, and evinced great promise and ability. This was the average amount the Society's exhibitions contained; about 10 per cent. of which were contributed by non-resident artists.

When it is borne in mind, that the average number in the exhibitions of the Royal Hibernian Academy, before the Art Union commenced working, was 260, this must be viewed as a very respectable amount, as both the societies' exhibitions opened at the same time. The year the Society of Irish Artists held their first exhibition, that of the Academy contained 671 works, 50 per cent. of which were by English and Scottish artists, and formed indeed the main attraction, as wanting them, it would have been but an indifferent gathering. The increasing numbers of English works which were annually hung in the most prominent positions on the walls of the Academy, to the serious detriment of the resident artists, was one of the chief causes of complaint. Before the Royal Irish Art Union was established, our exhibitions were not honoured with many specimens from the other side of the channel; but when the current coin of this realm, which the Art Union were about to expend in the encouragement of art, came in question, they were forwarded in yearly increasing quantities. The resident artists felt naturally indignant at strangers enjoying a larger portion of the advantages they considered themselves as having the prior claim to. They thought if the Royal Hibernian Academy meant any thing, it meant an institution for the promotion and encouragement of Hibernian art; and they knew that Francis Johnston presented the building "to the Artists of Ireland." It must not be imagined, that the entire exclusion of English works was sought by the resident artists; they merely wished to see the Academy exercise a due discretion in regulating the number admitted; they very well knew the advantages of having an infusion of talent from the London exhibitions amongst their own annual displays, as an incentive to emulation and improvement, but they questioned the utility of covering the walls with a quantity of works but very little superior to the average of their own—especially at a considerable outlay for the expenses of their carriage.

When the Society of Irish Artists was established, as a matter of form, the Art Union Committee were applied to, in order to learn if the new society came within its rules, because it was well known that it did; besides, the Art Union had already purchased works from an exhibition at the Royal Dublin Society, composed princi-

pally of the works of its pupils. Unfortunately the committee did not confine itself to simply replying, but took advantage of the opportunity to assume the position of a dictator over the artists, by enclosing the following resolution:—

“Resolved—That by the rules of this Society, the Committee of Selection are fully empowered to purchase the works of living artists from any regular public exhibition in Dublin, provided the same have sufficient merit, are fairly priced, and *bona fide* the productions and property of the artists themselves. The Committee, at the same time, earnestly trust, that the establishment of a new society, during the infancy of exhibitions under the present system, may not lead to any schism injurious to the great public object—the encouragement of Art in Ireland.”

It ought to have occurred to the committee, before inserting such an uncalled-for interpolation, that the artists had the encouragement of art in Ireland quite as much at heart, and were infinitely more likely to be correct judges of what was prudent or desirable for their professional interests, than any set of gentlemen unconnected with art, save by a common appreciation of its beauties. Competition is generally useful, unless when carried to extremity—and the two societies had a decidedly beneficial effect on the arts. The members of the newly formed one felt the necessity of making greater exertions than would otherwise have been required, and the second exhibition had also the effect of stimulating the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, but unfortunately, their efforts were principally directed towards obtaining as many works from the studios of English artists, as could conveniently be had.

The Royal Irish Art Union should have maintained a position of strict neutrality between the two societies, as the slightest degree of favour shown one, would, as a matter of course, be jealously resented by the other: but, instead of adopting this prudent course, the committee manifested a very decided partiality and bias towards the Academy, of which the resolution above alluded to was the first evidence. During the five years that the Society of Irish Artists contrived, amid many discouragements, to maintain its position, the average amount expended by the Art Union Committee in the Academy's annual exhibition, was very close on £1800, while its average expenditure in the exhibitions of the Society of Irish Artists amounted to but £250, except in the year 1845, when £500 was

the amount, and this was the only year that an approach to any kind of fairness was shown. It must be observed, however, that in the same period there was a larger portion of works by resident artists purchased from the Irish Artists' exhibition, than from that of the Academy. The new society was ultimately obliged to succumb; its last exhibition was in 1847; but the Royal Hibernian Academy has not been thereby any gainer, for some members of the Society of Irish Artists directed public attention so effectually to the mal-administration of the Art Union Committee, that the latter institution has also had to succumb, and the Royal Hibernian Academy is now in even a worse position than it occupied before the establishment of the Art Union.

It is evident from the foregoing that the institution most chargeable with the present depressed position of the fine arts in this country is the Royal Hibernian Academy, although established for their particular promotion and advancement. First, from its limited constitution, it became a cause of contention, instead of a benefit to the artists; when the Art Union created a new feeling in favour of the arts in Ireland, the Academy attained a position it never before occupied in public estimation; but continuing, or rather increasing, its erroneous line of action, it forced a section of the artists into forming what must be considered a rival society. It then intrigued the Art Union Society into adopting a partisan policy, which resulted in the almost total extinction of the latter body, and a relapse of public taste for the arts into its former apathy. Although, from the mistaken line of procedure adopted, the Art Union contained within itself the seeds of decay, it is questionable but that, had the resident artists been a united, instead of a divided body, they would have succeeded in correcting the errors of its administration; in fact, the committee could not have persevered against their determined and unanimous remonstrance.

The present prospects of the fine arts in Ireland are sufficiently gloomy; and the circumstances which have contributed to this result are much to be regretted. We have endeavoured to point them out, with the view that, once clearly ascertained, some steps may be taken to correct them. Some effort ought surely to be made to place the Royal Irish Art Union on a better basis, before it be-

comes entirely extinct. It is very disheartening that, out of all the Art Unions which have been established in various parts of the empire, ours is the only one that has failed through mismanagement. An Art Union is of all other institutions the one most likely to be favourable to the development of art in Ireland, being perfectly suited to the present circumstances of the country, very few having the means, we say nothing of the taste, to be its patrons. It is also an institution completely in accordance with the great tendency of the age, which is unmistakeably towards joint-stock associations, enabling men to achieve, by their united efforts, those astounding results which, individually, they never could effect. The Royal Hibernian Academy, if true to its mission, ought to take some steps in this matter; it is peculiarly its own province, and from no other quarter could the initiative be more gracefully or more appropriately given. Nor will this alone be sufficient: the Academy must enlarge itself, or it will fall! It must become an Institution suited to the requirements of the profession, and in harmony with modern progress.

ART. VII.—LITTLE BOOKS FOR LITTLE LAWYERS;
OR,
THE STATUTES MADE EASY.

UNDER this heading we may, with great propriety, class a set of very small works, upon very important Acts of Parliament, which have, within the past two years, inundated the trade, and lumbered the counters of the Dublin law booksellers. It appears to be the custom of certain publishers of our city, in combination with some gentlemen of our bar, to seize, with paste and scissors, upon each statute relating to Ireland, the very moment it issues from the press of Her Majesty's printer. Those parties having got their statute, or, as good old Mrs. Glasse would say, "having caught their hare," announce to the world the astounding and very gratifying intelligence, through the pages of the *Freeman* and *Saunders*, that there will immediately appear a work upon—

THE ACT
FOR ALLOWING EVERYBODY TO DO
EVERYTHING;

WITH

Commentary, and Table of Practical Forms.

BY

LITTLETON COKE O'SHAUGHNESSY, Esq., A.B.

Barrister-at-Law.

DUBLIN :

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY

CAXTON DE WORDE O'FLAHERTY,

500 SACKVILLE-STREET.

Price 2s.; by post, 2s. 6d.

In a few days the precious work comes forth, and it is found to consist of the Act of Parliament, printed precisely section after section, as it issued from the royal printer's press; and the commentary proves to be but the information contained in the marginal notes, which are collected and strung together at the commencement of the little legal primer.

Now we have no objection whatever, we can have no objection, to any enterprising publisher investing a few pounds in any work that may seem to him either well compiled, or likely to sell. He is a trader in books, and no matter how good his taste in literature may be, he must be ever on the watch for novelty in his business. But, as members of the legal profession, we do most solemnly protest

against the good taste of any legal brother who lends his name to the class of absurd publications above referred to, and who, for vanity, or the gain of a few shillings, becomes the hack of a speculating publisher. What assistance can any man derive from such books? What aid is there, in a practical form, which tells one, after a formal commencement, "Here set out the particulars," whilst the particulars may occupy pages, and the unfortunate purchaser of the book may be utterly at a loss with which particular to begin, or unable to form an opinion as to how many should be inserted? We take it that these books are meant for the legal profession, and we ask, is not any man of common understanding as well able to discover the meaning of an Act of Parliament, from the act itself, as from the legal reading-made-easy of Mr. A. or Mr. Z.? We feel quite satisfied that not one man in ten calls for these books in the library, whilst a copy of the act itself can be obtained. And if this be the fact, is it not pitiable that members of the bar will have so little regard for the credit of their profession, as to lend their names to such catchpenny trifles as those to which we have referred. We confess, we candidly confess, that we look upon this class of legal publications with very considerable regret, and very great disgust. We know, everybody knows, that in text-books, and in general legal literature, the Irish bar is most wofully deficient. With the single exception of the late Mr. Furlong's book upon "The Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland," there is not another legal work, written by an Irish lawyer, to which the Irish bar can point with satisfaction or pride. True, we have Mr. Longfield's very able practical books on Distress and Ejectment, and Mr. O'Leary's work on Tithe Rent Charge. But what are these? What can they serve to show, but how little the theory of law, or its study, has occupied the Irish lawyers for the past forty years. All men know that the Irish bar has not as high or as respected a name in England as it deserves. Our reports alone are the best efforts of our legal writing known to the bar of England. And surely, no man in his senses can say that we have lately done anything to advance our reputation, or to increase our respectability. Whilst the church, and the medical profession, are nobly striving to gain credit and honour for themselves and for their country, the pro-

fession of the law seems to have eaten of the "fat weed," and to have forgotten the great thought of Lord Bacon, "In this world God only, and the angels may be spectators." The lawyers of all other nations are advancing with the learning of the age; surely our country is not so fallen as that the proudest remaining institution of its independence—the bar—can make no stronger effort to prove its vitality and usefulness, than the publication of these useless absurdities or injurious trifles. If, indeed, the compilers could show that the bar considered the trifles either necessary or useful, if they could say, as Catullus to Cornelius Nepos,

" Namque tu solitas,
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas,"

we could understand the principle upon which the parties proceeded; but such is not the case, and print, print, print, in and out of season, seems with them to be the order of the day.

And let us for a minute consider the manner in which the English bar must, of necessity, look upon these literary efforts of the Irish profession. Fancy, reader, Wiggins of the Temple, or Snooks of Lincoln's Inn, asking at Sweet's or Butterworth's, for an Irish book upon the ——— Act of last session. Butterworth says, "Bless my soul, sir, there is no such book." "Oh, yes," replies Wiggins, "I saw it announced, and you must get it for me." Well, the active bookseller dispatches a letter by the next post to Dublin, and gets by return the valuable 2s. 6d. worth, *i. e.* the Act of Parliament, in a shape which transports Wiggins back to the days of his childhood, when he learned to read from a work in shape and size exactly such as the book before him; he almost expects to find inside the portrait of Dr. Dilworth, and pictures of little boys flying kites, dressed (the boys, not the benders) in knee breeches and bob wigs. What does Wiggins say of his purchase? What can he say, but that the legal publications of the Irish bar are a disgrace to the profession, and most perfect proofs of their ignorance, and of the presumption of the body.

We are not passing censure upon the useful little books published by Messrs. Johnson and Blackham. They have performed their task of collecting the cases upon the Process and Practice Act carefully,

and have shown in what respects it differs from the English statute. True, they had little to do but to follow Chitty, yet they gave something more to the public than a pocket edition of an Act of Parliament, bound in stiff paper, and costing three times the price of the statute in the original shape. We have now discharged what is to us a very disagreeable and very unwillingly assumed duty. We have no wish to become the censors of our professional brothers, but we cannot allow the respectability, the dignity, and the good name of that profession to be endangered or lowered; and we honestly think the class of books to which we have in this paper referred, are calculated, not alone to injure the profession, but also to damage, in a most irreparable manner, the future literary efforts of the Irish bar.

We are quite satisfied that this article cannot stem the torrent of legal publications; we know that act after act will be printed and published as original legal works, and of original design; we are convinced that Wiggins and Snooks will go on demanding Irish law books, and at each purchase find themselves, as the popular slang has it, *sold*. However, our duty is now performed, and we wish success to every worthy well-designed Irish law book, and confusion to each catchpenny, worthless, disreputable legal reading-made-easy.

ART. VIII.—IMPERIAL CENTRALIZATION.

THE projected abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty has evoked a spirit of enquiry among our countrymen into the subject of the present article, such as they have seldom before exhibited upon any question. They have awoken, as from a trance, to an apprehension of its evils—they express that apprehension with energy and power—they look beyond the single measure that at first engendered their alarm, into the operation of an artful policy, of which it is but one of the effects; and men among them who have grown grey in the retirement of their homes, without having ventured even once upon the stage of public life, are now loud in their expressions of indignation and reproach, that Irishmen should have so long endured a system,

which, like a vampire, had absorbed the life blood of their country, and should be only roused into resistance on occasions like the present, when threatened with open violence, instead of stealthy peculation. During such a state of public feeling, silence upon this subject would ill become our new Review—and silent we shall not be. We agree with much that has been said by the individuals above referred to. We think that centralization so far as this country is concerned, has already gone too far. We lament that the public eye should have been open to its ravages, only when it advanced with giant strides, and closed when its progress, although slower, was more insidious. But in examining the question, as we now propose to do, we must be allowed to choose a different ground from that taken by our cotemporaries, and instead of making any one instance of centralization a subject for either argument or declamation, however just, to consider as a whole the system out of which those instances have sprung; to enumerate many of them, and to dwell on some, not with reference to their own importance, but solely in illustration of how that system operates; to avoid all observations of a personal, and as many as possible of even a political complexion, and to guard ourselves strictly against pronouncing any judgment upon the expediency or in expediency of altering existing laws, (even though the offspring of the system we complain of,) now that they have been made legitimate by the stamp of time, and form the basis to a superstructure of important interests. Neither will the course we speak of involve the slightest difficulty, for where is the understanding that does not perceive in the Union Act of 1800—that one masterpiece of centralization, which may be well taken to personify the entire catalogue of its details!—two perfectly distinct and independent questions: one, whether that measure ought ever to have passed, and the other, whether it ought to be now repealed, after having received the sanction of fifty years? With the latter of these questions we repeat we have nought to do—with the former we have something, as a portion of a system that has laid waste our country; but before we come to treat, either of it, or of that system, as it has been felt in Ireland, a few observations upon centralization in general, may not be deemed altogether useless.

Let us then suppose the question asked, whether we deem the

centralization of a government's institutions advantageous or not? And we answer, that this must altogether depend on the nature and objects of each particular government. If, indeed, there be one of an essentially despotic character; if it be one, in particular, of a military cast; if it looks round upon its neighbours with an aspect of aggression, and on its own people, with no other object than how to make them, by the quickest process, the tools of its rapacity, or the victims of its rage; if it tries to effect this object by debasing its subjects' minds, and for that purpose has recourse to such expedients of capricious tyranny as the shooting some of them daily, by the royal hand, which a modern despot in the East has been actually known to do; if it never thinks of, and consequently does not cultivate the arts of peace—if public opinion has no weight with it—if it has no ambition, save that of making itself feared by its own people, and detested by the rest of mankind—to such a government we should say confidently, "Centralize as much as possible, for by centralization you will achieve those which are your only objects, plenitude of power, and promptitude in its exercise, perfectly irrespective of your subjects' welfare." In truth, the subjects' welfare never enters with the calculation of such a government, save when it is subsidiary to these two objects, and even then, are their resources most miserably wasted. With it, the prince is everything—the people nothing; and when the President Montesquien, thus described it, "*Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied et cueillent le fruit. Voilà le Gouvernement Despotique,*"* he might with equal truth have added, that centralization is the axe by which the tree is often felled! But with the reverse of such a government, how can centralization be so consistent? How can it, with one that adopts the words of Grattan, "Let other nations imagine that subjects are made for the monarch; but we conceive, that kings, and parliaments, like kings, are made for the subjects." How can it, with that which was once *de facto*, and is at present, at least *theoretically*, ours? With such a government, the subjects' welfare is the object of its first solicitude. With it, no rule is recognised, save when ancillary to that object. With it, no power is tolerated, that is not necessary

* L'Esprit des Lois, Liv. v. chap. 13.

to secure the same, and which originating from the people, is responsible to them alone, for the execution of those trusts which are submitted to its care. With it, the people and its government are considered but as one community, which, that it may preserve through all its parts, the same consciousness of power and habit of self-guidance, not only wields in its integrity the whole authority of the state, but exercises through all its parts innumerable local powers, which, like citadels of freedom, are distributed throughout its territory. Hence all its corporations, both aggregate and sole; hence, especially, those among them which are called "municipal;" hence local powers of imposing taxes, local privileges, customs, laws, which free nations are wont to cherish, as the *palladia* of their rights, and which are so, because they are barriers against that centralizing policy, which has a tendency to sweep everything into the vortex of imperial sway. We do not say that such a policy should be altogether excluded from a free government—since to a certain extent it must be tolerated—but that, when admitted, it should be confined within very narrow limits, and that, while with despotism the question is, how far it may be extended—with freedom, it should be, how far it may be dispensed with. So far as to its nature when considered in the abstract. Its advancement is at all times a trespass upon civil rights, but sometimes it is made the agent of peculiar mischiefs, suggested either by peculiarities of locality or waywardness of man, which materially aggravate those essentially its own. To a case of this description we now hasten to refer our readers, and ask them, whether they can recognise in the picture we shall draw, any similarity to an original which they have seen? Let them then suppose two countries placed in close vicinity by the hand of nature, but still so far separated, that while each—to use the words of a brilliant orator, "hears the ocean protesting against separation, she hears the sea likewise protesting against union."* Let them suppose these two countries to be, one of a greater, and the other of a lesser magnitude; let them suppose both to be subject to one government; the larger being the seat of the executive power, but both being considered in full possession of the free constitution we have above described, as having a greater tendency to exclude, than to advance

* See Grattan's first speech against the Union.

centralization.* Let them suppose, that to secure that constitution to the smaller nation, it possessed, up to a certain period, a separate legislature and institutions of its own, but that, being gifted beyond its neighbour with a fertile soil, and peopled by a hardy and a warlike race, whose increasing power that neighbour feared, the latter looked with an eye of envy upon that legislature and those institutions, and from time to time, for many ages, in defiance of the constitution which they both enjoyed, used the right of the strong man over the weaker, to impede the action of those institutions, or in other words, to *concentre* them with its own.† Let them suppose, however, that a time arrived, when it became the turn of the smaller nation to use the right of strength, and that the larger, not resisting the demand, the independence of the former was recognised by solemn compact,‡ and

* The rights and liberties possessed by the English people were secured to the Irish by Henry the Second, at the council held at Lismore, in the year 1173, and he subsequently granted to them a "*modus tenendi parliamentum*." It is a curious fact, that the Irish Magna Charta was perfected some years previous to that of England. (See Molyneux's "Case of Ireland stated," &c.)

† See the Act of the 10th of Henry VII., known by the name of "Poynning's Law," which, though passed by a Parliament held at Drogheda, before the then Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, was altogether his own creation, as the agent of the English government. See also the Act of the 3rd and 4th of Philip and Mary, explanatory of Poynning's Law; the attacks on the final judicature of the Irish House of Lords, by the petition of the Ulster Plantation Society to the English House of Lords, complaining of the interference of the former, in 1696; the case of the Earl and Countess of Meath against the Lord Ward, in 1703; and the appeal of Maurice Annesley in the same year, with what was meant to be the annihilation of Ireland's legislative authority, by the Act of the 6th of George the First.

‡ Our reasons for calling the constitution of 1782, "a compact" between Great Britain and Ireland, are—

I.—The following eight grounds, which we take from Mr. Grattan's speech on the "Declaratory Act," delivered April 16th, 1782:

"First," says he, "a message from the King to the respective Houses of the British Parliament, stating that certain discontents had prevailed in Ireland, and proposing them to their most serious deliberation.

Secondly, the message of the King to the respective Houses of the Irish Parliament, desiring to know the causes of their discontents and jealousies.

Thirdly, the address of the Lords and Commons of Ireland, protesting against the claim of legislative power in the British Parliament, and the act wherein that claim was declared as the principal cause.

Fourthly, a message from His Majesty to the respective Houses of the British Parliament, referring that protest of Ireland to the consideration of the Parliament of England.

Fifthly, a motion in the respective Houses of the British Parliament, refer-

herself secured for the future against all centralizing schemes. Let them suppose that after this compact, the rapid uprise of the one to affluence was such as might be expected from her natural capabilities, but that with it advanced the jealousy of the other—that, in fact, to use the words of another eloquent speaker—“The one ran so fast, that the other feared she should be overtaken.”* Let them suppose that the immediate offspring of that increasing jealousy was new attempts by the one against the independence of the other, and new schemes of centralization, notwithstanding the aforesaid compact—that the aforesaid compact itself was basely cancelled within eighteen years after it had been made—

ring that protest to their committees appointed to sit on the affairs of Ireland.

Sixthly, the report of those committees thereupon, that the 6th of George I. ought to be repealed.

Seventhly, the message of His Majesty to the respective Houses of the Irish Parliament, informing you that he had referred your protest to the Parliament of Great Britain.

And, lastly, copies of the English resolutions, that the 6th of George I. should be repealed, laid before you by His Majesty's command.”

II.—The following extract from an answer of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to an address of the House of Commons, adopted January 23, 1782:—“To settle the constitution of Ireland upon a secure foundation, and to unite its interests and affections with those of Great Britain, were the principal objects of my administration; and I am happy to learn that you consider those objects as accomplished.” And the following extract from the same Lord Lieutenant's speech to the two Houses, at the close of the session for that year:—“Convince the people in your several districts, as you are yourselves convinced, that every cause of past jealousies and discontent is finally removed; that both countries have pledged their good faith to each other, and that their best security will be an inviolable adherence to that compact.”

III.—The short Act of the 23 Geo. III., chap. 28, expressly passed by the British Parliament, to prevent and remove all doubts which had arisen, or (as the title stated) “might arise,” upon the construction of that compact—of which act the enacting part of the first section is as follows: “That the said right claimed by the people of Ireland, to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty, and the Parliament of that kingdom, in all cases whatsoever, and to have all actions and suits at law, or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided by his Majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence, shall be, and it is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.” This Act contains but one more section, which renounces all right in the British House of Lords to hear appeals from the Irish Courts, and if it be not the conclusion of what may be legitimately called “a compact,” we do not know what is.

* See Mr. Sheil's speech for Mr. John O'Connell, at the Irish State Trials, in 1844. His words are, “Ireland ran so fast that England feared she should be overtaken.”

that a new compact* was then entered into, which, though not cancelled, was not long after grossly violated; and that so little effect had either compact upon the larger nation's sense of justice, that, although at the time of the first, the smaller nation had, within her shores, not only a local legislature, but a perfect local system of governmental institutions, and although, by the terms of the second, she was deprived of her local legislature on the express condition of her remaining institutions being more permanently secured, yet, for fifty years after that second compact, was a continued havoc maintained among those institutions by the larger nation, although the population of the smaller, since the time of the first compact, had nearly tripled in point of numbers.

Let our readers, we say, ponder upon such a case as this; and if, before doing so, they have imagined what are the general effects of centralization under a bad constitution, let them afterwards conceive what are its special effects, despite of a good one, when it receives a momentum from extrinsic causes! and let them lament with us the fatuity of the smaller nation, which could either not perceive, or overlook, the silent process of its own destruction for so

* We call the Union Act (viz. 40 Geo. III. c. 67) "a compact," because of the whole tenor of that document, which evidently contemplated, or rather pretended to contemplate, the continued existence to the Irish people, of all governmental institutions, civil and military, as they existed at the time it passed. The portions of it which might illustrate this real, or simulated, intention, are too numerous for citation here, but there is one of them which, for reasons but too obvious to our Irish readers, we cannot let pass without some notice. We allude to the eighth Article of Union, which treats of the courts of law, and says, "that all laws in force at the time of the Union, and all the courts of civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the respective kingdoms, shall remain as now by law established within the same, subject only to such *alterations and regulations*, from time to time, as circumstances may appear to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to require." Now, "alterations and regulations of courts," within the "respective" kingdoms, cannot, by any rule of interpretation, be held to mean, either the extinction of the courts of one kingdom, or the consolidation of those of both; and if not, how can we explain the following extraordinary sentence from the report of Rowland Lascelles, on the public establishments of Ireland, published in 1824, as the title-page says, "*by special command*, pursuant to an address (an. 1810) of the Commons of the United Kingdom." Speaking of the *Law Establishments*, the author says, "Much of this department has been abrogated by Acts of Parliament, and more must and will be so. This and the two preceding departments, (viz. State Offices, &c., and Religion, &c.) are still too much in the old spirit of a distinct kingdom, and cannot be too soon consolidated with the parent establishment."—See *Liber Munerum Publicarum Hiberniæ*.

long a time, and not have unanimously exclaimed against it—once or twice perhaps excepted—until she saw the foe advancing to take from her what remained! Irish readers—for we address you now exclusively and directly—that *“fatuity”* has been yours! You are the inhabitants of that smaller nation with whom compacts have been made, not for the purpose of securing to her anything, but as a screen for future frauds. You are the inhabitants of that smaller nation, who exulted and looked proud at the execution of those compacts; but, after their execution, scarcely bestowed a thought on the enforcement of their provisions. You, in fine, are that silly people who, notwithstanding the stringency of those compacts, framed as they were—at least ostensibly—to stay the progress of centralization with your larger neighbour, England, have still, since the completion of the second (and last) of them, been made the unconscious victims of a centralizing policy, by that same neighbour, immeasurably more extensive than that which aroused your virtue to effect the first. To lay before your eyes—not all—but the principal results of that policy, becomes our melancholy duty, for the remainder of this paper, which in attempting to discharge, we shall commence with the Legislative Union of 1800, the parent of them all, and thence proceed to consider some of the various legislative enactments of a centralizing character, which have passed the Imperial Parliament from that era to the present time. Into the means by which the Union was carried, the nature of this review prevents us from entering, and from an analysis of that measure we are likewise excluded by our limited space; but, considering it solely as an instance—though a monster instance—of centralization, we conceive that we cannot place before our readers, in a more concise point of view, its effects upon this country, than by asking them to imagine in Ireland, before the Union, nearly 200 peers, and 300 members of the House of Commons, with their families and dependants permanently resident; the constant profit thence arising to her artisans and manufacturers, and the encouragement received by her manufacturing population from the fostering presence of her landed gentry; by requesting them to compare this state of things with the almost total absence, after the Union, of those peers, those commoners, that profit, and that encouragement; and then, by referring them to the public ac-

counts of the nation, for a proof of how destructively that absence operated. Such a proof, however, cannot be satisfactory, without our first considering what was the advance of Ireland's prosperity, under her domestic legislature; of which advance no more striking instance can be found, than what Mr. Foster stated of the linen manufacture, in his speech of the 11th of April, 1799:—"How," he asks, "does the linen manufacture of Ireland stand the comparison?"

	YARDS.		VALUE.
Its export was, in 1700,	530,838	...	£22,750.
„ in 1783,	16,089,705	...	£1,069,319.
„ in 1796,	46,705,319	...	£3,113,687.

That is, *eighty-eight times* greater as to quantity, and *one hundred and thirty-seven times* greater as to value in 1796, than in 1700; and thus that manufacture, which is the staple of both kingdoms, and which Mr. Dundas (in Scotland) very properly brought forward to rest his argument on, rose from 1 to 88 in Ireland—in separate and ununited Ireland, under the nurture and protection of Ireland's Parliament—while, during the same period, it rose in united Scotland, without a resident Parliament, from 1 to 23 only." We would, in this quotation, direct our readers' attention, not alone to the general advancement of Irish prosperity under a domestic legislature, but to the special rapidity of that advancement during the short period of that legislature's independence. Of the prosperity of that period, the greatest men in both countries have left us their attestation. Lord Plunket speaking of it, says, "Her (Ireland's) resources, her trade, her manufactures thriving beyond the hope or the example of any other country of her extent—within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself, not complaining of deficiency in these respects, but enjoying and acknowledging her prosperity." In the British Parliament, Mr. Grey said also, that since the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, the prosperity of Scotland had been considerable, but certainly not so great as that of *Ireland* has been within the same period. And Mr. Jebb (afterwards Judge Jebb) writes as follows upon the same subject: "In the course of fifteen years our agriculture, our commerce, and our manufactures have swelled to an amount that the most sanguine friends of Ireland would not have dared to prognosticate."

The revenues also rose during the same period with astonishing rapidity, as the following table shows:—

YEAR.				GROSS RECT.
1760,	£667,311
1790,	1,633,292
1792,	1,781,698
1793,	1,660,530
1794,	1,609,127
1795,	1,973,181
1796,	2,172,467
1797,	1,988,818
1798,	2,093,352
1799,	2,592,573
1800,	3,445,718

Of which one of the first statistical writers in the empire (Mr. Staunton) remarks, "It appears from this table, which is partly taken from the Sessional Paper, 452, of the year 1828, and partly from the Sessional Report, 212, of the year 1815, that in ten years before the Union the Irish revenue more than doubled, and in forty years the increase was more than five-fold. *In forty years* after the Union there was no considerable augmentation—no augmentation at all, if the ratio of the increase of taxation be considered." Our limits again prevent us from proving by figures this absence of augmentation, but our readers cannot fail to have a clear idea of the general effect of the Union on Ireland's prosperity, from its effect upon her linen trade alone, which we have just shewn to have been so flourishing *before* that measure, but whose advancement *after* it, was reduced as follows:—

YEAR.				YARDS.
1801,	37,911,602
1805,	43,683,533
1809,	37,066,399
1813,	39,023,087
1817,	56,230,575
1821,	49,321,139
1825,	55,114,515

Which table calls forth the following observation from Mr. Staunton: "This, (speaking of the advancement of the trade in question) between the years 1779 and 1787, is more than a twofold increase; and if we compare it with the state of things after the Union, we will find that in twenty-five years the linen trade was not much beyond its condition in 1796;" notwithstanding (we shall add) the population of Ireland had more than doubled during the same period. So much for that *chef d'œuvre* of centralization, called the Legislative Union! Yes, but by the terms of it, the then existing institutions of Ireland were secured to her! We shall see. In the year 1816 was passed an Act of the Imperial Legislature, (56 Geo. III., c. 98,) entitled, "An Act to unite and consolidate into one fund all the public revenues of Great Britain and Ireland, and to provide for the application thereof to the general service of the United Kingdom;" by the operation of which, not only was an immense number of principal and minor officers in Ireland consolidated with those in England, and the expenditure of a large portion of the public monies consequently withdrawn from us, but Ireland was subjected to the monstrous grievance of having to endure taxation, to meet a proportion of two-seventeenths of the common debt of the United Kingdom, while her legitimate proportion ought to be no more than one-tenth. In the year after the last mentioned Act was passed, another (viz., 57 Geo. III., c. 62) entitled, "An Act to enable his Majesty to recompense the service of persons holding, or who have held certain high and efficient civil offices;" under which a number of Irish offices were abolished, and among the rest, the ancient office of "Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower," instituted in the reign of Elizabeth, was doomed to abolition on the first vacancy. We make mention of this office, because of the official observations it elicits from Mr. Lascelles, in his Report, who seems to smile, with peculiar complaisance, at every infraction of our national individuality. "It is clear," says he, "that since the Union, all this kind of records, as well as papers and books, of the old Privy Council should, for *more reasons than one*, be kept in the Capital of the United Kingdom, at or near the office of the Secretary for the Irish Department, at Westminster." The next Act to which we shall direct attention, is the 6th of Geo. IV., c. 79,

passed in the year 1825, and entitled, "An Act to provide for the assimilation of the currency, and monies of account, throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;" by the operation of which few of our readers need be informed, that an immense loss has been entailed upon this country, in consequence of the depreciation of her previous currency, as compared with the new standard. But why wonder at this loss? It is nothing more than is observable on every occasion when Great Britain and Ireland join in a copartnership! These are the *leading* instances of centralization which have occurred since the Union, each one of them a violation of the Union Act itself; and although we might fill pages with the enumeration of *minor* instances, yet, limited as we are in space at present, we must defer that task to another opportunity, and hasten to say a few words on the impending blow of the destroyer—the most daring it has attempted since the Union Act itself. We ask our readers then, is Ireland's Viceroyalty to be abolished? Is the keystone of her nationality (or what remains of her nationality) to be surreptitiously purloined? Is another bar to be imposed to the earnings of her starving artizans, that streets in London may be widened, or its squares look beautiful, or that fountains there may sparkle, midst the hum of busy citizens?* It is true, the Irish court has not been without reproach. It is true, it has engendered much servility and corruption. It is true, it has been often a mart for hollow patriotism, and as frequently a *Siren* isle for capture of the innocent; but these have been the faults, not of the court, but of its abuse; and what sane man would amputate an useful limb, because it contained a bruise which might be cured? The Irish people, at all events, will not consent to that amputation. They admit, and have often deplored, the evils of the Irish court, but, if these evils are to be remedied by a measure, which (to use the words of a speaker, who some years since addressed a public meeting upon the subject) "would withdraw (from them) the

* It is a fact, known upon authority little less than official, that the magic change effected within the last ten years, of a large district of narrow lanes in the vicinity of Charing Cross, into the beautiful opening, now called "Trafalgar Square," with its gardens, its fountains, and its column to the immortal Nelson, has been paid for exclusively out of the "quit and crown rents" of Ireland.

salary of the Lord Lieutenant, £20,000 a year, which is at present spent (or supposed to be spent) in Dublin, the greater part of which, of course, finds its way into the hands of artizans—would withdraw the salary of the Chief Secretary, £5000, which is spent in the same manner—would withdraw the salary of the Under Secretary, £1500 a year, and the pay of an entire host of minor castle officers, amounting to upwards of £70,000, all which sums taken together, amount, according to Mr. Hume's showing, to £100,000; and would also create an additional inducement to the spread of absenteeism, as if that evil were not already sufficiently great; for whatever remains here of our nobility would be then sure to vanish, being detained here at present, I may say, by no other tie than the semblance of a court, which, howsoever constituted, and however manifold its abuses, is assuredly better than no court at all," they deprecate the remedy more than the disease, and choose rather to endure a few petty grievances, than—plundered as they have already been—to allow those grievances to be made a pretext for further spoliation. Therefore it is that they have agitated upon this question. Therefore it is they have opposed it with unprecedented unanimity. Therefore it is that, awakened by it from their torpor of more than half a century, they have extended their views from it to the general policy of centralization; and therefore it is, that notwithstanding the seeming indifference of ministers to their indignation, they are determined, by a steady perseverance in the course they have begun, to prove to the unwilling ears of those ministers how fruitless is opposition to the will of a united people, and how impossible it is, totally to consolidate two countries, which the God of nature, at their formation, intended should be separated, and that

“ — Nequicquam, Deus absceidit,
Prudens, oceano dissociabili,
Terras,”

if Ireland and Britain are to be considered merely as two provinces of one great empire. “It is useless,” said the speaker last referred to, “to argue the self-evident proposition, that Ireland should be treated as an independent nation. We have many arguments to prove it; but

chief among them is, in my mind, that which her formation furnishes, it being no less than the voice of Omnipotence saying, from all creation, to these sister islands, ‘Ye shall be joined, but not identified!’ ”

ETRURIA IN 1814.

WHEN first Tyrrhenus, at his sire's command,
Leaving for other climes his own lov'd land,
Unfurld, with sadden'd heart, his swelling sail,
Which wooed the favoring, yet unwelcome gale,
As Lydia's shore receded from his view,
His soul in sorrow poured its last adieu;
And far from home, and hearth, and fathers' graves,
He roamed, an outcast o'er the faithless waves.

* * * * *

Long time he wander'd—nor as yet could find
One spot like that dear home he left behind;
But when, at length, he reached Italia's* soil—
Forgot his wanderings—forgot his toil—
Joyful he views, in Tiber's golden stream,†
The dear Pactolus‡ of his every dream;
And hails, with rapture, Lydia's azure sky,
In the bright days of sunny Italy.

Such the brief story of Etruria's birth:
Etruria! land of valour and of worth;
Etruria! from whose fertile womb have sprung
Heroes, that o'er Italia's land have flung

* ————— Ubi Lydia quondam
Gens, bello præclara, jugis nisedit Etruscis.—*Æneid* viii., 479.

† Villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit.—*Hor.* Od. ii. 3. 18.

‡ ————— Pactolus que irrigat auro.—*Æneid* x., 142.

A crowd of glories; whose still brilliant blaze—
 Piercing, triumphant, through the misty haze
 Of old antiquity—beams brightly on,
 And warms and gladdens all it shines upon.

Yet, think ye not her sons an iron race,
 Whose only joy the battle or the chase;
 Who hailed alone, as music to the ear,
 The twanging bowstring, and the whizzing spear;
 And knew no pastime, save in tented field,
 With glancing javelin, and with rattling shield.
 No—though excelling in each manly art;
 To tame the courser, and to shape the dart—
 The works of war and peace together grew,
 And Nursia* smiled upon her favoured few.
 And when, at length, by Roman power subdued,
 Beneath a foreign yoke Etruria bowed;
 Say, was she not the fairest, brightest gem,
 That sparkled in the victor's diadem?
 And say whence all this regal pomp? Whence springs
 The new-born splendour of her conqueror's kings?
 Whose are those sacred rites, that all around
 With temples mark the consecrated ground?
 Whence those proud warrior-statesmen, whose decree
 Hath traced so oft the path to victory;
 Who shone alike, as saving beacon lights,
 In peace's counsels, or in war's fierce fights?
 Etruria's all †—Hers too in later age
 The gay deception of the mimic stage;
 And the huge volume of the Roman's fame
 Glitters with many a noble Tuscan name;
 And many a Tuscan hero's life blood, poured
 On battle plain, beneath the hostile sword,
 Swells the full tide of conquest, 'neath whose waves
 Lie buried sceptres; whilst their lords, as slaves,

* Nursia, goddess of the Etrurians.

† See Gray's *Sepulchres of Etruria*, in 1839, page 130 *et seq.*

Trembling in soul, and suppliant in mien,
Grace the proud triumphs of the hill-throned Queen.

Nor were the memories of younger days*
A theme unworthy of the poet's lays;
When science grew 'neath Leo's fostering care;
When music's sweetness fill'd the gladden'd air;
When art, essaying e'en the rugged rock,
Gave life and beauty to the once dull block;
And canvass, by her magic pencil taught,
Told of the noble deeds that erst were wrought;
Mingling with sages; and with sons of arms,
The milder gloriousness of beauty's charms,
Bidding them live for ever—as if they
Had step'd from time into eternity.

Bear witness, Florence, ere the ruthless Gaul,
With hand unholy, from each classic hall
In thy fair city, ravish'd all, that rare
And beautiful had dwelt and charmed there.
Bear witness too, Perugia, and ye host
Of sister cities, ere your fame had lost
Its splendour; when towards you, from distant lands,
Poured the earth's treasures; when your conqu'ring bands
Swept o'er the waters; when the swarthy Moor
Shrank crouching back to Afric's arid shore;
And Tuscan might, with patriot flag unfurled,
Bridled the power that trampled half the world.

But now thy sun has set—no parting ray
Illumes the evening of so bright a day;
Thy soul is fled, that warmed with Dante's fire,
Or melted to thy Petrarch's softer lyre;
Gone is thy spirit proud, thy daring high,
The pomp of power, the pride of chivalry.

* (*et seq.*)—Roscoe, *Life of Leo X.*; Sismondi, *Hist. des Repub. Ital. du moyen age*. Eustace's *Classical Tour through Italy*.

Like thee, Etruria, Hellas is no more;
 Gone is her greatness from Rome's haughty shore;
 But long as genius, like a quick'ning soul,
 Sheds through the universe, from pole to pole,
 Its warm vitality, so long shalt thou,
 Like them—with fadeless laurels round thy brow—
 Live in the brightness of thy children's fame,
 And the Earth's nations hail thy honor'd name.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SIR,—My late, departed (for America) friend, Littleton Coke O'Shaughnessy, was a rising junior, with good prospects. His father had a large bankruptcy connection, and his uncle was law agent to a banking company, doing an extensive and adventurous business in uncertain bills. Poor O'Shaughnessy! I think I see him now. He always wore a white choker in court, and, when doing the Sackville-street *filaneur*, appeared in immaculate kids—not your cleaned Tittlebat Titmouseish ones, with the odour of camphor about them, but Askins' genuine Virgins, at 3s. 9d. After the passing of the Process and Practice Act, we observed that he became pale and sad, and took to reading "Locksley Hall." We were unable to draw from him the cause of his sorrow, but it was generally put down to his having joined in a demurrer erroneously. We were wrong. The Glengall clauses drove him from his country; he is now a wanderer in the land of gin-sling and repudiation. He, before leaving, committed to my care the following lines, and I wish to make them immortal in the pages of "The Irish Quarterly." You will perceive that they bear the impress of the author's love of Alfred Tennyson. Yours,

A MAN IN THE GALLERY.

Four Courts' Library.

FOUR COURTS' HALL.

" This is the truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Locksley Hall.

JUNIORS, leave me here, I pray you, leave me here to pine alone,
Close beside O'Loghlen's statue I will sit and sadly moan;
'Tis the place, and well I know it—dome, and courts, and clock, and
all,

Whilst attorneys rushing by me prove it is the Four Courts' Hall.
Four Courts' Hall, that tow'ring grandly, riseth o'er the city roofs,
Mid a wild and jarring jangle, shouting men and clatt'ring hoofs.
Here about the Hall I've wandered, musing o'er the cases old,
All that Ventris, Viner, Comyn, Saunders, Vesey, East have told.
Many a day at Term's commencing here I've seen the judges come,
Gravely, staidly, slowly musing, whilst the tipstiffs all looked grum;
Many a day I've seen the lawyer, toiling onward like a drudge,
All his goal, the Bench before him—all his prize, the title Judge.
Oh! the weary, weary labour—oh! the bright years cast away!
Can the ermine reached at sixty, bartered joys of youth repay?
Here, in Term, my daily musings used to turn on thoughts of fees,
Now I hoped for declarations, and anon for special pleas;
Here I'd pace the Hall, and smiling, think on bills or notes unpaid,
With a long, long list of actions, all their venues yet unaid;
Think on all the sad ejectments of that injured, ancient Doe,
Feel my indignation swelling at the deeds of lawless Roe;
Here I've felt the deep elation of a quick and vivid hope,
That the Chancellor might hear me say, The plaintiff's bill I ope;
Here I've seen the kind attorneys, rushing towards me from the

Quay,

With a pile of easy motions, 'gainst the hurried junior day.

Oh! these smiling hours have vanished! Fortune, jilting jade, doth
frown,

So I pace the Hall, but bearing empty bag, and wig, and gown.

Life's a sea, and years are billows, ever changing, rolling by,
He who'd ride the waves triumphant holds the motto, "NE'ER SAY
DIE!"

Though I hold it, yet I'm pining, o'er our altered, changed laws,
And I cry, "Confusion follow fast the blundering Glengall clause!"
Was it well so close to bind us, was it well so deep to strike,
That in suits on bills we're useless, and in declarations like?
Was it well Glengall or Rom'ly here should try his 'prentice hand?—
But I know I'm raving wildly—this is not the favoured land.
Here are tried all schemes Utopian, proved in working false or sure—
So the young and unskilled barber learns his trade upon the poor.
Here the Court to sell Incumbered Lands, upon the heir doth do
Justice for the faults his fathers did, before the world he knew.
What can Irish lawyers hope for, called in days like these, so sad?
All our posts are for the Saxon. Thinking thus will drive me mad!
I must fly to homes more distant, in that far-off land away,
Where the stars and stripes are flaunting, where the nation debts
don't pay;

Where if you but own a nigger, inch by inch you him may gash;
Where the lawyer sells his client, if you but stump down the cash;*
Where amid some ancient forest, dwell Tan Ducker and Jim Crow.
Four Courts' Hall, may peace be with thee!—Hark! the steam's
up, and I go!

LITTLETON COKE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

* See Cooper's "Ways of the Hour."

END OF NO. I.



THE
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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No. II.—JUNE, 1851.  
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ART. I.—THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

NOTE.

In the first number of the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, we promised a paper on the "Colonial Appointments of the Members of the Irish Bar." Through the ready attention of Mr. JOHN SADLER, M. P. for Carlow, than whom no Member is more anxious, and untiringly zealous, for the real good of Ireland, and for the advancement of everything Irish, we have received returns of the legal appointments made for the past fifteen or twenty years. Unfortunately, these returns did not come to hand at a period sufficiently early to enable us to do that justice to the subject which its importance demands. In our September number we propose to display, in all its disgraceful one-sidedness, and exclusiveness, the whole system of Governmental Legal Colonial Appointments. It is sufficient for the present to state, that the injustice of these appointments is flagrant, that the equivocation of Sir J. C. HOBHOUSE when taunted by Mr. SADLER, was pitiable, and that the naivete of Mr. HAWES was worthy of Mrs. Malaprop, or would with Keeley, have drawn "thunders of applause from overflowing houses."

May 26th, 1851.

wint to London thirty years ago, without as much money in his pocket as id physic a snipe, an' by the fair dint of pushin', and pinchin', an' scrapin', I'm tould he's worth now fifty-thousand pound. He has an iligant house at Bayswather, an' the finest of aitin' an' drinkin'. But, be dad, the money didn't spile his heart any way, for he was very glad entirely to see myself, an' was askin'

afther all the ould people he left at home: but that I may never sin, if he didn't get a quare histry of them; for between the loss of the phayties, an' the cholera, thim that isn't dead, is in the poor-house, an' thim that was able to boult, is in America; an' so poor Corny hard little of thim that he knew wanst. He spakes like an Englishman, an' thinks every thing in England is finer than any thing to be got in any other place." "What makes us rich?" says he—"work, always bein' ready to work, an' never thinkin' of repale, or trash of that kind—but it's not so in Ireland." "Well, sir, I didn't dislike him for thinkin' well of the country that gev him his bread, but, be dad, whin I hard him talkin' about repale an' idleness, says I, why thin Corny Shea, says I, what do you mane by sayin', says I, that we're idle, or not willin' to work?" "Oh!" says he, "I mane, of course, that ye don't work like the people here, an' aren't to be compared to thim at all at all, for studiness—want of studiness is what desthroys ye Irish." "Oh, blood an' ouncres! Corny Shea," says I, "what do you say 'ye Irish' for? Why, man alive, waren't you born an' rared in my own town, alongside of myself, in Chapel-lane?" Here my poor friend, Flannery, seemed lost in astonishment at Corny Shea's want of nationality, and for some moments appeared unable to relieve his pent-up feelings, except by occasionally exclaiming, in a tone of mingled pity and sarcasm, "'Ye Irish,' says Corny, says he—poor fellow—'Ye Irish,' says Corny, says he—poor fellow."

We have been in some such state of wonder as Tim Flannery, since we read Mr. William Johnston's book, and have been repeating to ourselves, "'Ye Irish,' says Corny, says he—poor fellow," every time we have reflected upon Mr. Johnston's expressions with regard to his poor and suffering fellow-countrymen. However, let us begin at the beginning. Our author is an Irishman, resident in England; he is a barrister, a Quarterly Reviewer, and was, some years ago, we understand, a contributor to the *University Magazine*, for which he wrote the very clever papers entitled, "England as it is." We differ with him widely, very widely indeed, upon some questions, but it would be unfair to deny him the credit which he deserves; and we feel bound to state, that, with the exceptions of his absurd dislike to his countrymen, and an affectation, a most preposterous

affectation, which incites him to refuse the title of king to William the Third, we consider his book a very valuable addition to the class of useful literature to which it belongs. Mr. Johnston is a careful and an able writer, and the two volumes he has just published, are sufficient to gain for him the reputation of being a close, calm observer, and a deep and earnest thinker. He is not one who delights in, what the slangy criticism of the day calls, suggestive writing. He holds certain opinions strongly, because they are the result of honest convictions; he states the reasons which have conduced to form those convictions; and we must admire and respect the justice and moderation with which his views are expressed. His book is not deformed by the fault, so common to all who write upon the social and political condition of England, namely, that of bestowing upon all and every thing, connected with the country and the people, the most unmitigated censure, or most illimited approbation. England, like every other great nation, has its glories and its shames, its great contrasts of virtue and vice; of crimes, that reduce the perpetrator to the condition of a fiend; of virtues, that elevate man, and deify his nature. Class interests and class legislation may drive the masses into error; the want of education may render the people turbulent, and expose them to all the snares of designing rogues, or roguish politicians; but we have ever contended, that England is, morally, neither better nor worse than any other country of equal extent, and containing an equally dense population. That the evils of the country are many and grievous, no reflecting man can deny. Mr. Johnston is fully aware of all, and most powerfully has he shown the danger that lurks in, and may yet spring from, the condition of deep, frightful ignorance in which certain classes of the community are plunged. The virtuous and indignant champion of the poor may cry, that political rights, and all the just demands of the lower classes are withheld; in our minds, it is quite plain, that the mass of the people of England are unfit to possess those rights, or privileges claimed for them by their would-be and interested friends. The man who takes upon himself the task of historian, of England's social and political position in the present age, assumes a high and noble office; but he also exposes himself, his labour, and his motives, to the falsehood, the

misrepresentation, and the abuse of all who may find the fallacy and fiction which support a party exposed; or who may perceive that some men, looking beyond the petty interests and miserable shifts which blind the populace for the hour, can applaud honourable motives and noble designs, though unsuccessful, can censure pretensions, though found in high and imposing positions, and can expose to the wide world's odium and detestation, the men or the faction "who, after floating on the heaven of declamation, fall down, to feed on the offal and garbage of the earth." The historian who does these things cannot escape the slander of the detected knave.

Mr. Johnston does not, indeed, come up to our standard; possibly, if he did, the reader might consider him nothing more than the faultless monster, that the world ne'er saw; but he has gone honestly to work, and if he has not always our approbation for his views, he has ever our respect for his truth and fairness. With regard to the arrangement of the subjects, we might offer some objections, but, at the very out-set, our author disarms critical cavil. In the introduction he states—

"The Essays contained in these volumes had their origin in a design of writing letters to a friend on the Continent, in order to make him acquainted with the present state of England. It is hoped, that a considerable amount of authentic information on subjects of public interest will be found collected in these pages. An index is supplied, in order to facilitate reference to the statistical facts, which have been gleaned from a great mass of public documents. These documents are not difficult of access, but they are so unwieldy as to be troublesome to consult, and often repulsive, from the painful elaboration of their details. It is hoped, that by selecting some parts, and abridging others, of the ponderous books in which public information is officially registered, some service may have been done in the promoting of useful knowledge. The writer is aware that, as essays upon the important subjects of which he has treated, some of his papers must appear meagre, and all of them incomplete. It was not his object, however, to discuss these subjects fully. If he had done so, he must have written a library instead of two volumes. His object was to supply materials for present reflection and future history. For this purpose he has sought the most authentic information he could obtain; and where he has thought it necessary to state his own views, he has refrained from stating them at length.

"For the political tone of the book the writer does not think it necessary to make any apology. Though he does not take what is called the popular

side, he yields to no one in ardent desire to elevate the minds, and to better the condition of the people. His dislike of *liberalism* is founded on his earnest conviction—be that conviction right or wrong—that the doctrines of *liberalism* are directly adverse to the happiness of the great bulk of the population. He is very little disposed to flatter the rich and great of any political party, but he would seek a remedy for existing evils, rather by inducing an earnest and generous sense of duty in every rank of life, than by promoting democratic progress, which throws power and advantage into the hands of the wealthy, the busy, the bold, and the unscrupulous; but leaves the humble, the conscientious, and the sincere, without help, without justice, and without hope."

The reader must, from this sketch, which Mr. Johnston himself has given, perceive, that the work is neither an ordinary hand-book of political economy, nor a specimen of Dionysius Lardnerish science made easy. It is just what Mr. Johnston states it to be, calculated to make the world "acquainted with the present condition of England." The first volume is, in all respects, most excellent. The chapters on "The Theory of Progress," "The Present Condition of the People," "Physical and Moral Constitution of the People," "It's Political Danger," are worthy of attentive study and deep consideration, as any essays upon those subjects we have ever read. Upon the question of tractarianism, of which Mr. Johnston writes very warmly, we are not about to state any peculiar views of our own; and with the author before us, we agree to a certain extent, when he says, one good has resulted from the Oxford movement, namely, that it has served to show who is really of the Church of England, and who of the Church of Rome. He writes—

"Every one, familiar with libraries and the priced catalogues of book-sellers, must be aware how much more extended the study of divinity has become in the last twenty years than it had previously been. The old sterling works that hung heavily on hand have mounted to double the price, and are of comparatively easy sale. True, these books may be bought, in some instances, as many other kind of books are, rather for the sake of possessing them than of studying them; but in the greater number of instances they are bought to be studied, and this appears both in the conversation and the conduct of men of education, whether divinity be or be not the profession to which they have devoted themselves. I have some reason to believe, that even the medical and surgical students of London, of whom by far the greater number, some years ago, knew no more than Falstaff did 'what the inside of a church was made of,' are now found

generally to attend church, because it is a shame for a man of sense and education not to do so.

“And as to preaching, every one will admit that the tone of it is much changed; and certainly much for the better in some respects, though not in all. For the better, as regards more frequent introduction of Church topics, and the greater prominence given to the distinctive articles of Christian creeds, as held and interpreted from the first days. Better also, as having escaped from, and even put to flight, the laboured frigidities of the Blair school, and the whole tribe of ‘lean and flashy’ compounds of the pompous and the commonplace. The improvement, however, is not without serious drawbacks in respect of dogmatism and mysticism, and perhaps an over-adoption and assertion of High Church views, going beyond the proper *via media* of the English Church.”

For our parts, however, we prefer much more to find Mr. Johnston writing upon the social condition of England, than to read his opinions upon conflicting religious dogmas, or clashing political theories. And we prefer these subjects, because we believe that the social interests of the country come home to the heart of every man in the community, who has a thought for the real advantage of the people, whilst, on the other hand, we believe polemical discussions interest very few real Christians, in fact, we have seldom met an ardent lover of controversy who was a true lover of his neighbour. Such persons seem always to forget that the Good Samaritan was not a proselytizer. Mr. Johnston is not a believer in the “progress-of-the-nation” school of faith; he thinks the country might be worse, but he, at the same time, is pretty certain that it might be (and he very warmly hopes it yet may be) a very great deal better. He thinks Mrs. Somerville, though a clever woman, in fact, quite a Madame de Stael, “with the chill on,” is rather too rose-waterish in her views of English life; and with the true spirit of a quarterly reviewer, referring to the opinions of an Edinburgh reviewer, he says all kinds of wicked John Wilson-Crokerish things of Macauley. Mr. Johnston writes—

“Every one is ready to admit, that the present century, and especially the last thirty years of it, has been an era of great ‘progress;’ but much difference of opinion exists as to the nature of that progress. The activity of all classes appears to be accelerated in a prodigious degree, and many writers take it for granted that this activity has been, upon the whole, turned to good account. They contend that the progress of *improvement* has been commensurate with the quickened movement of society. Others

there are, who take a far less favourable view of the remarkable changes in the state of society during the present century. They represent the improvements and advantages as having been confined to the upper and middle classes; to those who are above the condition of the labouring poor. They doubt that 'the masses' have shared in the advantages of progress; or they go even further than that, and assert that the great bulk of the people are in a worse and more dependent condition than they were before the 'improvements' (which are considered to be the glory of the present age) had been heard of. Let us calmly and impartially examine some of the authorities on both sides of this great question."

He continues:

"No doubt, if human life were indeed what is drawn by scientific speculation, and coloured by the pure glow of a female imagination, little more were to be desired. Mrs. Somerville, surrounded by all the elements of scientific research, and in an afflatus of cosmogony and benevolence, predicting universal good, would be more attractive

" 'than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or lady of the Mere,
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance.'

But stern reality, alas! disturbs these pleasing visions. We regard with admiring wonder the inventions of science, and our respect for human ingenuity is vastly increased; but when we inquire how far the use of them has benefitted the great mass of the people, we are compelled to dismiss all sense of triumph in their achievements. Mr. M'Culloch, the political economist, who is not likely to be betrayed into any excess by the vivacity of his feelings, or to be carried away by the warmth of his imagination, says, 'It is doubtful whether the condition of the labouring part of the population has not been deteriorated during the last five-and-twenty years; and, at all events, it is but too certain that their comforts and enjoyments have not been increased in anything like the same proportion as those of the classes above them. Inasmuch, however, as the labouring poor constitute the majority of the population, their condition is of the utmost importance, not only in regard to their own well-being, but also in regard to that of the other classes. The poverty and depressed condition of any very large class, especially if it be strongly contrasted with vast wealth, extravagance, and luxury on the part of others, is a most undesirable state of things, and one which can hardly fail to produce discontent, sedition, and disturbance of all kinds.' This was written, or at least published, just before the era of Free Trade. If, then, any one should be disposed to say that the new legislation has altered all this, he must refer, for additional instruction upon the point, to the most conspicuous and strenuous of all the advocates of the new system. The *Times* newspaper says, 'In the midst of the splendour and abundance of this country, there is so appalling an amount of squalor and destitution, that the imagination almost recoils

from conjuring up before it the alternate pictures that would convey a faithful idea of the social condition of one of our great cities. It would be easy to dwell upon the contrasts between the extremes of human fortune presented to the eye of the observer as he passes along the London streets, and yet how faint are its outward signs in comparison with the inward agony of extreme destitution in the midst of civilization.' But are there not houses of refuge for the destitute poor—workhouses, where the wretched can, at all events, have food and shelter in their extremity? No doubt; but these are not the abodes of comfort, but of misery. Much of this is perhaps inevitable, but that alleviation which might be attained by a more careful classification of the inmates is not obtained. All varieties are huddled together, and they who suffer least are the lowest and coarsest, who scarcely have a conception of anything beyond the gratification of their animal wants. Not to refer to the poet Crabbe, lest it should be said he described a bygone state of things, let the same newspaper be again called on to bear witness. 'But there is hardly, on all the earth, a sadder sight than the multitudes of from 300 to 1000 shut up in the workhouses. Broken hearts and fortunes, high spirits still untamed, minds in ruin and decay, good natures corrupted into evil, cheerful souls turned to bitterness, youth just beginning to struggle with the world, and vast masses of childhood are there subjected, not to the educated, the gentle, and the good, but the rude, the rough, the coarse, the ignorant, and narrow-minded. The qualifications for the governor of a workhouse are those we expect in a gaoler, or a policeman, or the keeper of wild beasts. Human nature, if it be ever so fallen, is yet too fine a thing to be bullied into goodness. None can reclaim it but the good and noble. We want a race of heroes and apostles for the reformation of our paupers, and their conversion into men. With our workhouse staff, such as it is, low, vulgar, and brutal, and with the evil association of the unfortunate with the wicked, and the weak with the audacious, it is impossible but that the miserable inmates should be more and more depraved, embittered, and exasperated—witness the unintermitted current of misery to the county gaol, which is fast sinking into the punishments ward of the union workhouse.'

We certainly do not, and cannot, agree with our author in his view of England's social and political progress or retrogression. For our part, we believe that the country—England—has advanced in improvement as much as could, from any state in her position, be possibly or reasonably expected. She cannot fairly be compared with a new and young nation, such as America, boundless in its extent of territory, and teeming with all the lavish wealth of nature; but should even this comparison be made, we are convinced its result will not be found at all injurious to the fame of England;

and certainly of no other country, save that of her own sons, the Pilgrim Fathers', adoption, need she feel in the slightest degree envious. We cannot, we freely confess, discover the grounds upon which Mr. Johnston rests his views, as to the want of satisfactory evidence of England's progress and improvement. It cannot be that, Mr. Johnston expects, or believes, in the possibility of finding in any country, such as England, a people so entirely blessed, as that amongst them shall be found—no misery, no vice, no hunger, no crime. Where, from the creation of the world to the present moment, has heaven looked upon so glorious a nation? Is it not the lot of humanity that, through all the ages of time, there shall be great contrasts of poverty and riches? Dives looking coldly on the wants of Lazarus. Is not all human improvement progressive, and slowly so? And can Mr. Johnston, quarterly reviewer though he may be, deny fairly that England has, within the last fifty years, made great and noble advances in social and political improvement. True, there are scenes of misery and vice to be witnessed in England, at which angels might weep, and devils tremble with horror; but of society at large, a great authority writes:—

“In the division among the people of the produce of the national industry, a great amount of inequality is, no doubt, observable—an amount greater, perhaps, than is consistent with the degree of perfection to which human institutions may at some time be brought; but there is reason to believe that, great as this inequality now is, it was in former times much greater; and that hereafter, when the accumulation of capital will probably, still further than at present, exceed the increase of population, the division must necessarily become more equal: the rich and powerful will in such case still have made additions to the sum of their enjoyments, but the labourers will have added in a still greater degree to their means of comfortable subsistence. Whether in any country, and at any given time, the accumulation of capital proceeds in a quicker ratio than the increase of population, is a question hardly capable of being decided by direct proof. It has been argued by high authorities, that there is, under all circumstances, a tendency in population to press upon the means of subsistence. If, however, we look back to the condition of the mass of the people as it existed in this country, even so recently as the beginning of the present century, and then look around us at the indications of greater comfort and respectability that meets us on every side, it is hardly possible to doubt that here in England, at least, the elements of social improvement have

been successfully at work; and that they have been, and are, producing an increased amount of comfort to the great bulk of the people. This improvement is by no means confined to those who are called, by a somewhat arbitrary distinction, the working classes, but is enjoyed in some degree or other by tradesmen, shopkeepers, and farmers—in short, by every class of men, whose personal and family comforts admitted of material increase. Higher in the scale of society, the same cause has been productive of increase of luxury, of increased encouragement to science, literature, and the fine arts, and of additions to the elegancies of life, the indulgencies in which has acted upon the condition of the less-favoured classes, directly by means of the additional employment it has caused, and indirectly also by reason of the general refinement of manners which has thus been brought about.*

These are the words of one of England's ablest men. Let the reader judge between him and Mr. Johnston. Upon the subject of Free Trade, the returns before us are such as no real lover of Irish prosperity can welcome. Our people were cajoled and deceived by specious promises, and cooked statistics, or Anti-Corn Law League theories—the very romances of political economy. Paddy having lost the staple crop upon which he had vegetated from year to year, was glad to back any plan by which he was promised food to sustain life; but he finds too late that a big loaf is only to be obtained with money, and that as the same big loaf, about which he shouted at the elections, is made with flour, the free importation of which has thrown his own produce out of the market, he finds it more difficult than ever to obtain a living, and can only hope, when the potatoes shall again come round, that he may be able, substituting a big loaf of foreign flour for the pristine herring or bacon, to play over again the old game of potatoes and point. Poor Paddy shouted and applauded, toasted Richard Cobden, and drab John Bright, of the sleek, oily cheek, Paddy voted for the Free Trade candidates, and called his Protectionist neighbour an oppressor of the poor.

Well, the measure was carried; Muntz's beard curled with delight; all the hammers in Birmingham clanged "quankadillo," like the forges of the "Harmonious Blacksmiths;" all the "devil's dust" in Manchester was blown hither and thither, like the wild simoon of

* Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, p. 521. London: Murray, 1851.

the desert; Bright and Cobden triumphed in the success of their selfish party aims; and having used Paddy—having got from him all the value of his vote—now show their gratitude by the foulest slanders, and are willing to sacrifice him, and his interests, to the Minister, at the first favourable opportunity.

Of the manner in which Free Trade was carried, Mr. Johnston writes:—

“ Thus was the cause of protection lost. Of those who had been elected to defend it 112 were induced, by the example and leadership of Sir Robert Peel, to go over to the ranks of its enemies. There can be little question that, had Sir Robert Peel felt himself bound to abandon office at the time, that he felt himself obliged to abandon the defence of the Corn Laws, no such wholesale desertion on the part of Conservative members would have taken place. Lord John Russell was obliged to relinquish *his* attempt to form a Corn-Law-repealing government in December, because he found that of the Conservative members who had previously opposed the Free Trade policy, *he* could not count upon the support of even so many as 20. The question has been much debated whether Sir Robert Peel, after Lord John Russell's failure to form a government in December, calculated upon being able to maintain his position as Prime Minister, notwithstanding the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the succeeding month of June, after he was defeated in the House of Commons on another question, and compelled to resign, he stated that from the beginning of the session he foresaw and expected that result. It is however probable, looking at all the evidence, that, in the statement referred to, he confused after impressions with previous anticipations. At all events there is no reason to believe that either his colleagues or supporters had supposed that the very extraordinary change of opinion and of policy at which they had so conscientiously arrived would conduct them, within a few short months, to the bleak and barren shore of unplaced Conservative “liberalism,” there to pass listless days and nights, without either the excitement of opposition, or the more substantial gratification of official reward. It was their belief, that after the bitterness of death, as regarded the Protectionist system, was over, old interests and old habits would bring things back to their accustomed channel; that Tories would be reluctant to enter into a systematic opposition of the Queen's Government, and that liberal Conservatism would continue to hold place, while the Whig party would be left upon the Opposition benches, to ruminate upon the adverse fate which kept them out of office, notwithstanding the adoption of their policy by the country and by the State.

“ The disgust and resentment of the Protectionists, however, were more general, as well as deeper and more lasting, than they who surrounded Sir Robert Peel had calculated upon. If, under ordinary circumstances, those feelings might have died away, they were sure not to do so, when the emer-

gency of the case called from other pursuits to the head of the party in the House of Commons, a man of such lofty spirit, and such indomitable energy as Lord George Bentinck. There can be no doubt that an opportunity was anxiously sought by the Protectionists to transfer the government from Sir Robert Peel to Lord John Russell; upon the principle that public affairs would be conducted in a more honest and intelligible manner than it then was, if Whig policy, such as the Government had adopted, were under the direction of a Whig, with the constitutional control of frank Toryism in opposition. Along with this, there was the animating spirit of vengeance. The Protectionists felt they had been betrayed, and longed to punish the Minister whom they believed to be their betrayer. They had to wait for their opportunity till June. Early in the session the Government had introduced a severe measure for the protection of life in Ireland; but the Minister, after the first reading, held it back as if with a presentiment that it contained the materials of his overthrow. The blow was struck on the 25th of June, when the Protectionists, joining the Whig Opposition against the Bill, placed the Peel ministry in a minority of 73. The muster of members was not very great, the number of voters being only 511. The Ministry had 219 votes—the combined opposition 292. Sir Robert Peel announced his resignation on the 29th in a speech which was no doubt the sorest, and probably the most incautious speech he ever made. So long as he is remembered, that speech will rise up in judgment against him. To compliment the turbulent enemy of the landed interest, and to give the darkest colour of sordid malignity to the policy of which he had himself been so long the champion, were the tasks to which on that wretched occasion he devoted his declamatory powers. That was the speech in which he condescended to eulogise ‘Richard Cobden’ by name, as the man to whose convincing arguments and unadorned eloquence the country was indebted for the great advantage of the repeal of the Corn Laws, forgetting however to acknowledge how insensible he had himself been, up to the very last moment, both to the force of those arguments and the fascination of that eloquence. That was the speech in which he said that he would doubtless ‘leave a name to be execrated by every *monopolist* who desired to maintain protection for his own individual benefit; but to be remembered also with expressions of good-will in the abodes of men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.’ It does not appear to have occurred to Sir Robert Peel, that, if the Corn Laws did really ‘leaven’ the bread of the poor ‘with a sense of injustice,’ he himself had been for a long series of years the leading perpetrator of that injustice, and therefore some apology was due from him to the poor, upon whose good-will he now so readily calculated. He should have recollected that he had tauntingly asked but a few years before, ‘who had been more forward than he had been in defence of the Corn Laws, and who could doubt that his

desire was to maintain a just and adequate agricultural protection? Why did he maintain injustice, and say that it was just? Or, if he had only arrived at his new lights upon the subject within a few weeks, why did he not express contrition for his long continued error, and why did he not refrain from reproachful allusion to those who still continued to hold opinions which he had so long considered and maintained to be just? How shall this be explained but by that 'strange infirmity of character which made the whole life of Sir Robert Peel a series of inconsistencies, and has led him to disclaim, repudiate, and forfeit, one after another, almost every opinion, principle, and pledge that he had ever adopted.'

There is one particular part of Mr. Johnston's book to which we must refer. It is that in which he writes of the National Debt. On this subject he takes a fling at poor honest Mr. M'Culloch, because the latter ventures to call William the Third, King William, or, as Mr. Johnston has it, "follows the ordinary pleasantry of calling Prince William "our great deliverer." For our part we could well understand an erratic genius—such as Carlyle—taking a fancy of this kind, just because it is unlike everybody else. Tom would, no doubt, if he thought fit, call William the Third, or Alexander the Great, or John Wilson Croker, "a solemn sham;" and assert that King René d'Anjou was superior to Alexander, and Reynolds, the "Mysteries of London" man, a better writer than the Jupiter Tonans of the *Quarterly*. But we cannot understand the mind of the man—a lawyer, or, at least, a barrister, too—who calls King William "a Dutch Prince," and "William the Stadholder." We care not one pin's head for all the nonsense talked about the Boyne; and we know, too, that a man may feel sore at recollecting how William, in thirteen years, increased the National Debt to £16,394,702—it having been at his accession only £664,000; but, surely, any sum was well expended in driving the idiotic pious fool, James, from the kingdom he misruled, and the people he deceived. Would not the overthrown absurdity of a Divine Right—the confirmation of the great fact, that from the nation all kingly power comes—and the promulgation of the great truths of THE BILL OF RIGHTS, form a just set-off against the purchase of half a world? We are unable, entirely unable, to fathom the motives which have induced Mr. Johnston, to display the absurd specimens of affectation to which we refer.

There never sat Stuart on the throne of England who was not a bold and daring oppressor—a base and heartless sensualist—a cold and feelingless ingrate—or a cowardly, false-hearted traitor to his people. We know not whether Mr. Johnston may respect the last Stuart king, but we do know that, of late, it has been the fashion to express a maudlin sympathy for James the Second. We censure no man's prejudices or feelings, but we do not understand how it can be said that any hope could be entertained of amendment in the conduct of an English king who forgot his oath to his people—who disgraced his country, and became a beggar to its enemy, the French Sardinapalus. Surely the man selected by the nation to deliver it from a king like James, is worthy of some better title than that of a Dutch Prince, and should not be sneered at when called our "Deliverer." A great historian has written of him—

"The desire of rule in William III. was as magnanimous and public-spirited as ambition can ever be in a human bosom. It was the consciousness not only of having devoted himself to a great cause, the security of Europe, and especially of Great Britain and Holland, against increasing aggression, but of resources in his own firmness and sagacity, which no other person possessed. A commanding force, a copious revenue, supreme authority in councils, were not sought, as by the crowd of kings, for the enjoyment of selfish vanity and covetousness, but as the only sure instruments of success in his high calling, in the race of heroic enterprise which Providence had appointed for the elect champion of civil and religious liberty."^{*}

And another great historian, though perhaps hateful to his old enemy, John Wilson Croker, and therefore, not agreeable to Mr. Johnstone, writes of William—

"That example of intolerance, indeed, which some of his predecessors had set, he never imitated. For all persecution he felt a fixed aversion, which he avowed, not only where the avowal was obviously politic, but on occasions where it seemed that his interest would have been promoted by dissimulation or by silence."

"At eighteen he sate among the fathers of the Commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them; at twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration; at twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a

^{*} Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. ii., p. 466., ed. 1827.

mighty coalition ; and he had contended with honour in the field against some of the greatest generals of the day.”*

Thus write two great thinkers, of the “Dutch Prince;” and to those who regard the revolution of 1688 as a great and advantageous measure to England and to the world, such praise as Hallam and Macaulay give to the character of William III. makes ample amends for all the censure of Mr. Johnston, though all the clever staff of the *Quarterly* should join him, and sneer in sarcastic unison.†

We have, except in this last particular, expressed our warm approbation of most of the views and sentiments propounded by Mr. Johnston in these two volumes ; but there is one subject upon which he has written in so cruel and false a strain, that we cannot trust ourselves to express our opinion upon it. In commenting on the condition of the Liverpool poor, the following passage appears :—

“It is to be remarked, that here, as in Manchester also, the lowest of the low in the scale of human existence are Irish. *There is no conceivable depth of debasement to which this people does not sink with a most fatal facility.* Easily excited into a temporary and frantic exertion for any imaginary good, *they seem incapable of, or fatally indisposed to, any sober, continuous struggle for that just and reasonable position in society to which the honest and diligent labourer is entitled.*”

The reader must bear in mind that the penner of these lines is an Irishman ; and yet we cannot feel much astonishment at the fact, for, alas ! so it ever is—in all the phases of political or public life, we find the foulest, falsest, basest slander—the blackest, meanest calumny upon Ireland, uttered by the recreant Irishman. “*Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato,*” says the Italian proverb ; and, for

* Macaulay's History of England, vol ii., p. 166.

† We do not think that the penal laws against the Roman Catholics can be considered as the laws of William. We believe them to have sprung from the Parliament, a Parliament fancying that by persecution alone the unfortunate people whose religion James had tried to introduce could be crushed. The Catholic religion was, in the age before, considered, not as a religion, but rather as a political creed, held by a class whose politics, rather than whose faith, were disliked. In fact, the age was one in which religion and party feeling were synonymes. The Parliament hated the Catholics ; they hated the Arians ; they hated the Socinians ; and to expect that William, a king just placed upon the throne, could or would run counter to his Parliament, and expose himself to the imputation of being, like his predecessor, anxious to act against the wishes of the nation, is to expect from a human being an amount of conventional high-mindedness never yet witnessed.

our parts, we believe that the Anglicised Irishman entertains, whether from interest or deadness of soul, a deeper contempt for the land that gave him birth than the most ignorant or bigoted Englishman, from Ohester to the Land's End. The English people cannot—nay, we know they do not—require this pandering to national pride; and it is pitiable, most pitiable, to find a man of learning and genius like Mr. Johnston, sink to this wretched style of misrepresentation. But he is a *Quarterly Reviewer*, and, by contact with its old champion, a renegade Irishman, he has contracted a morbid hatred of everything connected with this country—a raging, rabid John-Wilson-Croker-aphobia. Mr. William Johnston, barrister-at-law, and Corny Shea, pig merchant, are of exactly the same mind. The one calls us “Ye Irish;” the other writes that we are “the lowest of the low in the scale of human existence,” and that “there is no conceivable depth of debasement to which THIS PEOPLE does not sink with a most fatal facility.” Now, reader, are we right? What difference is there between William Johnston and Corny Shea? We, at least, can perceive none, and relieve our feelings, like Tim Flannery, by exclaiming, with indignant astonishment, “‘Ye Irish!’ says Corny, says he, poor fellow.”

But is Mr. Johnston right in the charge made against his countrymen? Are our poor people in England—the class to which he refers—“the lowest of the low in the scale of human existence?” Is it a fact that “there is no conceivable depth of debasement to which THIS PEOPLE does not sink with a most fatal facility?” Is it correct and true to say, “they seem incapable of, or fatally indisposed to, any sober, continuous struggle for that just and reasonable position in society to which the honest and diligent labourer is entitled?” Henry Mayhew, in writing of the *Irish* Coster-mongers (the street sellers of vegetables, &c.), in London, states—

“The women present two characteristics which distinguish them from the *London* coster-women generally—they are chaste, and, unlike the “coster-girls,” very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage ceremony. They are, moreover, attentive to religious observances.”*

* “London Labour and the London Poor.” By Henry Mayhew. 65, Fleet-street, London. 1851. Part II. p. 104.

"The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered, the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by showing me how she contrived to have in her sitting room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day, 'when she felt weary and lonesome.' The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth; still, before a rude print of our Saviour, there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink with the copper shining through; and here it was that she told her beads. In her bed-room, too, was a coloured engraving of 'the Blessed Lady,' which she never passed without curtaying to.

"Of course I detail these matters as mere facts, without desiring to offer any opinion here either as to the benefit or otherwise of the creed in question. As I had shown how *English costermongers neither had nor knew any religion whatever*, it became my duty to give the reader a view of the religion of the Irish street sellers."

And Mr. Mayhew writes of the *English* coster-mongers—

"Not three in one hundred coster-mongers have ever been in the interior of a church."

"The coster-mongers have no religion at all, and very little notion, or none at all, of what religion or a future state is."†

"Only one-tenth—at the outside one-tenth—of the couples living together, and carrying on the costermongering trade, are married. There is no honour attached to the marriage state.‡

"Of the operatives in Lancashire, and of the workmen in our great manufacturing towns, there is not (and I speak after considerable experience and numerous inquiries) one out of every ten who ever enters a church, and still fewer who attend regularly."§

"The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the 'penny gaffs,' or the 'twopenny hops,' unaccompanied by them."||

"The better class of Irish lodging-houses almost startle one by the comfort and cleanliness of the rooms. One in particular that I visited had the floor clean, and sprinkled with red sand, whilst the windows were sound, bright, and transparent; the hobs of the large fire-place were piled up with bright tin pots, and the chimney-piece was white and red with the china images ranged upon it."¶

At page 110, Mr. Mayhew describes the lodgings of the *Irish* in other parts of London as being equally clean and orderly. He

* Mayhew, p. 108.

† Ibid. p. 21.

‡ Ibid. 20.

§ "The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, M. A. 2 vols. Murray, London. 1850. Vol. 1, p. 416.

|| Mayhew, p. 109.

¶ Ibid. p. 111.

states, that the men will perform the severest bodily labour, undertaking tasks that the English are almost unfitted for.

The following extract will show how the poor Irish can master a strong passion, and how their continuance in virtue is sure and safe:—

“In the year 1838, the quantity of spirits distilled in Ireland was 12,296,342 gallons, producing a duty of £1,434,573. In the year 1840, after Father Mathew had commenced his work of God-like charity, the number of gallons distilled sunk to 7,401,051 gallons, the duty being only £936,125. In the year 1849, the quantity distilled was 6,973,333 gallons.”*

What a contrast to Scotland! we find that Mr. Allison who was examined before a Committee on Combinations of Workmen in 1838, speaking of Glasgow, says—“Every tenth house in Glasgow is a spirit shop; the quantity of spirits drunk in Glasgow is twice or thrice as much as in any similar population upon the face of the globe. The population of Glasgow was then 257,000; of these, Mr. Allison says—80,000 have hardly any religious or moral education at all.”

And Mr. Mayhew states:—

“The *Irish* street folks are, generally speaking, a far more provident body of people than the English street sellers. To save, the *Irish* will often sacrifice what many Englishmen consider a necessary, and undergo many a hardship. Some of the objects, however, for which these struggling men save money are of the most praiseworthy character; they will treasure up halfpenny after halfpenny, and continue to do so for years, in order to send money to enable their wives and children, and even their brothers and sisters, when in the depth of distress in Ireland, to take shipping for England; they will save to be able to remit money for the relief of their aged parents in Ireland; they will save to defray the expense of their marriage, an expense the English costermongers so frequently dispense with.”†

And from what sum does the reader suppose these savings are made? From earnings varying from five to ten shillings per week.

The above cited experiences do not show the Irish poor in England as sunk in the “depth of debasement; but we are about to exhibit a “depth of debasement” to which they do not sink, and to which, God Almighty forbid, they shall ever fall:—

* Porter's Progress of the Nation, p. 557. London: Murray, 1851.

† Mayhew, p. 115.

"There can be no doubt that a greater part of the poorer classes of this country are in such a frightful depth of hopelessness, misery, and utter moral degradation, that even mothers forget their affection for their helpless little offspring, and kill them, as a butcher does his lambs, in order to make money by the murder, and therewith to lessen their pauperism and misery."

So writes an English barrister of England; and the reader will, we think, consider that the following proofs are quite sufficient to justify the horrible truth of his statement. He writes of the Burial Societies:—

"The officers of burial societies in the manufacturing districts express 'their moral conviction of the operation of such bounties—the burial money—to produce instances of visible neglect of children, of which they are witness.' They often say—'You are not treating that child properly; it will not live: *is it in the club?*' The answer corresponds with the impression produced by the sight.† The children *who are boys*, and, therefore, likely to be useful to the parents, are not poisoned.‡ A woman, named Mary May, came to live in the parish of Wick; her child, Eliza, ten years old, died suddenly. The vicar found that *fourteen of her children had died suddenly*. She was proved to have poisoned Eliza and was hanged; she would make no confession, but said—'If I was to tell all I know I would give the hangman work for the next twelve months.' When a child is sick, the neighbours say—'Oh! *depend on it*, the child *won't live—it's in the burial club*;' or, 'You should not do so and so; you *should not treat it in that way: is it in the burial club?*'§ It is usual to enter a child in as many clubs as possible. One man entered his child in ten clubs, and received £20; it died before it was eighteen months old. He entered a second child—it died; but the coroner's jury could not agree on the verdict. This man had six children, none of whom lived to be eighteen months old.|| *Hired nurses speculate on the lives of infants committed to their care by entering them in burial clubs*. A collector of rent for small cottages is told often, that he cannot be paid *now*; but when a certain member of the family, generally a child, died he would be paid. A lady required a wet nurse, and the nurse's child being ill, the lady wished to send her own doctor. 'Oh, never mind, ma'am: it's in the burial club,' was the mother's reply."

* Kay, vol. 1, p. 447.

† Mr. Chadwick's Sanitary Inquiry Report, 1843, p. 64.

‡ Ibid.

§ Letter on Labour and the Poor in the Rural Districts, published in the *Morning Chronicle*.

|| Chadwick's Report.

And Mr. Johnston himself quotes a passage from the Report for 1848, presented by the Registrar-General to Parliament as follows:—

“How pitiful is the condition of many thousands of children born in this world! Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns in England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Perceval wrote, and Dalton lived—13,362 children perished in seven years, over and above the mortality natural to mankind. These little children, brought up in unclean dwellings, and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe the subtle sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more ‘cursed’ distillation than ‘hebenon’—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid, which, like hope, should ‘come to all’—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral.”

We will not here cite the proofs of the frightful condition of the female population in Wales, and in the rural districts. The facts, the dreadful facts, given by Mr. Kay, in the first volume of this very able work, show a state of hellish demoralization, at which ordinary vice might shudder. Woman is represented to lose all that makes the glory of her nature—delicacy, purity, womanly feeling; all, all, are in effect forgotten, or entirely unknown; and, worse than than all, this state is not looked upon as infamous.

We have not written thus for the purpose of decrying the virtues and the goodness of the English people, as a nation. We know they are wise, and pious, and moral; we know that from the highest class to the lowest, deeds are every day done by the English people, that are bright in the eyes of heaven, and that raise up and deify our fallen nature. Of the glory of England, and of her sons, the best friends of good government, in all lands but Ireland, we are proud: that the strength, the power, the riches of her people may never be overshadowed, is our honest prayer: our warmest wish is, that Englishmen may never disgrace, by life or conduct, the land that calls them sons. But we have given the above black records of vice and crime, because we believe, with John Milton, that though “truth is rarely born but like a

bastard, to the shame of him who begets it," yet, as he states, it in time will right its father; so we cited the above cases, not to prove that if Irish morals are bad, English morality is still worse. This is not our intention: the world knows that foul and bloody crimes disgrace our country; but we do not think that our poor people, either at home or in England, are "the lowest of the low in the scale of human existence; and we are quite sure there are "conceivable depths of debasement to which they cannot sink." Great crimes, and great virtues, distinguish England—political, social, and industrial; and so great are her virtues, that they outweigh her crimes, and render her as she is, and as we hope she may long continue—THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.*

We have felt considerable pain in writing the above-quoted shocking facts; but as our poor countrymen were maligned, we thought it right to disprove the false statements; and we deemed it unfitting that a work like ours, bearing in its title the word IRISH, and numbering amongst its contributors men whose sole anxiety in politics is to serve their country, should suffer so grave a slander as that written by Mr. Johnston to pass unrefuted. We may have devoted too great a space to the subject; but as *Quarterlies*, and *Blackwoods*, and *Frazers* have for years been calumniating our people, we thought it only just to give our help in repelling these attacks. This must be our excuse, if excuse be deemed necessary; it is, at all events, our explanation.

We do not think that Mr. Johnston is willing to grant the present age the merit it deserves. It is quite true that some phases of life may not be, and very possibly are not, as perfect as could be wished; but to expect this perfection in any country, and particularly in such a country as England, is in our minds an absurdity. If civil liberty were less, and governmental power more, perhaps the surface of social life might have the semblance of greater virtue; but liberty, human liberty, is a very tender thing; and until we can sublimatize man's nature, freedom of thought and action will, of neces-

* We strongly recommend Mr. Henry Mayhew's serial, "London Labour, and the London Poor," to all our readers who feel any interest in that most important subject—the condition, social and moral, of the industrious, but very ignorant, labouring poor. Five monthly parts are now (May) out; they cost 9d. each.

sity, run to seed, and with the mass beget licence. If this licence be checked, the probability will be, that civil liberty is infringed, and that virtue and morality, the only sure guards of which are religion and education, become things of name, and are unscrupulously infringed in private. In what age may it be said, in the words of Tacitus, "*Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quas velis et quas sentias dicere licet?*" A golden one it will be indeed, but never to be, we fear, witnessed by man; for we have no belief in any thing like the perfection of human nature.

We have given the reader a sketch of the tone and style of Mr. Johnston's work. We have shown how the Celt writes of the Saxon; we are now about to prove how the Saxon can write of the Celt. "The Saxon in Ireland" is not an ordinary book, nor is it one of the common tourist in Ireland pieces of ignorant absurdity, with which we have, from time to time, been inundated. From the period when the knights of, we believe, Richard the Second, pulled the beards of the Irish chiefs, and "chaffed" the loyal kerns who waited on the king, to the advent of Mr. Thackeray, who discovered that the aristocracy of Dublin is an aristocracy of brass plates, and that the broken windows of the villas on the Kingstown road are repaired with old flannel petticoats, English tourists in Ireland have poked fun at us, like the knights of King Richard—or misrepresented us as Mr. Thackeray—or expressed a pitying anxiety, a gentle compassion for us, as if we were Hottentots or Bosjesmans—or lamented over our idolatry, and ignorance, and dirt. Grave, oily gentlemen in white cravats, and above the vanity of shirt collars, and with, as Roger North would say, "an amiable gravity of manner, and countenance always florid," have recommended that our civilization should be attempted by means of those inestimable tracts, "Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace," and our religious habits and physical condition, purified and cleansed, by the potent agency of scriptural and pictorial moral pocket-handkerchiefs. However, our "Saxon in Ireland" is not of this class; he dedicates his work to the Earl of Devon, "whose great practical knowledge, extensive influence, and untiring energies, have ever been devoted to the best interest of Ireland;" and his Preface states, that—

"The design of the work is, to direct the attention of persons looking out either for investments or for new settlements, to the vast capabilities

of the sister island, and to induce such to visit it and to judge for themselves. Were the unfortunate prejudices against Ireland, founded as they are, for the most part, in ignorance, once removed, men would surely pause ere they crossed the broad Atlantic in search of a new field for the employment of capital, or the profitable exercise of their intelligence and industry."

Bravo, Saxon! you are the man for us. Come yourself—indeed you are here already—but get your countrymen to come by scores, there is room enough for all: waste lands to be rendered fertile—mountains to be tilled—marshes to be drained—fisheries to be cared: all these, Saxon, are ours; they are all open to you, and mineral wealth, too, such as California never can know. Stand, Saxon, upon the side of Corannalinna; look around upon the glorious panorama of lake and mountain, of plain and river, of bright sky and fathomless deep blue ocean. Stand upon the summit of Slieve-na-Mon, and gaze down upon the broad bosoms of three fair counties—Waterford, Tipperary, and Kilkenny; mark the Suir—Spencer's "Shure"—

"The gentle Shure, that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford."

See it winding like a silver serpent, away and away, till lost amongst the ships of Waterford. There, Saxon, there before you, in these fair counties, that, as you call it, "merciful measure," the Incumbered Estates Act, has been at work; and farms, large and small—estates, moderate and princely, can be obtained by your fellow-Saxons, who "will pause before they cross the broad Atlantic in search of a new field for the employment of capital, or the profitable exercise of their intelligence and industry." Aye, Saxon, the old proprietors have passed; their sons may wear out life in the forests of the far west; or their shouts may be the loudest, and their feet the first upon the breach in every battle field of the world—they have passed away for ever; and your people, the pioneers of civilization, will, if they be wise, leave Port Natal to its fate; let those who will, take care of Adelaide; but here in Ireland is the surest return to be found for capital judiciously expended. Our wish is, that you may succeed; our advice is, go in at once, as if you meant to win. We Irishmen at last have learned that we must work if we would live. We have been always willing to work, but were not satisfied to do it

for a profitless pastime. We now feel the truth of wise Sydney Smith's words—"What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle—the Isle of the Ocean—the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* A far better anthem would be, Erin go bread and cheese—Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain—Erin go pantaloons without holes in them."* Teach your fellow-Saxons this, and make them know us as we are. You have a wise head, a ready pen, and, we believe, honest intentions. Let the country of your adoption be as dear as that of your birth; and when the green grass of Ireland shall wave above your grave, men will say, here rests a benefactor of his country.

The Saxon tells us, with the preacher—"I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do; and behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." He was about to leave the dwelling of his youth, and was, with his wife, and his friend the curate, considering the most desirable settlement upon which to pitch his tent. He had been driven by circumstances "to emigrate." He thought of Canada, the Cape, New Zealand, Australia; but the curate—God bless that curate! we say; he must have much of Dr. Primrose in his nature—pishes! at them all, and says,

"What do you think of Ireland? Good land—healthy climate—estates to be had cheap." 'Oh, my friend', replied I, 'worse than all. Only think of the midnight attacks of armed ruffians—the abduction of females—the lifting of cattle—forcible detention of crops—denunciations from the altar, and consequent murder. No, no; all this is too shocking to think of.'"

And the curate says—

"I have always observed that there is a pre-eminence given to anything that can criminate or depress unhappy Ireland, which does not extend to other countries, in themselves perhaps equally wretched and guilty. One would almost think that it was the interest of some parties there to magnify atrocities and to multiply offences. There is scarcely a broken head at a faction fight which is not paraded in print, that it may rouse Saxon indignation, and be salved over by Saxon sympathy."

Just so; the curate is right; all Ireland's faults are exaggerated into crimes, her crimes into hellish atrocities. The unfortunate

* Rev. Sydney Smith's Works, vol. 3, p. 466.

Saxon had saturated his mind with English accounts of Irish crimes. He thought that Irish courtships were managed according to the ancient etiquette of Romulus; that every man looking for a wife was a Sir Henry Hayes, and every young lady a Miss Pike; and that Mr. Whiteside, or some other Curran of our day, was perpetually convulsing juries with eloquent descriptions of abducted maidens. We have no doubt whatever but that the Saxon, poor fellow! supposed that Dr. Mac Hale, like his namesake, the immortal Larry,* was in the habit of parading the country, armed with a flail instead of a crozier; and that Dr. Whateley could not take the air upon the Donnybrook road, unless guarded by minor canons and rural deans. But the curate knew better; for he tells the Saxon—

“One great misfortune to Ireland has been, that the English seldom take the trouble to acquaint themselves with her real condition, or with what is excellent and useful in the character of her people. They are so much accustomed to look at the dark side of the matter, that the very existence of a bright side scarcely entered into their conceptions. The public mind, however, is awakening from this delusion; and a few years will witness great changes.”

The Saxon resolved to take a look at Ireland before making up his mind about a sail to the Cape, and began to read all manner of works about Ireland and the Irish. He found “its whole history was one sad romance—the impatient struggles of a turbulent but generous people with a series of ignorant and oppressive governments. He lamented that “such a country—so near our shores, so connected with us by every tie—should be alien, if not hostile—a drag upon our prosperity—a perplexity to all governments, a help to none.” At length the Saxon resolved to start for the far west—of Coune-mara, and promised to write regularly to the curate an account of his proceedings, and to give the impressions of the moment just as they arose.

He arrived in Dublin safely, and did not make Mr. Thackeray’s discovery about the brass plate aristocracy, or that our hotel windows were kept open by the support of a hearth-brush. He admires our

* Lever’s “Charles O’Malley”—

“His favourite weapon was always a flail;

Faith I wish you could see how he’d empty a fair,
For he handled it nately, ould Larry MacHale.”

public buildings, but disapproves of our beggars and dirt; and we forgive him this dispraise—first, because it is just; and secondly, because he has not tried to be witty. But indeed the time has passed when the English tourist thought it a matter of course to write about Dublin with a grin upon his Saxon countenance. Everybody remembers the lady tourist of the old time, when it was the fashion to sail up to *Rings-end*. She said (referring to the sandbanks in the harbour, and the name of the landing-place) that she “entered Dublin between two bulls and a blunder.” Our Saxon takes the train to Mullingar, of which line, and the carriages, he approves very much, and soon arrives at Galway, of which he writes—

“For the purposes of commerce, internal and external, Galway has few rivals in this or any other country. In the south it possesses one of the finest bays in the world, offering a nearer communication with the continent of America; on the north it will shortly communicate, by means of a broad canal, with the expansive waters of Lough Corrib; and after a second canal is finished, by Corrib, into Lough Mask, there will be opened into the interior of the country a still-water navigation of nearly forty miles in length; and thousands of acres of fertile land, hitherto almost unproductive, will be brought into contiguity with good markets. Lough Corrib is twenty-seven miles long, and covers nearly 50,000 statute acres; it contains numerous fertile islands, and a coast sixty miles in extent. Lough Mask, with the smaller Lough Carra, covers about 25,000 acres, and is in length about ten miles.”

It must be remembered that the Saxon came here, not as a tourist in search of the picturesque, but as a man seeking a home wherein, by the expenditure of his capital, and labour, and skill, he might one day hope to enrich himself. He therefore looks on all the land about him with a practical eye, and of the flat district about Lough Corrib and the Menlo Bog he writes, having examined the district on account of its lying very near Galway—

“The low flat, close upon the lake, is so full of quagmires and holes, and presents so little fall for the water, that one glance satisfies the eye as to its want of capability; but more to the west improvable portions appear. On the upper grounds, or slopes, any quantity of good limestone gravel may be procured; and, with proper draining and banking, these lands may be converted into productive meadow. It is a remarkable fact, that nature appears to have pointed out, and indeed assisted materially, the capability of these extensive wastes for cultivation. At convenient distances, long ridges of limestone gravel will frequently occur, which being applied as a surface-

dressing to the peat, produces an almost immediate beneficial effect. One method of applying this gravel is ingenious, particularly on the flat wet lands. It is as follows :—Take a level line from one bank to the other ; along this line cut a canal in the bog, about three feet deep, in which, filled with water from the surrounding bog, a flat boat may be used ; and this, with the assistance of parallel canals, will convey gravel from the banks to every part of the intervening land."

But although the Saxon found the country near Galway thus far good and promising, he did not think it exactly the spot to suit him. He goes into the question of the geological statistics of the locality ; and to those interested in the capabilities of the district we can recommend this portion of the book. Sea-weed is found in abundance along the shores. The inland parts abound with limestone strata, granite, sand-stone, &c. ; but the reader wishing to understand the subject in all its bearings must consult the very carefully drawn map of the author's route, attached to the volume ; with it, and the latter part of the first chapter, the subject will be made plain "to the meanest capacity." The Saxon continued his journey to Clifden, and there he saw that the Commissioners for the Sale of Incumbered Estates had been at work. Mr. D'Arcy, the owner of the greater part of the place, and the master of its castle, had, from various causes, become embarrassed in circumstances, and receivers had been applied for and appointed over the property. We are not about to enter into particulars, but Mr. D'Arcy found that the protection and power which the law gives to the receiver was, in his case, either misused or non-used ; for at the period of the sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, there were due by the tenants eight years' arrears. We think, even upon the facts stated by the Saxon himself, that it is plain Mr. D'Arcy did, like Lord Kingston, invest too much money in bricks and mortar, and attempted too great changes, and too many improvements ; and that from these improvements no fair return for the capital expended could be reasonably looked for. Mr. D'Arcy, he says, "found the place a morass ; he left it a lovely Oasis amid the desert which still surrounds it." Truly, he did find it a desert, and a howling one, too. In "The Industrial Resources of Ireland," Sir Robert Kane states, that "The town of Clifden, and the surrounding country, were, in 1815, in such a state of seclusion, that they contributed no revenue whatever to the state ; and up to 1822,

the agriculture was so imperfect, that scarcely a stone of oats could be got. In 1836, Clifden had become an export town, having sent out 800 tons of oats; and it produced to the revenue, annually, £7,000."

The Saxon passes from Clifden by various desirable spots; he sees many places by the way which promise well; he finds the landlords, in some cases, willing to aid the tenants, and doing it too; in other instances, he discovers that they are either unable or unwilling to assist the poorer classes. The Marquis of Sligo, and other resident landlords, he hears, are doing all the good in their power to the people; but still he observes in many, nay, in most places, the signs of neglect or apathy. At Westport he hears again of the good character of the Marquis of Sligo, and that he is willing to grant such loans as will enable men of "enterprise and capital to do well, even in the face of all present discouragements." He thinks that his countrymen should look to Ireland before they think of more distant lands, as purchases can be made here at prices little more than those demanded in Australia or Canada. He says—

"At each step I take in this land, so highly favoured by nature, my ideas of its desirableness and capabilities increase; and I look with wonder at the general state of neglect and poverty in which some of the finest and most beautiful districts in these kingdoms are suffered to remain. Nationally speaking, the Irish are neither deficient in talent nor in industry. During my progress I have met with a larger average of well-informed, intelligent persons than I have met with even in my own country."

Bravo again, Saxon! Nothing is said more about the murders or abductions. The Saxon is just discovering that if the Irish have tails, they possess also the art of concealing them very well; and he also finds that really we are as intelligent as *even* the English. He continues:—

"I heard universal regret expressed by the inhabitants of all grades that the English had not bought up the Martin estates. 'All we want,' said an intelligent man, whom I met at Flynn's, near Ballinahinch, 'all we want is English capital and English spirit, and,' he added most earnestly, 'English justice, so that a poor man may get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work.' And this, indeed, seems the great evil of the country: the proprietors, as a body, seem to have little or no money, and therefore the people have no work."....."If the estates are generally under mortgage, and

so overweighted with incumbrances of various kinds, that the nominal possessor is incapable of performing those positive duties, which by the laws of God are inseparable from the possession of the soil, the state must interfere; proprietors so situated must change hands, and the labouring population rescued from a state of misery and degradation, which, as it exists in this country, certainly has no parallel. This was the wise view taken by the present Government, when they passed the Incumbered Estates Act; and a more politic, or more *merciful* measure, it is impossible to conceive."

No doubt of it, Saxon, the Incumbered Estates Act was a *merciful* measure to *Ireland*: to the proprietors it was a violent legalized robbery. First, Free Trade half ruins the agricultural population of Ireland, and then the Incumbered Estates Act completes the destruction. Even the author before us, who has no sympathy with or for the Irish landlords, writes of the Free Trade measure, and its tail-piece, the Incumbered Estates Act:—

"Some of the most zealous improvers that Ireland ever possessed, particularly in the west, having exhausted their means, and raised money on their properties, under the conviction that remunerative prices would continue, find themselves at once engulfed in the common ruin, without any fault of theirs. Their estates are sold at less than half their supposed value, and they are turned adrift, with their families, ruined and destitute. It certainly appears a harsh policy; time must prove how far it has been a wise one. The landowners complain also, that these continued changes in the law damp all enterprise; that they are thus debarred, as prudent men, from improving their estates; that they are afraid to give employment to the poor, lest the outlay may never be returned to them; that *time* should have been given to them to set their houses in order; and that it was unjust at one blow to increase their burdens, and decrease their receipts."

We know that a section of the community has no right to complain of that which is done for the general good; and for this reason we agree with the Saxon—the Act was a "*merciful* measure." We think, too, that he is right in his views of the position of landlord and tenant in Ireland. The tenant has had no fixity of tenure—the landlord has been tied up by old rules and principles of law; the tenant has been sometimes oppressed, and has in turn sorely oppressed his landlord by roguish cunning. For our parts, we believe that he who can suggest a fair law of landlord and tenant for Ireland will be the best benefactor to the

kingdom it has seen since Alfred. We do not mean a law throwing all the power into the hands of the landlord; we do not contemplate a plundering project, designed to deprive the landlord of his natural and reasonable right of ownership, and which only knaves can plan, and confiding fools support, but a law just and fair to all. It is impossible to conceive how tenants, treated as some of those in the west and south have been, could work with hope or cheerfulness; they were serfs, rack-rented slaves, dragging out a weary life; in no way removed from the class of whom Pliny, the naturalist, wrote, "*Coli rura ab ergastulis pessimum est; et quicquid agitur à desperantibus.*"*

But whilst we write thus, we quite agree with the Saxon, who states :—

"It strikes me that the Tenant-right cry is absurd in all its bearings, if it *blinks the landlord's rights*. If the legislature must interfere at all, which is, I conceive, both unnecessary and impolitic, it should protect the landlord as well as the tenant. The instances of injury inflicted on landlords are far more numerous than those inflicted on tenants; and this remark I extend to England, and vouch for its truth from my own experience. In a majority of cases, farms are given up to the landlords in a worse state than the tenants took them; and the process of recovering damages in these cases is so tedious and so hazardous, that the proprietor had rather submit to the loss than spend money in procuring that redress which the out-going tenant cannot, perhaps, or will not, after all, afford to pay. In Ireland, at present, the real value of a property consists in the paucity of its tenants; a property without any tenants at all affords some hope of ultimate improvement, by the allocation of a different class of men, *on very different terms*, or in the personal occupation of the proprietor."

The Saxon passed upon his way; and still keeping one eye upon the productive valleys, and another upon the beauties of nature, and having, moreover, a little of Yorick in his disposition, and believing that the sentimental traveller alone meets with adventure, he turns from the contemplation of green crops, thorough draining, and subsoil ploughing, and is lost with "lakerish" admiration at the beauties of the fine old Abbey of Cong.

The Saxon having out-staid his intended time in Ireland, returns to his own country, having resolved to sell his stock and interest in

* Lib. 18.

England, and then to come back once more to Ireland, and settle here for life. He accordingly starts for home, and meets that honest-hearted curate (we hope he may yet be a bishop, full of piety and learning, Greek roots and Hebrew points), and the Saxon tells him:—

“I do not hesitate to confess that Ireland, in the fertility of its soil, the kindness and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its scenery, has far surpassed my expectations. I am decidedly of opinion, too, that fortune, respectability, and happiness may be found even there. ‘I never doubted it,’ said the curate; ‘and felt well assured that your absurd English prejudices (pardon me) would speedily wear away, when you saw with your own eyes, and used your own judgment. Let a few English families cluster together, purchase, or take on lease, estates in the same neighbourhood, hold together, mutually assisting each other, keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, as the Apostle advises, acting kindly and *justly* to the inhabitants, eschewing politics, not meddling with the religion of others, but quietly practising their own; I repeat, let emigrant families act thus, and I, for one, would prefer green Erin as a settlement to any country on the globe. And why not? Are sensible men to be scared with the interested exaggerations of unpatriotic speakers and writers, who would gladly drive industry and civilization from their native shores, in order to serve their own purposes? Are the Irish worse than John Heki, and other native chiefs?—or, are they more relentless than the Caffres, or the red Indians, or the Cannibals of North Australia? In nine cases out of ten their crimes, deep and fearful as they are, have sprung from the sense of injury, and from the heartless system under which they live—or rather under which they starve. These days of injustice and crime are passing, though slowly, away, and the time is approaching when Ireland must and will be in the strictest union with her sister island; when the same laws, the same usages, the same language, the same feelings, will prevail in both; and when——’ ‘And when,’ said I, interrupting him, ‘the curse of absenteeism will cease, since the power of steam has almost annihilated distance, and now brings the Irish proprietor within a few hours’ journey of the Irish metropolis.’ ‘True,’ continued the curate, ‘*the effects of this facility of intercourse will soon be felt*. As yet the Englishman lingers, hesitates, hugs his old prejudices; but the bolder few are already at work; they are silently, and most advantageously, purchasing lands and houses; they see the horizon clearing away after the long storm; and they and their descendants will, no doubt, reap a plenteous harvest. Gradually others will follow, till I verily believe Ireland will be the fashion, as Scotland has lately been; and everybody rushing that way will wonder why they delayed so long.’ I smiled at my friend’s enthusiasm, but felt there was much of probability and truth in his rhapsody.”

The Saxon returned to Ireland, and again started for the

the west. On this occasion he went by Edgeworthstown to Castlebar. Of Castlebar no man can say much. It was the headquarters of the French, under Humbert, in 1798, and in 1850, its anti-pay poor-rate population furnished the almost sole employment to the Court of Common Pleas, in the pleasant days of Chief Justice Doherty, and jocular idleness. Of Lord Lucan he writes in high commendation. We regret our space will not permit a lengthened extract from this very carefully written chapter; but the concluding portion is as follows, and shows to a certain extent the result of his lordship's bold experiment:—

“I was informed that altogether Lord Lucan had little less than 10,000 acres in hands; and, as leases fell in, the vacant farms undergo the same process, in order to secure for the future a different description of tenant. The mode of treatment seems to be generally as follows:—The surface is pared and burned, the ashes spread, potatoes dibbled in rows, without other manure. The ensuing crop of oats is dressed with stable dung, or guano, which can be procured from Liverpool at about £11 per ton. With the oats, they lay down the grass seeds—viz., to the acre, 1½ bushel of perennial rye grass, 6lbs. of red clover, and 9lbs. of white clover, or honeysuckle. Five hundred acres, I was informed, have been thus laid down last year! The Holm Farm is about 3,000 acres, and employs thirty working bullocks, and twenty-six horses. One sixth part of this is bog, but under gradual reclamation. About thirty acres were reclaimed last year. Ballymacragh is also in hand—a farm of about 350 acres, situate on Lough Sannagh, two miles on the Westport road. This also is undergoing the process of laying down; and this year thirty-six acres were completed. I merely enter into these imperfect details to show you what is even now being effected against bad times, and ruinously low prices. Lord Lucan has no fewer than seven stewards or over-lookers, upon these and other farms in hand; and there is a regular office at his residence, near Castlebar, where all the accounts are weekly handed in, examined, and passed. His lordship does not, I believe, let his farms for a longer period than twenty-one years; which, though at present prices probably a prudent plan, yet will, I fear, affect the ready disposal of them. This, however, is really a desirable country to settle in; there is much good land, a near market, and an abundance of caustic or burnt lime at from fivepence to sevenpence a barrel, or, what will be more intelligible to English ears, half-a-crown for as much as one horse will draw. Many cattle also are bred on Lord Lucan's estates here, principally short-horns, Galloways, and Ayrshires. They are kept till three years old, and then, for the most part, shipped for England. The dairy consists of about one hundred cows. Twelve or thirteen tons of cheese are annually made

and sold; and the butter is packed in firkins, and fetches about eightpence per pound of sixteen ounces. Some of the cheese I tasted at a gentleman's house, and I found it quite equal in quality to the best single Glo'ster."

That we may not detain our readers too long with thoughts or suggestions of our own, we pass over the interesting notes the Saxon has given of his further rambles, and we place our author by the side of another Saxon, a Mr. S——, who has settled in the far, far, west—Erris. We will not copy the Saxon's description of the wild beauties of Erris or Ballyenoy. Who has not read Cæsar Otway's word painting? Who has not lived and moved, in fancy, amongst the towering hills and sweet quiet lakes, followed the red deer, and felt his heart beat quicker, whilst revelling with poor Maxwell in the "Wild Sports of the West?" Mr. S., the Saxon's friend, was delighted with his adopted country. His wife and children were happy; their mode of life was simple; there are no Johnston's, or Todd and Burn's, or Pim's, in Erris. His crops were good, his methods of reclamation cheap, yet sure; and all these blissful things together took the Saxon's fancy, and engaged his heart; and so he resolved to become a settler at the nearest point to Mr. S. He made the resolve to purchase, reflecting that—

"Ireland is very moderately taxed—not, however, that she could bear more than has been already put upon her; tithe, cess, and poor's rates form the principal outgoings on land, exclusive of labour. The tithe, as far as I could judge from the inquiries I was enabled to make, is below the English average. The rate for the relief of the poor (a most merciful and necessary measure) has not, generally in Mayo, I believe, exceeded 5s. 10d. in the pound; but then the Poor Law valuation is very much under the real value. Next year a decrease to 3s. is expected. Should English capital be brought in to any extent, the rates, I am convinced, would soon be the merest trifle. Upon my English property the taxation, or rather the outgoings, are fearful. Before I can look either for interest upon the capital employed, or profit from my exertions, I have nearly 12s. per acre to pay in outgoings of various kinds. These consist of fines and quit-rents to the Lord of the Manor; road rates, church rates, poor's rates, county rates, land tax, income and property tax, assessed taxes; and though last not least, from 5s. to 7s. per acre by the tithe composition, which, being calculated on averages, will for some years press most heavily upon the already overwhelmed agriculturist. Add to these the many calls upon private charity; the public subscriptions, which a man cannot put aside without odium; the relatively high scale of wages, which, nevertheless, ought not to be reduced; the con-

tinual wear and tear of implements ; the long blacksmith's bills ; and the various perquisites to servants and labourers, which, allowed in more prosperous days, cannot now be discontinued without murmurs and dissatisfaction. From the greater portion of this ruinous pressure Ireland is free ; while her labour is fifty per cent. cheaper, and her soil equally if not more fertile. In Natal land costs £1 5s. per acre, on other settlements still more ; in Ireland good reclaimable land can be got cheaper.

‘ O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas ! ’

With these convictions upon his mind it cannot be a matter of astonishment that the Saxon should very soon start for Dublin, where, from that most learned and polite of auctioneers, Baron Richards, he purchases the reclaimable Eden upon which he means to live and die. It overlooks Tulloghan Bay.

“ It contains 845 acres. At present only 12 are arable ; 326 tolerably enclosed meadow and pasture ; the remainder is in part black bog, about two or three feet deep, on a substratum of clay and gravel, and high land, occupying the centre of a lofty knoll, an offset of the adjoining mountain. Half way up the southern side of this green hill is a beautiful spring, which, bursting copiously from the rock, even at this dry season, promises abundance of excellent water for all purposes.”

Thus the Saxon is at length settled in Ireland, with a pleasant, hopeful spirit—hopeful for himself, and full of hope for poor Ireland. We wish, wish most ardently, that his hopes may be fulfilled, and his wishes accomplished. He is a true-hearted Saxon—a genuine man, with honest intentions. We know not whether he may be considered as looking too brightly upon the future prospects of our country ; it is, in our minds, no small thing to discover a man who even hopes good for her ; but here is one who expects it. He writes—

“ That trade is languishing—that enterprise is at a stand-still—that men's hearts are failing them—that everything is, in fact, retrograding at present, common observation must convince any one that will form an impartial judgment. But let them be patient for a while. The ample resources, the immense capabilities of the Sister Isle, are beginning to attract observation in England ; and I cannot but venture what some may call a rash prediction, that *Ireland has seen her worst days.*”

We hope so too. Let the Minister, be he Whig or Tory, treat us fairly ; let him enable our poor to live by honest industry—by

reclaiming wastes and improving our harbours; and, having done this, let him give the children of our poor the crowning blessing of education, and all must be well with Ireland. It is absurd to talk of education, whilst the mass of the labouring and artizan classes are plunged in poverty. It is stated that the weavers of Macclesfield have collected amongst themselves the large sum of £300, towards getting up a library and opening a park in their town. Could this be done—could it have entered for a moment into their thoughts, had they been in the miserable condition of the Irish artizans? We never hear the wise project started, of ameliorating the state of the Irish poor by means of education alone, but the speaker recalls to our minds the scene in Congreve's "Love for Love," in which Valentine counsels his hungry servant, Jeremy—"Read, read, sirrah! and refine your appetite. Learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises."* And we speculate upon the probability of Seneca's being able to preserve his equanimity, or of Plato's having written the *Phædo*, had his diet consisted of half quantities of Indian meal or very watery Swedish turnips. And yet, poor and hungry as Paddy and Pantheon, or little Paddy, have been, the National Schools have worked well; and we refer with pride to the following extract from Mr. Porter's work, "The Progress of the Nation," p. 708:—

"In 1834, the number of schools under the National system was 789, and the number of children attending amounted to 107,042. In 1846, the schools were 3,637, and children attending 456,410. In 1847, the woful famine year, the schools were 3,825, but the children had fallen to 402,632. In 1849, the schools were 4,321, and the children attending amounted to 480,623." Mr. Porter states—"No one who has witnessed the effects produced by these establishments in districts where they had not previously existed, needs to be told that their moral effects are not confined to the children by whom the schools are attended, but that an immediate and powerful influence is exercised by them over the parents also."

* By the way, why does not Sheridan Knowles, or Calcraft, a man of undoubted taste, and who has so ably and learnedly defended the stage; or Planche, the prince of adapters, prepare one or two of Congreve's comedies for the modern stage? His plays would, no doubt, require careful arrangement to suit the present day. We are now so virtuous and proper, that nothing suits us but straight-laced propriety and—*POSES PLASTIQUES*.

Ireland has gone through a frightful ordeal; and when we recollect the dead thousands, the emigrant thousands, Poor-House-seeking thousands, and remember that all these thousands form millions lost to Ireland; and when, too, we remember that, with all the misery of the time, her *crime* did not extend beyond its ordinary limits, surely one may hope that Almighty Goodness will reward this great endurance.

We think, with the Saxon, that Ireland has seen her worst days; we know that she has within herself the elements of improvement, and all the beginnings of wealth; we know, all thinking men must know, that but for the failure of the potato crop, this country would not be in its present position: there is already a well-defined and distinct prospect of improvement in all our exports. But the following table will show the effect of the potato crop failure on the Irish small farmer's best friend—his pig. The exports in the four years given below are, of—*

	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.
Oxen, cows, and bulls ...	186,483	189,960	196,042	201,811
Calves	6,363	9,992	7,086	9,831
Sheep and lambs	259,257	324,179	255,682	241,061
Swine	480,827	106,407	110,787	68,053

The next table will show the exports of pigs in 1832, and the advance in our exports and imports of corn :—

" In 1832, the number of pigs shipped for Liverpool alone was 149,090; and for Bristol 85,619; and for Liverpool, in 1837, the number of pigs was 595,422, which, at 50s. each, the average value, gives £1,488,555. The value of the eggs sent from Ireland to Liverpool and Bristol is £100,000 per annum. In the year 1849, the total amount of grain and meal shipped from Ireland to Great Britain was 1,426,397 quarters; and in the last mentioned year the number of vessels, including repeated voyages, was—to England, 8,607, with cargoes of 1,478,059 tonnage; to Ireland, vessels, 18,000; cargoes 2,159,954 tons. The great difference between the clearances and the entries arises from the fact that the shipments to Ireland are more bulky than the receipts from Ireland, causing many ships to return to Great Britain in ballast, of which no account is taken; whilst others, after discharging in Ireland, proceed thence on distant and foreign voyages.†

* Porter's "Progress of the Nation," p. 343. † Ibid. p. 342, *et seq.*

These figures show what we may yet, with fair play and justice, do. Mr. Porter writes—

“What is principally wanted towards ameliorating the physical condition of the working classes of Ireland is, a steady market for their labour. It was the want of certain employment which, until the establishment of the poor law, drove them of necessity into the system of hiring, each one for himself, one or two acres, or even a few roods of ground, at an exorbitant rent, as the only resource left against absolute starvation.”*

And he continues—

“It is calculated, that by draining and reclaiming bogs, about five millions of acres may be additionally brought into cultivation in Ireland, when the quantity of cultivated land would amount to 19,600,000 acres. If the proportionate number of labourers employed on this quantity of land were assimilated to the number employed in England, it would give occupation to about 605,000 labourers, being very far beyond one-half the number of male agricultural labourers of Ireland, as ascertained at the census of 1841.†

By Mr. Griffith's estimate, appended to Lord Devon's Report, it appears, that in Ireland there are waste lands, reclaimable for the spade and plough, 1,425,000 acres, and reclaimable for pasture, 2,330,000 acres. There are at present 326,084 occupiers of land, whose holdings vary from one acre to less than seven. Now, to consolidate those small holdings would require the removal of 192,368 families, and it is calculated that the first-class of improved waste lands would give these families eight acres each; the first and second class together would give those families farms of twenty acres each. Further, it is computed that by those arrangements the 500,000 labourers, equivalent to two millions and a-half of the population, would be withdrawn from competition in the labour market. This fact alone is of great importance in a country over-run by a labourless population; and another fact, which our brother Bull will at once be able to appreciate in all its force, is, that by the waste lands alone being brought into cultivation, an addition of £22,000,000 would be made to the gross produce of the country, and the first three or four years' crops would return the cost requisite to bring about this change. And Professor Davy, of the Royal Dublin Society, in his “Essay on the use of peat or

* “Progress of the Nation,” p. 306. † Ibid. p. 308.

turf as a means of promoting the public health, and the agriculture of the United Kingdom," states:—

"That all the species of turf, of all colours, in all forms, solid, fibrous, friable, has the most powerful effects, as a deoderising agent, and that those effects can be produced in the strongest manner, by simply separating the water from the turf, which can be perfectly done by exposing it in dry weather to the heat of the sun, or by drying it by artificial heat, and reducing it to a fine powder. The powder can be shaken from some such case as a common flour dredging-box upon the most noxious animal or vegetable substance, which will become quite inodorous, and be changed into a manure quite equal to guano. There are 2,830,000 acres of turf or peat in Ireland; and in the year 1845, 220,000 tons of guano were imported into the United Kingdom."

These are facts worthy of being remembered—facts which prove this country to be one of the first in the universe in point of natural advantages. The concluding passage of the Saxon's book is worthy of the author: it is true, and just. He writes:—

"Many persons are deterred from settling in Ireland in consequence of the violent religious discussions which are fostered and kept alive by teachers, whose religion enjoins them 'to live in peace.' For my own part, I view these contests without the slightest anxiety as to the result. As I have already observed, they afford many strong arguments to schismatics and infidels, and destroy more souls, under the mask of a love of unity on one side, and a love of truth on the other, than all the writings of Tom Paine, or a Voltaire. But the growing spirit of the age is against all these anomalies and inconsistencies; men's eyes are gradually opening to the difficulty, if not absurdity, of coercing the human mind, either in one way or the other. The settler in Ireland has nothing to do with these intemperate proceedings; he will wisely stand aloof, and, whatever his creed may be, he will leave to others the enjoyment and benefit of their own opinions, and endeavour, by a quiet and consistent course, to prove the practical excellence of his own. For my own part, I feel there is nothing to fear in settling in this beautiful island. The people naturally are brave, generous, and polite; they are grateful for the kind word, and the *just act*; they are ceasing to be so entirely the creatures of wild impulse; and every passing day is bringing them more under the dominion of common sense and right feeling. Education cannot now be stopped; and it is to that, above all other things, we must look for the regeneration of Ireland."

And, having met some "Bible readers," he writes thus:—

"We entered into conversation with these men. They did not pretend to much success at present; nor could they say that the population

received them gladly. The elder of the two (the younger was a mere stripling for so grave a purpose) was well read in his bible, had been sufficiently tutored in his points for argument or disputation, was fluent in speech, and well up to his business. His main object among the people, he said, was to wean their minds from all superstitious reverence to externals—to restore the sacraments of the church to their real spiritual signification—and, moreover, to denounce the system of Popery as a fraud. I did not, I must confess, entirely enter into all his views; he seemed to me, in his endeavours to avoid one error, to be in danger of running into another. The violent protests of such men shock oftener than they convince. It is necessary to deal tenderly with prejudices, and fiery denunciations are more calculated to raise opposition and hatred, than to win men from error to the truth. I was afterwards informed that much excitement had been caused in the neighbourhood by these proceedings; but to what extent they had succeeded in gaining real and conscientious converts to the Protestant church, I could not ascertain."

Just so; they make the people bad Catholics, and still worse Protestants. A clergyman of the diocese of Cashel tells us, that a short time since a man, who had become a Protestant, and attended church frequently with his family, was required to show his change of religion by receiving the sacrament: he attended the church on a certain Sunday; when the wine was presented to him, the ruffian said to the clergyman—"Your health, sir!" and, drinking the wine, walked out of the church, taking his family with him.

Thus, reader, we conclude. We have classed these two books together, not that we consider the Saxon to be at all, either in style of composition, or scope of subject, or reasoning, equal to Mr. Johnston, but because we were anxious to show, at one view, the opinions of two clever men, upon two very interesting subjects—the social condition of England, and the ideas Englishmen entertain upon the present and future position of our own poor country. The Saxon's sentiments we have given at some length, and we believe that by it, we have done a service to our countrymen. Mr. Johnston, it seems to us, does not quite understand, or if he understands, does not feel in its full force the palpable effect, or the ultimate result of that spirit of democratic progress so much cherished in England, and so rapidly spreading in all directions. True, the mighty power the middle classes possess in that country does, and will, keep down, or crush, the dangerous spread of

this spirit; but that it does really exist, no man can doubt, and that the working classes are every day separating themselves from the other sections of the country, and becoming, if such a change be possible, a distinct body in the community, with hopes, and wishes, and, we fear, ambitions, peculiar to themselves. Of Mr. Johnston's opinion of Irishmen, we can write nothing more. We can only regret his strange perversion of mind, and hope he may yet find some sign of improvement in England, and, as an Irishman, learn to understand his fellow-countrymen, and take for his motto—" *Patricie fumus igne alieno luculentior.*"

ART. II.—IRISH HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

Miscellany of the Celtic Society; containing the Genealogy of Corca Laidhe; Poem on the Battle of Dun, by Gilla Brighde Mac Connemidhe; Docwra's Tracts; several Poems, Pedigrees, and Extracts. Edited by JOHN O'DONOVAN, Esq., L.L.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: printed for the Celtic Society. 1849. (Published March, 1851.)

THE spirit of research has, during the last ten years, been actively employed in Ireland in the production of works illustrative of the history and antiquities of the country; yet, in the cultivation of this important branch of learning we are far behind the rest of Europe, and still, in a great measure, lie open to Sir James Mackintosh's taunt, of being "*gens incuriosa suorum.*" The documents which have of late been rendered accessible to us tend to show, that vast quantities of important information, still existing in manuscript, must be brought to light before we can expect to acquire anything even approaching to a correct knowledge of our history.

It would be a difficult and unprofitable task to enumerate the number of Histories of Ireland produced during the present century; from the violent and imaginary work of Denis Taaffe to the elegantly illustrated volume lately published by an enterprising London bookseller as "*The Standard History of Ireland.*" With the

honorable exceptions of Dr. Lanigan's "*Ecclesiastical History*," and the "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*,"* all these so-called *Histories* are servile copies of Leland's miserable production; colored to suit the political and religious views of the writers, and totally uncharacterized by any original research or information. Such was the state of our historical literature when Government commenced the "Ordnance Survey" of Ireland, the antiquarian department of which was committed to John O'Donovan and George Petrie, with whom Mr. E. Curry was afterwards associated.† Of the capabilities of those persons for the task assigned them this is not the proper place to speak; any eulogium of ours could not augment the merited reputation they enjoy amongst those who are capable of appreciating their eminent services in the neglected field of Irish historical research. The proceedings of the "Survey" were, as our readers know, brought prematurely to a close by the parsimony of the English government, after demonstrating, by the publication

* Edited by Rev. Charles O'Connor, and published in 4 vols. 4to., 1814-27, at the private expense of the Duke of Buckingham. It is a matter of regret that no one in Ireland has been found to emulate the munificence of a stranger in the publication of our annals. We must not here omit to mention, that the Rev. W. Reeves, of Ballymena, last year, presented the Irish Archæological Society with a handsome volume on the Antiquities of the Diocese of Derry. The Marquis of Kildare publicly announced his intention of printing for the same society, at his own expense, "*The Leiger Book of Gerald Earl of Kildare, 1580*," which has not yet, however, made its appearance. The system of private publishing is carried to a great extent among the literary classes of Scotland; and many of the most important works on their history have been thus produced. In Ireland such enlightened liberality is almost unknown.

† The following extract from Mr. Curry's evidence before the "Committee on Public Libraries" will exhibit, even to the utilitarian, the value of our ancient Irish manuscripts:—"Their importance was found first in relation to the Irish Ordnance Survey. When the surveyors went out to measure the country, they had recourse to all the existing English documents containing the names of the townlands, and parishes, and baronies; but, having found the names set down in one document, when they consulted another document they found these names differently spelt; and there was such a difference in point of orthography between the various documents, that they were at a loss to know how to enter the name. They then determined to consult the Irish manuscripts of the country, which probably might contain the true orthography, and George Petrie and John O'Donovan were employed for that purpose, and I was employed shortly after to assist in it. We consulted all the Irish manuscripts in Dublin, or accessible in Ireland, for that purpose, and collected from them all the names of places we could, identifying them with the localities to which they properly belonged: as, for instance, when we went into a county, the surveyors went and took

of the elaborate "Memoir on Londonderry,"* how important would have been the continuation of its labors. The production of this "Memoir," and the various essays of O'Donovan and Petrie, obtained a partial recognition of the value of our native historic documents; and with a view to their publication, the "Irish Archæological Society" was founded on St. Patrick's Day, 1840.

This Society, now in its eleventh year, has printed for the use of members thirteen volumes, each a mine of historical information, chiefly compiled from manuscripts, in a language, portions of which are so long obsolete, that our most erudite palæologists occasionally find considerable difficulty in its interpretation. The rate of subscription and high entrance fees† originally decided on by the founders of the Irish Archæological Society, effectually deterred many humble well-wishers from contributing to its funds: to remedy this serious defect, and to place our history within the reach of the masses, the Celtic Society was founded in 1846.

"The materials for Irish history," says the original prospectus of the Society, "although rich and abundant, have hitherto been only to a small extent available to the student. The few accessible authorities have been so often used, and the works compiled from them

down all the names as they found them; they also had persons in Dublin to examine all the ancient documents, and take down all their names from inquiries, leases, and various other old documents; these were also sent out to the locality, and compared with the existing name; but it was invariably found that those names travelled far from the true orthography. While this was going on, I was in Dublin, engaged in reading those ancient manuscripts; and it seldom happened that I did not find in some document the very name which was wanted; and even where we did not find the name, from our own knowledge of the language we were able to correct the corrupt form and assign the true one. Before that time, the addition to the collection of manuscripts was not much looked to; but when men of real understanding saw the value of them, they made every effort to add to the collection. They collected from all parts of the country any straggling remnants of Irish literature which remained; and they have been coming into the College Library and Academy Library ever since."—*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Public Libraries, 17th May, 1849.*

* 4to. Dublin, 1835. The British Association was holding its meetings in Dublin at the time of the publication of this volume, and strongly recommended the continuation of the printing of such works on all parts of Ireland.

† The subscriptions to these Societies are as follows:—Irish Archæological Society, £3 admission, and £1 per annum; Celtic Society, £1 per annum for large, or 10s. for small paper copies.

are so incomplete, that the expectation of any history worthy of the country has been generally deferred, under the conviction that vast additions must be made to our stock of available materials before any adequate work of that kind can be produced.

"These materials consist of manuscripts in the Irish, French, Latin, Italian," and English languages—of the architectural and monumental remains still spared to us—and of the numerous vestiges of arms, implements, golden ornaments, and other articles in use among our ancestors, evidencing their skill in workmanship and their advancement in civilization. Many of these are in England or scattered over the Continent—many, happily, are at home.

"The field of labor," continues the Prospectus, "is so large, and long neglect has so increased the necessity for exertion, that it has been thought advisable to establish another society, the office of which will be, to aid in making public and elucidating the valuable and neglected stores of our national literature—to cultivate the study of our native language, the greatest record of the Celtic world—and to watch over the preservation of the monumental and other materials of Irish history.

"The success which has attended similar societies in other countries affords encouragement to the promoters of this arduous undertaking. England and Scotland have their Roxburgh, Maitland, Bannatyne, Spalding, Camden, Percy, Hakluyt, and Chetham Societies. But France is the country to which it is most important to look for the successful cultivation of history in the present day; and the labors and publications of "*La Société de l'Histoire de France*," (instituted in 1834,) afford great and encouraging examples.

"Yet this French Institution has done nothing which an Irish Society, resting on a broad popular basis, served by willing labourers, and drawing on materials so rich and abundant, may not reasonably hope to emulate."

Thus, full of hope and vigor, the Celtic Society commenced its existence, and in 1847 put forth, as its first publication, the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or *Book of Rights*, in our opinion, the most important work of its class yet in print, exhibiting, as it does, a complete view of the feudal state of Ireland, previous to the coming of the English; while to the social antiquarian, its varied and singular

notices of the costumes,* arms, luxuries, and superstitions of our Celtic forefathers are invaluable.

In 1848, the Society published the first volume of Dr. John Lynch's celebrated "*Cambrensis Eversus*,"† or Refutation of the authority of the Welsh writer, Giraldus Cambrensis, alias Girald de Barri, on the History of Ireland, accompanied with an elegant English translation and notes, by the Rev. Matthew Kelly. We trust soon to be able to give a lengthened notice of this work, which, when complete, will form a perfect body of information on all Irish historical and antiquarian subjects.

The melancholy state of Ireland during the past years, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining adequate support, had a serious effect on the labors of the Celtic Society; and but for the persevering energy and activity of its Council, together with the disinterested munificence of some of its members, it must, long since have, succumbed to the pressure under which so many of our literary institutions have fallen to decay. The last annual report of the Council, published in February, 1851, conveys, however, the gratifying intelligence that, owing to prudent management, the Society has not only survived the period of trial, but is now in a much more flourishing condition than could have been anticipated. Having premised thus far, in explanation of the objects of the Celtic Society, which, we regret, are not more widely appreciated and assisted, the new volume now claims our attention.

The first part of the "*Miscellany*" is occupied by a treatise from the "*Book of Leacan*,"‡ on that portion of the county Cork called

* One of our greatest wants is a book on the costume and arms of the ancient Irish; such a work, compiled from original manuscript sources, could be, without much difficulty, produced by Dr. Petrie. Until a publication of this kind is in the hands of our artists, we cannot expect any good historical paintings. The more ancient parts of J. C. Walker's writings on this subject are defective and inaccurate.

† The original edition of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," published in Latin, A.D. 1662, is a work of the greatest rarity, and has realised immense prices at book sales. The Report of the Celtic Society for 1849, gives some curious bibliographical details concerning this book.

‡ This invaluable volume was compiled at Leacan, or Lacken, in Sligo, in the early part of the fifteenth century, by Gill a Iosa Mor MacFirbis, chief historian to the O'Dowd of Tireragh. It consists of upwards of six hundred pages of manuscript, in the Irish language, closely written on vellum of a large size. The "*Book of Leacan*" was removed from the Library

Corca Laidhe,* a region hitherto almost unnoticed in our historical publications.

This district, lying on the south coast of Cork, and originally almost co-extensive with the diocese of Ross, was, at the earliest period of which we have any record, solely occupied by the clans of O'h-Eidirscoil, or O'Driscol, and their co-relatives.†

Early in the twelfth century the western frontier of this territory was seized by the O'Mahonys: after the Anglo-Norman invasion the Barrys took possession of the eastern part; and the O'Sullivan, having been driven by the Fitzgeralds from Tipperary, settled in Beara and Bantry. About the same period the clans of O'Donovan and O'Collins migrated to the northern parts of Corca Laidhe, carrying their tribe name (Carbrie) from the banks of the Maig to the south of the Bandon, where it is still retained by the four baronies of Carberry. At present, the name of Corca Laidhe, under the corrupted form of Cothluidhe, is applied only to two small districts separated by the river Eilean, which forms the harbour of Baltimore.

The O'Driscols claimed descent from Ith, son of Breogan, the fabled founder of Brigantium; "and these," says the old writer, "are the tribe of the Gael that are not of the sons of Milesius,‡ nor

of the University of Dublin by James II., who deposited it in the archives of the Irish College, at Paris, where it remained till 1787, when the Chevalier O'Reilly induced the superior of that college to present it to the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, then newly founded, in whose library it has found a final resting place. The Abbé Mac Geoghegan, who had access to the "Book of Leacan" in Paris, and wrote notes on several pages of it, tells us—"Le style de ce manuscrit est si concis, et les mots si abrégés, qu'à peine se trouve-t-il quelque 'un aujourd'hui parmi les Savans en cette langue, qui soit en état de le déchiffrer."

* Pronounced Corka Lee.

† They consisted of the following families or clans:—O'Flynn, O'Coffey, MacClancy, O'Curwin, O'Finn, O'Treabhair or Trevor, O'Credan, O'Hourisky, O'Mailfhina or Mullany, Gaughan, O'Finan, Dowling, O'h-Ogain or Hogan, O'Dugan, MacKeady, O'Kieran, O'Mongan or Mangan, Maccon or Macken, O'Kennedy, O'Doheny, O'Leary, O'Hennessey, O'h-Odhrain or Horan, O'Donghaile or Donnelly, &c., &c.

‡ Hence the old Irish epigram on the three chief families of this district, stating that "O'Coffey of the tall wine cups of gold, O'Flinn of Ardagh, and O'h-Eidirscoil, are not descended from Milesius." We think it was an oversight on the part of the editor to omit the stanzas from Gilla na Naomh O'Huidhrin, a topographer of the fifteenth century, describing "Beara and its salmon-yielding coast, in whose harbours of blue-water tall wine-laden ships used to ride."

of the Tuatha de Danann, nor of the Fir-Bolg, nor yet of the clan Neimhidh; and it may be said that their invasion is not of the Seven Invasions, for Ith was the first of the Gael that discovered Eire, and it was through him that the sons of Milesius came to inhabit therein, and widely did Ith's tribe after him spread throughout Eire* and Alba.

At the commencement of the Christian era the throne of Ireland is said to have been successively filled by two monarchs of the clan of O'Driscol. The reign of Conaire, the latter of these princes, is represented by the Irish chroniclers as a kind of golden age. "For in his time," say they, "the sea poured into the mouth of the Boyne (then called Inbher-Colptha) enormous shoals of fish. So profound also was the peace Ireland enjoyed, so careful was the king in extending to all quarters the arm of his protection, that the cattle roamed freely through the land without any shepherd. From mid-autumn to mid-spring no tainted gale or noxious blast ever injured flock or herd; the trees were bent to the earth with the load of their fruit; robbery was suppressed by the king, and all wanderers and thieves were expelled from the land."†

The clan was early distinguished by its predatory sea excursions, and the "long tall-masted gallies" of the O'Driscols were the terror of the merchants who frequented the southern coasts of Ireland.

After the invasion the annals of Waterford represent them as the inveterate enemies of the English settlers in that city, between whom and the O'Driscols a sanguinary, offensive and defensive, war was carried on, with alternate success, down to the sixteenth century. The "Carew Manuscripts," in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, supply us with the following curious illustration of the manner in which this contest was conducted:—

Symon Wicken, Maior of Waterford, his journey with O'h-Idresholl, Christmas Eve, one thousand four hundred and thirteen, A^o. primo Henrici quinti.

"Symon Wicken Maior of the Citie of Waterford, Roger Walsh, and Thomas Saulter, Bayliffe, in the first year of his maioralty, with a band of

* This is the original Celtic name of Ireland. Erin, the word in general use, is its dative case.

† "Cambrensis Eversus," chap. viii. The author of the "Ogygia," in one of his unpublished poems, addressed to Dr. John Lynch, speaks of the "regna saturnia Conarii."

men in armor, in a shipp of the forsaid Citie, went on Christmas Eve towards Balintmore, and in nyght on Christmas day at supper tyme landed his men, and in good order came to the gate of O'h-Idriskoll's greate house or castell within the said haven, and called to the porter and willing him to tell his lord that the Maior of Waterford was come unto the haven with a shipp of wyne, and that he would gladly come in to see his lord. Upon notice thereof given by the porter to O'h-Idriskoll, the gate was set open, and the porter presently taken by the Maior and put aside, and so the Maior walked into the greate Hall, where O'h-Idriskoll and his kinsmen and friends, sitting at boordes made ready to supp, commanded O'h-Idriskoll and his company not to move or feare, for he would not, nor meant not, to draw no men's blood of the same house, more than to daunce and drinke, and so to departe. With that the said Maior toke up to daunce. O'h-Idriskoll and his Sonne, the Prior of the Friary, O'h-Ydriskoll's 3 brethren, his uncle and his wife, and leaving them in their daunce, the maior commanded every of his men to hold fast the said powers, and so after singing a carroll came away, bringing with them aboorde the said shipp the said O'h-Idriskoll and his company, saying unto them they should go with him to Waterford to syng their carroll, and make merry that Christmas; and they being all aboorde made sayle presently, and arryved at Waterford St. Steven's day at night, where with greate joy received they were with lightes."

To such a height had the power of the clan attained in the fifteenth century, that the Irish Government of Henry the Sixth found it necessary to enact the following special statute, in the year 1450, for the preservation of the English:—

"As divers of the King's subjects have been taken and slain by Finin O'Hedrischol, chieftane of his nation, an Irish enemy, enacted, that no person of the ports of Wexford, Waterford, &c. shall fish at Korkly (Corca Laidhe), Baltimore, nor go within the country of the said O'Hedrischol with victuals, arms, &c. and that proclamation be made of this by Writs in the parts aforesaid, under the penalty of the forfeiture of their goods, and ships to those who shall take them, and their persons to the King; and the town who receives the said O'Hedrischol or any of his men shall pay £40 to the King."

The latest notice we have of the contests between the city of Waterford and the O'Driscols, is to be found in Bishop Stearne's MSS., in the library of the University of Dublin:—

"On the 20th of February, 1537, four Portugal ships laden with Spanish wines, consigned to the merchants of Waterford, were driven by tempest to Cape Clear, Baltimore, and the old head of Kinsale. One of the ships called la Santa Maria de Soci, laden with 100 tun of wine, was driven into

a bay adjoining to the entrance of the haven of Baltimore. Finen O'Hederischol, Chieftane of the Island, Conogher his son, and Gilly Duffe his base son, came on board and covenanted with the Merchants for three pipes of wine, to conduct the ships safe into the haven. When the Gentry and Peers of those parts had tasted the wines, they forgot their safe conduct and invited the Merchants to dinner in the castle, seized and clapped them in irons, manned their Irish gallies and took the ship, and distributed 72 tuns of the wine among their neighbours.

"On the 3rd of March news arrived of this action at Waterford. Immediately 24 men of the city with Pierce Dobbyn for their Captain, sailed in a Pichard, called the Sunday of Waterford, well armed, and the day following at noon arrived suddenly at the ship, and as they boarded her on one side, Gilly Duff and twenty-four of his men fled out at the other. When the ship was won Pierce Dobbyn manned her, and set the prisoners at large, there remained of the wine twenty-five tuns and more, and taking a view of the castle they fired several guns at the great hall, and then sailed to Waterford.

"On the 27th of the same month, the Mayor fitted out a little fleet consisting of the ship lately retaken, another large vessel, and the great galley* of the city, well appointed with artillery, victuals, and men to the number of four hundred, and put them under the command of Bailiff Woodlock, as chief Captain, Pierce Dobbyn, James Walsh, James Sherlock, Henry Walsh and John Butler under Captains. On Wednesday the first of April at night they sailed, and arrived within the haven of Baltimore, and anchored towards the castle, which was guarded with men and artillery. They fired at it all night, and at the break of day the ward fled, and the Waterford men landed in good order in the island, and besieged the strong fortress there, the mariners entered the castle by the small port, and put up St. George's standard, and the army all entered at the Bridge-gate, and kept it five days, which they spent in destroying all the villages of the Island, and also the house of the Friars Minors near the castle, and the mill of the same. The fortress being double warded by two strong piles or castles, with walls, and barbicans, the halls, offices, &c. were totally ruined to the ground, and were tumbled into the sea. There was found in the island great store of malt, barley and salt. There was taken here Finen's chief galley of thirty oars, and above three or four score pinances, of which about fifty were burned, and the great galley carried to Waterford. Near to Inishircan was an island called Inchipite, where Finen had his most pleasant seat in a castle, adjoining to a hall, with an orchard and grove, all which they destroyed and razed to the earth, and from thence

* This, the "*Buccintoro*" of Waterford, was deemed of sufficient importance to form part of the armorial bearings granted to the "*Urbs Intacta*" by Henry VII., in the lower division of which it is blazoned in all the magnificence of heraldic *or*.

they entered into another island, and burnt all the villages of the same. Then landing in the main they burnt and destroyed Baltimore, and broke down Teig O'Hederischol's goodly castle, and bawn.

"On Tuesday in passion-week one William Grant was on the top of one of the castles, which being all on fire under him, he stood upon one of the pinnacles and cried out for help; Butler tied a small cord to an arrow and shot it up to Grant, at which he drew up an hawser fastened to the cord, and fixing the hawser to the pinnacle, slid down, and was received by his fellows on beds. After this, on Good Friday, the army arrived safe at Waterford."

It is a fact characteristic of those ages, that the warlike chiefs of the clan of O'Driscoll generally terminated their days in the seclusion of a monastery, after having made a pilgrimage to Spain, and laid their offerings on the splendid shrine of Santiago, at Compostella.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Finghin, the O'Driscoll *Mor*,* was induced to swear fealty to the queen, and agree to hold his lands from her by letters patent. "He thereby," says the genealogist, "extinguished the Irish rite. The former custom was, that the oldest of the familie succeeded, unto whome MacCartie Reagh did give a rod, and then he was reputed and obeyed as lord of the countrie of Collimore."

Sir Finghin forfeited his allegiance by surrendering his castles of Dun-na-Sead, at Baltimore, and Dun-na-Long, in the island of Inishacrain, to the Spaniards, who joined O'Neil and O'Donnel at Kinsale, in 1601. He was afterwards, for state reasons, received into favour, and set Baltimore, together with some other of his possessions, to one Thomas Croke, for a fine of two thousand pounds, "thus laying," according to Dr. O'Donovan, "the foundation of a forfeiture."

An inquisition held at Roscarberry, County Cork, in 1609, gives the following curious particulars relative to the privileges enjoyed on his own territory by the O'Driscoll *Mor* :—

"The predecessors of O'Driscoll, lords of the said Country, have been always used to have divers Royalties, duties, and other customs from Fashney bewest Cape Clyre to the Rocks called the Stagges Eastward. The said Sir Fynne O'Driscoll and his ancestors have been wont to receive as well from strangers as from their own tenants, the duties, customs, rents, and royalties following, viz. that every ship and barcque that cometh to

* *Mor*, i. e. Great—an epithet used among the ancient Irish to distinguish the head of a clan. The armorial bearings of O'Driscoll, which we may

aunquer in any part of the said Harbrough of Baltymore, ought to pay to the chief lord for the time being four-pence sterling for his aunkeradge. That every man that in the said town, Harbrough, or County selleth any manner of commodity or marchandize, ought to tender them unto the Lord, and if he will buy them to let him have them before any other, abating one shilling out of every twenty shillings of his price. And if the Lord refuse them to pay him eight pence of every twenty shillings they sell the commodities for, the same to be paid by the seller. That the Lord is to have as a Royalty out of a butt of wine landed in any part of the premises fower gallons and no more, though he had forty butts in one seller. And all the empty caskes that is there drawn, and to have two pence abated in every gallon that he buyeth to spend in his own house. That no man ought to draw a Seyn in the said Harbour, nor in any part of the said country without licence first obtained from the Lord; if he do he is then punishable at the Lord's pleasure. That the freeholders of the said Country are to tender any goods they have to sell unto the Lord, and to let him have the refusing of the same at the price another will give, but then he is to have nothing abated of the price, nor any thing if they sell to any other man after his refusal. But if they sell any other man's goods under that collar, they are punishable at the Lord's discretion. The Lord hath been wont to be Admiral of the Harbrough, and to have all wrecks within the Harbrough and County time out of mind. That every ship or boat that cometh to the said Harbrough or town either to fish or sell his fish, the Lord hath these duties following, viz. every ship or boat that fisheth there is to pay the Lord in money nineteen shillings and two-pence, a barrell of flower, a barrell of salt, a hoghead of beer, and a dish of fish three times every week from every boat, viz. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and if they dry their fish in any part of the said country they are to pay thirteen shillings for the rocke. That if any boat of them do chance to take a hollybutt they must give it to the Lord for a balle of butter, and if they conceal it from him xxiiii. hours they forfeit forty shillings to the Lord. That for every beef they kill they are to pay eight-pence, and for every sheep and pig that is killed likewise one penny. That every boat which is let in the Harbrough to fishermen, the Lord is to have of the latter six shillings and eight-pence for every hundreth white fish and every barrel of herrings or pilchers sold in any part of the premises, the Lord is to have the refusing, and eight-pence if any other buy them, which the seller is to pay. That every boat which fisheth in or from the said Harbrough between Fastness and the Stagges three nights, is to pay two shillings eight pence to the

conclude to have been granted on the above occasion, are not to be found in any heraldic work. They are, we believe, Azure, three towers triple-towered, proper. Crest, between two towers, as before, a three-masted galley, with sails furled; Motto—"Semper in Periculum." The castles on the scutcheon are probably those mentioned above, and that of Glean Bearchain, or Castlehaven, all which important fortresses belonged to the O'Driscols:

Lord, and fish three times every week, and if they dry their fish for their rockes six shillings and eight pence. That all ships, except his Majesty's subjects, are to pay for their rockes to dry their fish on, twenty shillings out of every beef, all the interrelles, the tunge and tallow excepted, and six barrels of salt, and all other duties as is aforesaid, that the Lord may buy all the fish which is taken in the harbrough or a sea board, by any of the fishers that fish here three days in the season, and he is to have all those three days, two-pence better cheap in every dozen of white fish then the ordinary price there is; and those duties are to be levied by the Lord's bailiff by distress, if any refuse to pay the bailiff, to have from every of the said ships a fish three times every week, and a barrel of salt for the whole season. That the town of Kyngsle was wont to appoint an Admiral for the fishing season, and then he and the Lord did join in settling orders for the fishing and keep Admiral's Court every Monday; and all pecuniary punishments for breaking the orders agreed upon were to be equally divided between the Lord and the Admiral; but if Kyngsle did not send one Admiral, then the Lord might appoint one, and take the same course alone. That all fines for bloodsheddes belong to the Lord, which are eleven shillings six-pence for every bloodshedde; that the Admiral for the fishing season and the Lord's bailiff all the yeare ought to be assisted in the execution of thir offices by all the strengths in the Harbrough or Country. That whosoever is pilot to conduct any ship or barque of above ten ton out the said harbour of Baltymore through the north-west passage, without special licence first obtained from the Lord or his Bailiff, forfeiteth to the Lord five pounds sterling. That whosoever goeth aboard any ship or barque coming into the said Harbour before the Lord or his Bailiff has been aboard them, or giveth license thereunto, forfeiteth for every time, unto the said Lord, twenty-six shillings and eightpence sterling. That all waives, strays, wreacks, and felons' goods do belong to the Lord of Fee for the time being of auncient right. That the Lord hath alwayes had the ellection of the Constables, Bailiffs, and Clearcks of the Markett in that whole Country or Cantred, and given them their oaths. That there hath been alwayes, tyme out of mynde, in the town of Downesheade, otherwyse called Baltymore, a conytynuall markett for all manner of wares and marchandize whatsoever. The ancestors of O'Driskoll, commonly called O'Driskollmores, have for many hundred yeares held all the Country of Collymore as their auncient inheritance, according to the custome of Tannystrie in this kingdome. And at this pointe Sir Fynne O'Driskoll, eldest sone to Conogher O'Driskoll, is in the possession thereof."

Sir Finghin's son, Conchobar, or Cornelius, became a captain in the Archduke's army. His grandson, an ensign in the Spanish navy, was slain in an engagement with the Turkish fleet, about the year 1618.

We find a Colonel O'Driscol among the Irish adherents of Charles I., and two colonels of the same family fell on the side of King James, during the wars of the Revolution in Ireland: the last eminent military man of the name was Le Sieur Corneille O'Driscol, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Irish regiment of dragoons, which served with such éclat under Count Daniel O'Mahoni, during the wars of the Succession in Spain.

In our own time, John O'Driscol, sometime editor of the *Cork Southern Reporter*, and afterwards Judge of the island of Dominica, distinguished himself by his "Views of Ireland," 1823, and his "History of Ireland," 1827, works remarkable for the liberal and enlightened views of the author, when bigotry and party spirit were the characteristics of the day.

The O'Driscols who remained in Ireland have lost every vestige of the possessions of their ancestors. The present representative of the senior branch of the clan is William Henry O'Driscol, Esq., of Stoke, near Plymouth, who became *The O'Driscol* by the death of his father, which took place while the last portion of the Celtic Society's work was going through the press.

To the southern antiquarian, this treatise on Corca Laidhe will be invaluable, as it contains genealogical and topographical details not elsewhere extant, relative to families and localities in the County of Cork.

The second Irish tract in the volume before us is a poem written by Gilla Brighde Mac Con Midhe, chief poet of Ulster, in the thirteenth century, on the death of his friend and patron, Brian O'Neil, King of the Northern Irish, who, with several other native chiefs, fell at Dun or Downpatrick, A.D. 1260, in a contest with the Lord Justice, Stephen de Longuespée, grandson of Henry II. and the fair Rosamond Clifford.

The poem commences with praises of the munificence of the "King of the Irish, of Ireland," in rewarding his poet's compositions by gifts of "horned cows," and other valuable presents, which were wrested by plunderers from the unfortunate bard, on the death of his protector.

In describing the battle, he tells us—

"The foreigners from London,
The hosts from Port Laarge (Waterford),

Came in a bright green body thither,
In gold and iron armour.

Unequal they engaged in the battle,
The foreigners and the Gaels* of Tara ;
The race of Conn† clad in fine linen garments,
And the foreigners in one mass of iron."

He then proceeds to recount the victories gained at different periods by the northern Irish, and the O'Neils, all of which are, in his estimation, more than counterbalanced by the defeat at "the knotty wood of Dun," which he attributes to the foreigners having used poison against his prince—a statement of questionable authenticity, as the *Annals of Innisfallen* record that Brian fell by the treachery of his followers; a fate which was shared, in the succeeding year, by his victorious adversary, Stephen de Longuespée.

As a further illustration of the battle at "the red hill of Downpatrick," we are given, in the supplement, a poem of thirty-one ranns or stanzas, in which the bard, Ferghal Og Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, bewails the loss of his foster brothers, the O'Cathain or O'Canes, who fell in the battle with Brian O'Neil. This composition contains several pathetic passages, especially where the poet details the youthful sports in which he was used to engage with his friends, "giving," as the editor remarks, "a pleasing illustration of the sort of intimacy which subsisted between the Irish chieftains and their foster brethren." The strict and affectionate observance, among the Irish, of "kindly gossip law," has, we may here observe, been a matter of surprise to all English writers on this country, from Cambrensis to Sir John Davys. The latter considered that "Gossipred and Fosterage" operated seriously in delaying the final reduction of Ireland to the superior force of Britain.

Independently of their historic interest, the poems on the Battle of Dun, now printed for the first time, are valuable as specimens of the Irish language in the thirteenth century, the date of their composition.

* Gaels (Gaedhil) the Irish.

† The race of Conn, i. e. descended from Conn of the hundred battles, monarch of Ireland in the second century. The above statement confirms the passages in Cambrensis and Polydore Virgil, stating that the Irish used to fight without armour, which they considered an incumbrance.

In the introduction to this volume, we find a fac-simile engraving of the seal of Brian O'Neil, which was discovered some time since at Beverley, in Yorkshire. It represents "a mounted cavalier, with a very long sword drawn in his hand, round which is the following inscription—S. BRIEN REGIS DE KENEL EOGAIN." This seal is now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where all such relics should be deposited.

The family of De Burgh, or Burke, was founded in Ireland by William Fitz-Adelm de Burgh, ancestor of the Earls of Clan-Rickard, who obtained from Henry II. grants of a large portion of Connacht, which were afterwards confirmed and extended to his descendants by succeeding kings. On the death of William, third Earl of Ulster, in 1333, without issue male, his lands were seized by his relatives, who, taking the name of Mac William, renounced the English government, and embraced the Brehon law and Irish customs. So Irish did they become, that they were regarded as natives by the new English settlers, and in no family do we find such a number of Irish soubriquets indicative of the personal peculiarities of the individuals to whom they were applied.

In the year 1584, Sir Richard Bingham* was appointed governor of Connacht, the province of the Burkes, who "had ever been a verye badd and loose people, such as verye hardlye contynued themselves two yeares together within a due compasse of obedience." Sir Richard, according to Camden, was "a gentleman of an ancient and noted family in Dorsetshire, but more eminent for his experience and behaviour in the camp. For he had carried arms with distinction at the battle of St. Quintin, at Conquet, in Bretagne, in the Hebrides, at Leith, in Scotland, in the isle of Candia, against the Turks, and likewise in France and the Netherlands." His first service in Ireland appears to have been at the massacre of the Italians, at Dnn-an-Oir, in Kerry, A.D. 1580; an event which, although well authenticated, has been lately made the subject of "historic doubts," by an ingenious writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

* Fuit hic Binghamus homo sævus et scelestus, prout id Hibernis passim notum, præsertim in Provincia Conatiæ, in qua is ante bellum hoc exortum, aliquot annis Præses. Ac præter alia sævitæ suæ scelera, pro lusu isthic illic ac ludibrio, quos ipsi iniurijs lacessitos ad protectionem seu defensionem sui coegerat; postea datis literis (quas protectionis vocant) ad colloquium invitatos, suspendi curavit cum eiusmodi literis inter collum et laqueum eis appensis, quasi vero, promissa eis securitas, in hoc serveretur, quod sic iatæ literæ protegerent eos à laqueo.—*Comments. de Regno Hibæ. 1632, 404.*

Peter Lombard, and other Irish writers agree in representing Bingham as a sanguinary monster. For this they probably had good reason, as, at his first session, held at Galway in 1586, he hung seventy persons.

His attempts to abolish the old customs, and "to take awaye the greatnes of the Irishe lordes, with their names, Macks and Oes," together with the severities he exercised, soon drove the Burkes into rebellion; "and, according to their oulde accustomed manner, ever by them used in all their discontentes, they took up their weapons, and armed themselves against the state; and the more to make known their trayterous and wicked purposes, they proceeded agaynst hir Maiestie in most odious and undutifull speeches, sayinge: what have we to do with that *Caliaghe*?* How unwise are we, being so mightie a nation, to have lived so long subject to a woeman; the Pope and the King of Spayne shall have the rule of us, and none other."

To aid them in this revolt, they called to their assistance a large body of Scots, under the command of the Campbells and Macdonalds, who, after remaining in the country for upwards of fourteen days, were surprised and routed in the night time by Sir Richard Bingham, who had cautiously avoided coming to a pitched battle with them.

"This overthrowe was greate, and the Paynes and Pollecyes therein taken and vsed, greate, but the services in Mayo; the watchinge and travells at the streights, before the Scotts came into the Countrey, was much more greater. But the wonderfull care and industrye of Sir Richard in those services which contynueth out in it xiiijten. or xiiiijten. weekes together, not once commeing home to his howse in that tyme, and fearinge hardlye, and Lyeinge on the grounde and on strawe a greate parte of the said tyme, was to be noticed and in him Higheleye Commended, yea, over and above all this, Although he erected three severall Companies of footmen, each of them consisteing of a C. men, with their Offycers and certayne Horsemen, which contynued in paye dureing all the saide Tearme, Besides v. or vic. Kearne, which alsoe had paide over and above hir Majestie's Allowaunce; yett he soe handled the matter, that with the goodes of Rebels, which by stronge hand he gatt ffrom them, And with iii. or iiiijth. of his moneye, he

* *Caliaghe* (properly *Cailleach*), a hag. These "graceless imps," as the Burkes are styled by Vowell, used to call Elizabeth, *Cailleach Granda*—the ugly hag."—*Hardiman's "Iar Connacht."*

deffrayde the extraordinarye expences of the saide servyces, not chardginge hir Majestie with any one groat thereof, or any of the Subjects of the Countre, eyther for Victualls or any other thinge, other then some small matter which the ryseings out brought, or which souldiers in commeing to him or goeing from him eate, where they came for a night in a Place; yea Hee Chardged himself in this Case, that being scanted of powder from hir Majestie's stoare in Dublyn, he was dryven to furreish himselfe thereof for his readye monye in Gallowaye.

"Lastlye, his servyce was suche as drowned and Cutt off all the oulde Beaten Scotts which vsed to haunt Ireland, in so muche that new it is saide there are not xthe. such to Beare vpp Heade in all the Realme of Irelande, to the greate Behoooffe and Comfforte of the same, to the great ease and Benefitt of her Majestie, and to the eternal Commendations of this worthie Gentleman, Sir Richard Bingham for ever."

The events above referred to form the subject of the relation of Sir Richard Bingham's services in Connacht, as printed by the Celtic Society. It is, indeed, a most circumstantial narrative, all the details being given with the minuteness of an eye witness.*

This is but an episode in Sir Richard Bingham's career in Ireland. Notwithstanding his cruelties, and the unanswerable complaints preferred against him by the Irish, he was continued in his command till the English government found it their policy to withdraw him in 1596, owing to the junction of Hugh O'Donnell with the Burkes, and the threatening position of France and Spain. On

* The following passage may be adduced to prove the veracity of the relation here printed:—"And although I doubt not but you houlde a good opinyon of my playne and impartiall penn in like matters, yet for the better credit of the truthe thereof, I send you this discourse, confirmed under the handes and testimonyes of divers captaynes and gentlemen which were employed on the said service." The editor states that he has been unable to discover who this "good and right deare friend" of the author's was. We are of opinion that John Stowe, the antiquarian, is the person alluded to; and it is probable this account was drawn up for his use. He certainly availed himself of it in his "Annals," edit. 1632.

Dr. O'Donovan does not appear to have been aware that the Binghames had a principal share in procuring the condemnation of Brian na Murtha O'Ruarc, in 1591. One of the accusations against him was that of confederating with the Burkes in the revolt above noticed. A copy of the "Deposition of Sir Richard Bingham, touching the Thirty-two Articles against O'Rourk, latelie sent over into England," may be seen, with a *fac simile* of Bingham's autograph, in the "Egerton Papers," and will tend to throw light on the various evidences collected by Dr. O'Donovan, in his notes on O'Ruarc's death, in the last edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters," page 1905.

The following anecdote is taken from "Merry Passages and Jests" of Sir Nicholas L'Estrange:—"Sir Richard Bingham was a man eminent

the defeat and death of Marshal Bagenal, at the battle of Ballabewee, in 1598, Bingham was selected to fill the vacant post of Marshal of Ireland and General of Leinster, but died on his arrival at Dublin, in the same year. He left no male issue: the present Earl of Lucan is descended from the eldest son of Sir Richard's brother, George, who was slain in the Castle of Sligo by Ulick Burke, son of Redmond, surnamed "the Ravager."

The last tract in the Society's volume is entitled, "A Narration of the Services done by the Army ymployed to Lough Foyle, under the leading of Mee Sir Henry Docwra, Knight; Charles Lord Mountjoy being then Lord Deputie (afterwards Earl of Devonshire, and Lord Lieutenant) of Ireland; together with a Declaration of the true Cause and Manner of my Coming Away and Leaving that Place. Written in the Sommer, 1614, and finished the first of September the same year."*

Although the author of this narrative tells us that he served for twenty-one years in the Irish wars of Elizabeth, his name is not familiar to many students of our history. Of his pedigree nothing certain is yet known to us; but he was probably of the same family with Sir Thomas Docwra, Grand Master of the English branch of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, in the reign of Henry VIII. We possess no detailed account of Sir Henry Docwra's services in Ireland before 1599, in which year he was created, by letters patent, "Chief Commander and Governor of all Her Majesty's Forces of horse and foot appointed to reside at Lough Foyle and the parts thereabouts."

Up to this period the native Irish held possession of the town of Derry,† together with the circumjacent country. The importance of forming a settlement there had long been recognized by the Eng-

both for spiritt and martiall knowledge, but of very small stature; and, understanding that a proper, big-boned gentleman had traduced his little person or corpusculum with the ignominious terme of 'dande-pratt': 'Tell him from me,' says he, 'that when it comes to the tutch, he shall find there is as good silver in a dande-pratt (which is a very small kind of coyne) as in a broad-fac't groate.'

* This document was not known to be in existence until Dr. Petrie discovered it in the hands of a London bookseller. It is now in the library of the Ordnance Survey Office, Mountjoy Barrack, Phoenix Park.

† The original Irish name of Derry was *Doire*, signifying a forest, or place planted with oaks. O'Sullivan calls it in Latin, "*Lucus*."

lish government, and was now rendered more imperative by the hostile proceedings of the northern chieftains. "How often," writes Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex, in 1599, "have you resolved us, that until Loughfoyle and Ballyshannon were planted, there could be no hope of doing service upon the capital rebels?"

This "planting" was destined to be accomplished by Sir Henry Docwra, who with a force of 4000 foot and 200 horse, on the 16th of April, in the year 1600, entered the harbour of Lough Foyle, effected a landing at Culmore,* and in six days afterwards took Derry without opposition. Having obtained possession of the place, he proceeded to the erection of fortifications, which he tells us was accomplished in the following manner:—

"The two ships of warre, therefore, (the Countrie all about vs being wast & burned,) I sent with souldiers in them to coast all alonge the shoare, for the space of 20 or 30 myles, & willed wheresoeuer they found any howses, they should bring a way the Timber & other materials to build with all, such as they could; and O'Cane hauing a woode, lying right over against vs, (on the other side of the River,) wherein was plentie of old growne Birch, I daylie sent workmen with a Guard of souldiers to cutt it downe; & there was not a sticke of it brought home, but was first well fought for; A Quarrie of stone & slatt wee found hard at hand, Cockle shells to make a Lyme, we discouered infinite plentie of, in a little Iland in the mouth of the Harbour as wee came in, and with those helpes, together with the Provisions wee brought, and the stones and rubbidge of the old Buildings wee found, wee sett ourselues wholie, and with all the diligence wee could possible to fortifying & framing, & setting vpp of howses, such as wee might be able to liue in, & defend ourselves when winter should Come, & our men be decayed as it was apparant it would be: And whether this was the right Course to take or noe, let them that sawe the after Events be the Judges of."

Thus was founded the important town of Derry. These original buildings were, however, destroyed by the revolt of Sir Cathair O'Docharty, in 1608, and the present town may be considered to have derived its plan from the Londoners' plantation which immediately followed that event.

The great object sought to be attained was the termination of the expensive war, by the reduction of Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone; all attempts at which would, perhaps, have been futile, had they not

* *Cuil Mor*—the Great Angle.

been seconded by the treachery and disunion* of the native Irish, which brought many discontented men into the English camp, deluded by alluring promises of future recompense. Of these traitors, the most important was Nial O'Donnel,† better known by the sobriquet of "*Garbh*," or "the Rough." "His coming in," says Docwra, "was very acceptable at that time, and such as wee made many uses of, and could ill have spared." And again, speaking of the assistance derived from these Irish renegades, he tells us that without it "I must freebie confess a truth, it had been utterly impossible wee could have made that sure and speedie progress in the warres that afterwards we did." "Woe is me!" exclaims the Irish chronicler of these events, "that the heroes of Cineal-Conail were not united in fight on one side against their enemies, and that they were not at peace; for while they remained so, they were not banished or driven from their native countries, as they afterwards were."

The defeat at Kinsale in 1601, gave a final blow to the hopes of the Irish. A few days after the news of this event reached Ulster, "Ballyshannon, that long desired place, was taken by Captain Digges with less than a tenth part of the charge which would have been willingly bestowed upon it, and the consequence thereof brought many furtherances to the generall service." "And now," continues Docwra—

* But for the disunion of the native chiefs, the reduction of Ireland would have been a difficult task. In allusion to this, an old poet tells us—

"Ah! had heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Eire's host
Had Clan-Londen now to boast."

"'Twas the want of right command—
Not the lack of heart or hand—
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan-Saxon's sway."

—*Address to the Clans of Wicklow, translated by S. Ferguson, M.R.I.A.*

† P. O'Sullivan describes Nial Garbh as "a high-spirited and brave man, well skilled in the art of war." He was married to Hugh O'Donnel's sister, Nuala (i.e., the fair shoulder'd), who deserted him when he went over to the English. She accompanied her brother to Rome in 1606, and it was to her that Eoghan Ruadh Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, the Bard of O'Donnell, addressed that exquisite elegy—" *A! bhean fuair faill air an fear!*" which Mangan so beautifully versified as—"Oh! woman of the piercing wail!"

"Had I a good while before entertayned a partie, that vndertook to deliuer mee Tirlagh Magnylson (that betrayed the Castle of Newtowne) together with as many of his men as were Guiltie of that bloodie treason. either deade or alieue. They protracted time as I thought, yet it was not full 4 moneths, after they had vnderooke it, before they had kild many of his People as they had trauelled single vp & downe in the Countrey, & noe man knew who did it, some of them alsoe came into my hands alieue, whome I caused the Souldiers to hewe in peeces with their swordes; & nowe at last hee himselfe alsoe was lighted vpon; His custome was alwayes (for feare of betraying) to goe forth alone in Euenings, & in some old house or other in the wood, kindle a fire and make as though he ment to lye there, after a while remoue & and do as much in annother, & so from house to house 3 or four times or more perhaps as his minde gaue him. A Boy was sent to watch him, who often brought these Men word where hee was, but still when they came they missed, & found hee was gone to some other place, yet in the end hee dogged him soe close, that after diuers removes, he lookt in & saw him pull off his trowsees, and ly downe to sleepe, then came & tould them of it, & fower of them together armed with Swordes, Targetts, and Murriena, fell in vpon him, hee gat up his Sword for all that, & gaue such a Gash in one of their Targetts as would seeme incredible to be done with the arme of a Man, but they despacht him & brought mee his heade the next day, which was presentlie known to eury Boy in the Army, & made a ludibrious Spectable to such as listed to it. I gaue them a good some of money in hand for their Reward, & promised, the wars ended, they should enjoy such lands as they & their Septe had beene accustomed to dwell vpon, & assurance of favour & protection from the state."

Shortly after this—

"Sir Arthur Chichester came ouer at Lough Sidney (Lough Neagh), and landed 1000 Men at that place, where he presentlie erected a forte, which had afterwards the name giuen it of Mountioy, & my lord hauing gayned his passage before and erected another at Blackwater, which he called by the name of Charle Mount, the axe was now at the roote of the tree, and I may well say the necke of the Rebellion as goode as vtterlie broken; for all that Tyrone was afterwards able to doe was but to saue himselfe in places of difficult access unto.

"Ten days (as I remember) I stayed with his lordship in these partes, assisting him to spoyle & wast the Countrey, which he endeauored by all the meanes he could possible to doe, & then, my prouision of victuell spent, hee gaue mee leaue to retourne, with order to be in a readines againe to meeete him about a Moneth after."

The lure used to seduce Nial Garbh from his countrymen was a

promise of the earldom of Tirconnell. The following account of his conduct at this period is curious and characteristic:—

“ Neale Garvie (as I said before) had a longe tyme carryed himselfe discontented, estrainged himself from mee, and liued altogether in those partes about Ballyshannon, & it is true those seruices he had done, alwayes dulle acknowledged, I had very often and very bitterlie Complained of him to my lord, & my Reasons were these: Hee did openly & contynualle contest with Mee to haue the people sworne to him and not to the Queene; To haue noe officer whatsoeuer but himselfe in his Countrey; Hee would not suffer his men to sell vs their own goodes, nor worke with vs for Money, nor till or sowe the ground any where neare vs, nor yeald vs any carriages for the Army, as O'Doghertye and all other that were vnder the Queene did; yea hee hath taken Cowes from his People under noe other Colour but because they haue come to Mee when I haue sent to speake with them; Diuers stealthes haue bene made vpon vs, whereof it hath bene proued he had his shaire, & nothing more Comon with him, than to receiue & conceale Messengers from Tyrone, & O'Donnell, & when he hath first denyed it, & afterwards had it proued to his face, his onelie excuse was, he refused their offers. Hee would not endure that any Man of his Countrey should be punished for any Cryme, though neuer soe haynous, & manifestly proued; but take it as the highest iniurie could be done vnto him. His Entertainements were about 12£ a day, for himselfe and the Men hee had in pay, & and yett would muster but when hee list, and sometimes absolutelie not at all; Many Misdemeanors there were in him of this kinde, & many friendlie perswasions haue I vsed to reforme them, that done, his greatnes in the qualitie of a subject I neither did nor had reason to envie. Now it fell out that my lord wrote for Rorie O'Donnell to come to him to Dublin; Hee being in Connaught, desires first to putt ouer his Cattle into Tirconnell, which would otherwyse be in danger in his absence to be preyed by those of that prouince that yett stood out in Rebellion; my lord gives him leaue, & writes to Neale Garvie that he shall not molest nor trouble them, & soe Roory takes his journey. Hee was noe sooner gone, & the Cattel putt ouer, But Neal Garvie, notwithstanding my lord's Comaund, Ceizes them as his owne, vnder pretents they were the goodes of the Countrey belonging vnto him. Complainte made, my lord writes to mee to see them restored; I send vnto him & hee refuseth. My lord vpon that bids mee discharge him of his Entertainements, and writes vnto him without delay to come to him to Dublin. Hee growes more discontented, and deferres his going. Thus it runnes on for at least 3 monethes together, & neither would he come to Mee nor my lord, nor by any meanes be perswaded to make Restitution. In the ende hee assembles of his owne authoritie all the Countrey att Kilmackoran, [Kilmacrenan] a place where the O'Donnells vse to be chosen; There takes vpon him the title, & with the Ceremonies accustomed, pro-

claymes himself O'Donell, & then presentlie comes to Mee to the Derrey, with a greater troupe of attendances than at any time before, & they styling at him euery word my Lord. As soone as I sawe him, I asked him howe he was thus suddenlie stept into the Name of a lord : hee tould Mee they called him so because he was O'Donnell. I asked him by what auctoritie he was soe, & hee said by my lord Deputiee ; I badd him make that appeare vnto Mee & all was well. Hee pluckt out a lettre vnto him from my lord about two yeares before, Superscription whereof was this, 'To my very loving friende O'Donnell;' I asked him if this were all the Warrant hee had, & hee said yes. I asked him why hee went not to my lord all this while, nor came vnto Mee sooner, nor restored Rorie O'Donell's Catle. His aunswere was this; you knowe the whole Countrey of Tirconnell was long since promised Mee, & many seruices I haue done, that I thinke haue deserued it, but I sawe I was neglected, & therefore I haue righted myselfe, by takeing the Catle, & People, that were my owne, & to preuent others, haue made myselfe O'Donnell; now by this meanes the Countrey is sure vnto Me; & if I have done any things amisse, lett all be pardoned that is past, & from this day forward, by Jesus' hand, I will be true to the Queene, & noe Man's Councell will I follow hereafter but yours. You take a wrong Course, said I, it may not goe thus, the first act you must doe to procure forgiunes for your faults (if it may be) is to make restitution of the Catle; if you doe it not of your owne accord, I knowe yow will be forced vnto it vpon harder Conditions. Yet at that time nothing I could say would preuaile with him, & soe he departed downe into the towne; And of all these manner of Proceedings I writt vnto my lord: But it is true the next day hee came & made offer to restore them, & I was glad of it, & sent for Rory O'Donnell (who was then at the Liffer) to come & receiue them, & my thoughts were fullie bent to make the best Reconsilation of the Bussines that I could. Roory came but with open Clamour, that Neal Garvie had laide a Plott to murder him by the way, & it is true, if the Confession of 3 of his owne Men may be beleueed, he was the Night before in Consultation to haue it done, but did not (as they say) Resolue vpon it; but this put all the Bussines out of fraime, for then could wee get Roory to noe kinde of Patient Conference, & in the meane time came lettres from my lord to this effect, that hee had now taken in Tyrone, & was fullie resouled to beare noe longer with Neal Garvie, and therefore if I were sure he had made himselfe O'Donnell, it was treason by the lawe, I should bould on him and keepe him safe. My lord, I was sure, was mistaken in the qualitie of his offence, for I looked vpon the Statute Booke, & sawe that Rigerous lawe was onelie for such as made themselues O'Neales, for those that looke vpon them to be heads of other families, the Punishment was onelie a Penaltie of 100 marks. I pawed therefore & was doubtful with myselfe, whither by this Misgrounded warrant I should doe well to restrayne him or noe. But while I stood aduising vpon it, Came other lettres of aduertisement of the Queene's death, & order to Proclame the kinge. Then I

entred into a further Consideration, should this man take the aduantage of the time, & knowinge he hath offended the state, stepp aside & take Armes, thinkinge by that meane to make his owne peace, how should I aunswere it, that haue him now in my hands, and my lord's warraunt to make him sure? Againe what a Blemish it would be to all my actions, if the kinge, at his first Coming in, should find all the kingdome quiet but onelie this little parte vnder my Charge. This moued Mee (to send for him) Presentlie, & when hee came I told him the Newes of the Queene's death. Hee seemed to be sorrie for it. I told him of the Succession of the kinge, then ame vndone sayeth hee, for Roory hath better friendes about him then I. That speach encreased my ieaousie, & and therevpon I told him further I had order from my lord to restraine him of his libertie. Then ame I a dead man, saith hee. I toulde him noe, hee needed not fear any such matter; neither his life nor landes were yet in danger; his offence was a Comtempte onelie, & hee must be brought to acknowledge a higher Power than his owne. The Marshall offered to putt Boults on him; hee sent vnto mee and desired hee might not be handled with that indignitie, protesting with many oathes he would nott offerr to flie away. I had the Marshall forbear, & hee desired then I would allowe him a guard of a dosen of Souldiers to looke to him, & soe I did. Then did hee seriouslie (as I thought) acknowledge his follye, promised faithfullie to doe nothing hereafter but by my Councell. I told him if hee did soe, let him not not feare, his Cryme was not Capitall, & and that he might well see by his vsage, for hee had libertie to walk vp & downe in the towne with his guard onelie. Hee seemed wonderfull thankfull for it, & my intentions were now wholie bent to doe him all the good offices might lye in my Power, but the third day after hee had been thus Restrained, hee secreetlie caused a horse, to be brought to the towne gate, & noe man suspecting anythinge, hee sudainlie slipped aside & got vp vpon him, & soe made an escape. Word being brought vnto Mee of it, I was then, I confess, extreamlie irritated against him, & castinge about what to doe, presentlie coniectured hee would go to his Creaghtes, that lay about 8 Myle from the Liffer, and with him gett downe to the Bottoms of Tyrconnell towards the Ilands, where I knewe was the greatest strenght hee could goe to, & furthest (of any other) out of my reach. Therefore I sent first to Captaine Ralph Bingley that lay at Ramullan, fitt in the way to cross his passage, that hee should speedilie make out to stoppe him till I came, which should be so soone as I could, & then to the Garrison att Liffer, that they should follow him, to whome Roory O'Donnell (being there at the time) readily wynded himselfe as glad of soe faire an opportunitie to aduance his owne endes by. I was not deceived in my Coniectures, & soe by that time I had writt these lettres, made ready the Souldiers to go with Mee, was past over Lough Swilley by boate, & had marched some 7 or 8 Myle, I mett with the Newes that our men had ouertaken & beate him, gott possession of the Cowes, which he fought for

& defended with force of Armes as long as hee was able (& were estimated to be about 7000,) & that hee himselve was fled into Mac Swyndoe's Countrey, with a purpose to gett into Owen Oge's Castle, which was reputed to be the strongest in all the North. I had then Owen Oge in my Companie, & to preuent him Required he would deliuer it to Mee, & soe hee did, onelie requesting he might haue it again, when the Garrison I should put in it, should be withdrawne, which I gaue my word vnto hee should; & then seeing himselve preuented of a place to retire vnto, spoyled of all his goods, & nothing in the world left him to liue vpon, hee sent vnto me for a protection to goe safe vnto my lord Deputie, & taking his Brother for his Pledge, & his oath besida, that he would goe and submitt himselve wholie to his Judgement, I was contented and gaue it to him, put the Pray wee had taken from him upon Roory O'Donnell's hand, because hee should not haue that pretense to say I had driuen him out of purpose to make Prey of his goods, & soe promised to be there ere longe to meete him; for nowe I had receiued diuers lettres againe, one that my lord was purposed shortelie to goe for England; that his Maiestie (by his recommendation) was pleased to call Mee to be one of the Councill of Ireland, & and that hee would haue Mee to come speake with him before his departure; & another to Comaund mee to suffer the Earle of Tyrone's Men to retourne to their landes, & especially to the salmon fishing of Lough Foyle, which till this time I had enioyed, and was promised the inheritaunce of, as a part of the reward for my seruice; And annother for restitution of Castles, Tennements, Cattle, & many other thinges vnto him which altogether gaue mee occasion presentlie to repaire myselve to that iourney."

Nial suffered the fate merited by those who traffic with the enemies of their country: he was cast into the tower of London, where he died, after a confinement of eighteen years.

The Earl of Tyrone having been reconciled to the English government in 1602, after carrying on a war, which, in its last year alone, had cost the state considerably more than two-thirds of the total annual revenue of England,* the politic Mountjoy saw how necessary it was, for a time, to maintain, at least, an appearance of friendship with the formidable chieftain, even at the expense of others. Docwra was thus obliged by the Lord Deputy to surrender such of his lands as were claimed by O'Neil; nor was he even allowed the means of recompensing those Irish who, on the faith of his promises, had betrayed the cause of their countrymen. One of those deluded persons was O'Cane, an Ulster chief, whose case was thus argued with Mountjoy by Docwra:—

* *Macarie Excidium*, by J. C. O'Callaghan.

"Then touching O'Caine, I tould him (Lord Mountjoy) how the Earle of Tyrone had sent men to be cessed vpon him, & how hee refused them; Sr Henry Docwra sayeth hee; My lord of Tyrone is taken in with promise to be restored, aswell to all his lands, as to his honnor of Dignitie, & O'Caine's Countrey is his, and must be obedient to his Comaund. My lord, said I, this is strange & beyond all expectation, for I am sure your lordship cannot be vnmindfull, first of the agreement I made with him, wherein he was promised to be free & to hould his landes from the Crowne, & then your lordship ratified and approued the same vnto him vnder your own hand, haue iterated it again diuers and diuers times both by word of Mouth & writing, how shall I looke this man in the face when I shall know myselfe guilty directlie to haue falsified my word with him; Hee is but a drunken fellowe saith hee, and soe base, that I doe not think but in the secreete of his hearte, it will better Content him to be soe than otherwise, besides hee is able neither to doe good nor hurte, & wee must haue a Care to the Publique good, and giue Contentment to my lord of Tyrone, upon which depends the Peace and securitie of the whole kingdome. My Lord, said I, for his drunkenness and disabilitie to doe good or hurte, they are not here to come into Consideration, and for his inward affections, what they are I know not, But sure I ame hee makes outward shewe, that this will be very displeasing vnto him, and the manifest, and manifoulde benefitts hee shall receiue more by the one than the other, are to my vnderstanding sufficient arguments to make mee thinke hee doth seriouslie incline to his owne good, & with your fauour, what good can ensue to the Publique by a direct breach of Promise whereof there is so plain and vdeniable Evidence extante vnder our hands, it passeth my vnderstanding to Conceiue. Well sayeth hee againe, that I haue done was not without the aduise of the Councell of this kingdome, it was liked of & approued by the lords in England, by the Queene that is dead, & by the king's Maiestie that is now living, & I am perswaded not without good & sufficient Reason; It may not be infringed, but if you can think upon any course to Compase it in some good fashion that I be troubled noe more with it, I shall take it as an acceptable kindnes; But howsoeuer, By God, sayeth hee, O'Caine must & shall be vnder my lord Tyrone. I then tould him I had noe more to say, though I were not soe fullie satisfied as I could wish; yet he should see my will was, and should be obedient & Conformeable to his let it be soe, sayeth hee, & you shall doe mee a pleasure."

"In the meane time he being gone, my lord Hugh (the Earle of Tyrone's eldest sonne) & I went home togeather, & when wee came to the Derrey, I sent for O'Caine, & tould him what my lordes pleasure was touchinge him; He beganne presentlie to be moued, & both by Speach & gesture; declared as earnestlie as was possible, to be highlie offended at it, argued the matter with Mee vpon many pointes; protested his fidelitie to the state since he had

made profession of it; asked noe fauour if any man could charge him with the Contrarie, said he had alwayes buyilt upon my promise & my lord Deputie's, that hee was nowe undone, & in worse case than before hee knewe vs, shewed many reasons for it, & asked, if wee would claim him hereafter, if hee followed my lord of Tyrone's Councell though it were against the kinge, seeing hee was in this manner forced to be vnder him; In the end, seeing noe remedie, he shaked handes with my lord Hugh, bad the Devill take all English Men & as many as put theire trust in them,* & soe in the shewe of a good reconciled frenshipp they went away together."

Finding all his engagements broken through in a similar manner, and seeing no prospect of obtaining any reward for his past services, he retired into England, having sold to George Pawlett, a gentleman of Hampshire, his house, with ten quarters of land, and his company of foot, for less, as he says, "than the very house alone had stood him in." He thus recapitulates his services:—

"Let the reader, if hee please, now enter into Consideration, and lay together before him, the some of all that which is written before, Imagining withall, that he now sees A towne at the Derrey (for soe there was) built with little or noe charge to the Queene, able, besides the houses, for stowage of Munition & victuell sent by the state, to lodge convenientlie (in those erected by our owne labour and industrie onelie) a 1000 Men with theire officers; hee shall see besides where wee landed on the 16th of May 1600, & found not soe much as a drie sticke to succor our selues, with or vnder, the rest of the Countrey abounding with howses, Corne, Catle, & and a People that had been bredd vpp in armes, flusht with former victories, & inritchd with the spoile of the rest of the kingdome; Now that part wee held, onely replenished with such Corne and Catle as was left, the People reclaymed to obedience, quiett & safe vnder our protection, & the rest desolute & waste, the People vpon it brought to desperate Extremitie, and enioying nothing but as fugitiues, & what they troad vpon by stealth; let him alsoe Consider what Castles and places of strength I haue gott and maintayned, noe one of them lost agayne for want of victuelling or other prouident care, noe disgrace taken by the Armye, nor soe much as a parte of it at any time beaten in the field: And when last of all, that nowe on the 24th of March 1602 (for on that day was Tyrone taken in) the business done that wee came for, & the Warre happilie & gloriouslie ended; And as annother, writing a discourse vpon the Battaille of Kinsale, where my lord worthylye gayned himselfe Eternall honnor (and yet had his actions depraued as well as I myne) tooke occasion to make Comparison of the state of the kingdome as it then was, with that it was at his first Cominge, & saide of it (in his behalfe) as one

* A copious commentary on this passage may be supplied from the notes of Mr. O'Callaghan's valuable work, referred to at page 216.

argument for all against Enuious and detracting tongues, *Quantum mutatus ab illo*; May not I from that I founde it in (without flattery to myselfe or vaine ostentation) say as much of the state of this parte of it Committed to my charge. Let Mallice accuse me if I haue spoken vntruth, & then I refuse not the Judgement of any that is Ingenious.

"I could speake of a great many more workes that we did, whereof the Countrey can not but afford a Memory to this day; But my intent was from the beginings to touch onely the principall thinges, & no more."

Shortly after the writing of his "Narration," Docwra, whom the Four Masters style "an illustrious, wise, and prudent knight," was recalled to Ireland; and in 1617 appointed treasurer at war. In 1621 he was advanced to the peerage, under the title of Baron of Culmore, and died in the year 1631.*

He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Theodore, in whose person the title appears to have become extinct.

"There are many persons," says Dr. O'Donovan, "of the name Dockrey in the county Roscommon; but they are of the sept of Sil Murreadhaigh (Murray), and are really O'Docraidh, or O'Dockreys."

The value of historical autobiography has long been recognised, yet in this interesting department Irish literature is singularly deficient: Docwra's "Narration" of the affairs at Lough Foyle must be considered as a most acceptable and valuable addition to our scanty published materials for a history of that important event—the English settlement in Ulster.

We have thus endeavoured to give an abstract of the contents of the Celtic Society's "Miscellany," which we can with confidence recommend to all students of Irish history, as containing information they will vainly seek elsewhere. Dr. O'Donovan has performed the task of editor with discrimination; his notes, as usual, exhibit a vast

* The date of Sir Henry Docwra's death is not to be found in any historical or biographical work. We have given it above from an inquisition taken at Dublin in September, 1633. Mr. John Burke, in his "Extinct Peerages," tells us, that the title of Culmore became extinct shortly after 1621; and was not aware of the fact that there was a second Baron of Culmore, in the person of Sir Henry Docwra's son, Theodore, who was living in 1639. There appears to have been some of the family in Ireland in the early part of the eighteenth century, as Sam Kent, in his "Grammar of Heraldry," 8vo., London, 1716, gives the arms of "Dockwray of Ireland—*Sa. a chev. engr. between three plates, each charged with a pallett of the first.*"

amount of historical research, and that intimate acquaintance with our unpublished historical treasures, in which he stands unrivalled.

We have now merely to offer our readers a few concluding remarks, which are, we consider, called for by the subject under consideration.

The school of sound native history has been, as we have shown, founded in Ireland, and the erudition displayed in the works which have resulted from its silent but effective labours, have rendered our literature respected throughout Europe; still, we regret to say, adequate means are wanting for the publication of the larger and more important Celtic manuscripts.*

The majority of our so-called upper classes are sufficiently indignant when malignant ignorance reproaches them with being natives of a "country without a history;" yet, with a strange inconsistency, they seem not to consider themselves called on to remove this stigma, by seconding the efforts now making by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies.

The ministers of Elizabeth and Cromwell have been branded with merited infamy, for their attempts to extirpate the old language, and destroy the manuscripts of Ireland; yet in this they only carried out the policy of their governments, who ardently desired to see

"Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts, wither'd, branch and stem,"

well knowing that "the most powerful bond which attaches a people to their manners, their customs, and their sweetest associations, is the language of their fathers. The deepest humiliation to which they can be subjected, is to be compelled to forget it, and to learn another tongue." †

How much more culpable than those foreign hirelings are we, who unconcernedly behold the monuments of the early literature and civilization of *our* country hastening rapidly to decay, without availing ourselves of the learning and researches of those few Celtic

* Such are the "History of the Wars of the Irish with the Danes;" a manuscript long sought for and lately recovered; the "History of the Fir-Bolgs in Ireland," by Mac Fírbis; the "*Tain-bo Cuailgne*, or account of Civil Wars between Ulster and Connacht;" the History of the Tribute imposed on Ireland, by Brian, hence called "*Borumha*"; the "*Leabhar Gabhala*, or Book of Invasions;" with numerous others.

† Sismondi.

scholars who alone are capable of interpreting and illustrating our more ancient historic records.

It is a startling and melancholy reflection, that the removal from amongst us of the few individuals before referred to, would, in a measure, render all the more early and obscure Celtic manuscripts inaccessible and unavailable to posterity.* Much may, however, yet be achieved, to avert this no less than national calamity. In the present general spread of education and enlightenment, the time surely cannot be far distant when the desire to know "how our fathers lived, in what manner their time was passed, and how they governed their country," † will occupy the general attention of our people. We therefore trust, ere long, to see the Celtic Society enjoying that extensive support which will enable it to carry out, to the fullest extent, its noble object, of giving Irishmen a knowledge of the true history of their country. "From archæology," says the Committee of the Society, "this knowledge must come. The genius which has peopled the hills of Scotland once again with the men of the dead past, and made the Norman Conquest familiar to our

* In the seventeenth century, Dr. John Lynch wrote as follows:—

"Si nullum aliud emollumentum ex Hibernicæ linguæ cognitione perciperetur, quam ut res antiquitûs in Hibernia gestis nobis enucleatius apperiret, plurimum profecto præstaret aliquos semper superesse qui penitioris idiomatis Hibernici scientiâ imbuerentur. Quare non mediore studio Hibernicæ antiquitatis oblivione sepeliendæ illi arsisse censendi sunt, qui linguam Hibernicam abolere tantopere contenderunt. Nam sicut cæteris mortalium rebus temporis diuturnitas, sic linguis dissuetudo interitum. Numæ Pompilii libros dudum post ipsius tempora repertos, Tagis sortes, Etruscorum auguria, et lintea volumina nemo intellexit. Et Polybius tradit commenta quæ Romani primo bello Punico cum Carthaginiensibus transegerunt, ubi ducentis annis nondum elapsis eorum inspicendorum occasio ad controuersiam aliquam decidendam exorta est non fuisse percepta. Simili prorsus ratione si usus idiomatis Hibernici è medio tolleretur, ad monumentorum veterum Hibernicorum intelligentiam nullus penetrare posset."—*Cambrensis Eversus*, fol. 1662, 159.

The following curious passage, which we translate from the same author, is one of the many instances which might be quoted to show the strange infatuation which the old Gaelic tongue has at all times possessed:—

"Such are the charms of the Irish language, that a slight knowledge of it allures one to study it more closely. I have myself known many persons who, having acquired a little of the idiom, became gradually so delighted with it that they had Irish books perpetually in their hands, and all the influence and entreaties of their friends were required to induce them to relinquish this pleasant study for more profitable pursuits."—*Camb. Evers.* at sup. 160.

† O'Clerigh's Dedication of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

daily knowledge, drew from such a source. To give back to the imagination the races that have flourished and passed away in our country is not the work of invention. The historian, the poet, and the artist, must collect, from the materials which the Celtic Society seeks to preserve, the colors that will give life and reality to their labors; and enable them to adorn their country with great memories and associations, which will make her dearer to her sons, and more honoured and interesting in the eyes of the world."

ART. III.—THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

1. *Calendar of Queen's College, Cork*, 1851. Dublin : Hodges and Smith.
2. *Calendar of Queen's College, Galway*, 1851. Dublin : Hodges and Smith.
3. *Calendar of Queen's College, Belfast*, 1851. Belfast : Sims and M'Intyre.

WHETHER for good or evil, educational endowments in Ireland have, until late years, been charily granted to few institutions. No great universities, like those of Oxford and Cambridge, have survived to us from the times before the Reformation, when vast estates were bestowed by the pious donors for the cultivation of learning and religion. And, at the time of the suppression of the religious houses in Ireland, unfortunately no great educational monasteries existed, which might, under the plea of providing for instruction, have preserved their estates, as the English universities succeeded in doing. Yet, the Queen's University is the fifth which has been founded in Ireland, in addition to the ancient academies of which our country boasted, when she sent forth her saints to Christianize the most distant lands, and claimed to be called the island of holy and learned men. Among these mystical colleges, Armagh is reported to have had 30,000 students.

But the first Irish collegiate institution of which we have authentic record, is the college founded by Archbishop Comyn, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the charter of which received the sanction of Pope Celestine III. in 1191. There are few memorials of this college. Upwards of 500 years after its foundation, Dean Swift, amongst the varied schemes of his busy and active life, made some attempt to revive the right of conferring degrees, but in vain.

In 1311, Pope Clement V. at the solicitation of John Lech, Archbishop of Dublin, issued a bull for the foundation of a university in Dublin. We translate an extract from the preamble. It states, that "although some doctors, or at least lecturers in divinity, and masters of arts and grammar, were in Ireland, yet a university for scholars, or a general school, did not exist in Ireland, nor in Scotland, Man, or Norway, by reason whereof few men adorned with learning were to be found in this land. Wherefore, the said archbishop hath humbly supplicated us, that as from the said land being surrounded by the sea, no access or passage is had to any university, but through great dangers by sea, that we, out of the usual goodness of the Apostolic See, would deign to establish a general university for learning, in the city of Dublin, a place fit for such a purpose, on account of the advantages and commodious style thereof. We therefore, giving a favourable ear to the supplications of the said archbishop, and desirous that out of the said land men skilful in learning, and fruitful in the sciences, may proceed, who may be able, by wholesome doctrines, to sprinkle the said land like a watered garden, to the exaltation of the Catholic faith, the honour of mother church, and the profit of all the faithful, do, by our apostolic authority, ordain that in the said city of Dublin, if the consent of the suffragans of the said archbishop be had, a university for scholars, and, moreover, a general school in every science and lawful faculty, to flourish there for ever." There are some few traces of this university in the old annals; but it was not sufficiently endowed, and it does not appear that universities can subsist without large endowments. Campion says "it never was disfranchised, but only through variety of time discontinued, and now, since the subversion of monasteries, utterly extinct, wherein the divines were cherished, and open exercises maintained."

In 1465, in the reign of Henry IV., a Parliament held at Drogheda founded a university there, and endowed it with the same privileges as the University of Oxford. But, for want of a more substantial endowment, this too fell to the ground. These universities have left no memorials.

For five centuries after the landing of Henry II., unhappy wars desolated Ireland, left no time to cultivate the arts of peace, and threatened to destroy the last vestiges of civilization. These dark times were fertile but in injustice, violence, and treachery. Private war never ceased between the Irish septs and the English barons. Most of the country remained in the hands of the native Irish, who were excluded from all benefit in the English laws, and knew not, nor cared to know, the English language.

These universities, no doubt, prepared students for the church, and gave lectures in the civil and canon laws, but they had few scholars, and fewer opportunities of literary leisure. Besides, we are to remember, that even the vast and wealthy corporations into which the ancient universities have grown, would leave behind them but few memorials, if a period now arrived to their existence. And if Oxford and Cambridge had perished long ago, like the ancient Irish universities, they would be equally forgotten.

Trinity College was founded in 1592, by Queen Elizabeth, at the instance of Adam Loftus. This clever man, at one and the same time, was Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Justice of Ireland, Provost of Trinity College, and Dean of St. Patrick's. A notable jobber was he; nor has his example been lost upon his successors. The ground upon which Trinity College is built, having been the site of the dissolved monastery of All Hallows, was granted by the corporation of Dublin. And Sir W. Fitzwilliam, Lord Deputy of Ireland, sent a circular letter to the gentry of Ireland, stating, "these, therefore, are earnestly to request you, having for your assistant such a person as the sheriff of that county shall appoint for his substitute, carefully to labour with such persons, within his barony, having made a book of all their names whom you think can or will afford any contribution, whether in monie, some portion of lands, or anie other chattles, whereby their benevolence may be shewed, to the putting forward of so notable

and excellent a purpose as this will prove to the benefytt of the whole countrey, whereby knowledge, learning, and civility, may be increased, to the banishing of barbarism, tumults, and disordered lyving from among them, and whereby ther children, and children's children, especially those that be poore, as it were in an orphan's hospitall, freely, maie have their learning and education given them with much more ease and lesser charges, than in other universities they can obtain it."

Collections were similarly made in every part of the country which was in possession of the English. Sir Richard Bingham collected £200 from the county and city of Galway. The freeholders of Cork agreed to contribute in proportion to their freehold. Altogether, £2,000 was collected, which may be considered equal to about £14,000 of the present currency. Trinity College was opened for students in 1593. At first there were only, by the charter, three fellows and three scholars. And we find that, at a grand commencement held in 1616, three doctors in theology, three bachelors of divinity, fifteen masters of arts, and seventeen bachelors of arts, took their degrees. This shows how small, at that time, must have been the number of students.

William Bedell was appointed Provost of Trinity College in 1627. He procured the charter 13 Car. I., by which the number of fellows was fixed at seven, and their office made tenable for life, it having been previously tenable for seven years only. The number of probationers or junior fellows was fixed at nine, and the number of scholars at seventy. The scholars have since that time continued at this number, but the fellows have been increased considerably.

The progress of academic education has been slow in Ireland. We find, in 1782, that there were 565 undergraduates in Trinity College; but the number is mentioned as greater than had ever been known before. The number of those who had annually entered, taken at a medium for ten years before 1782, was 144; and the number of those who had annually obtained the degree of A.B., at a medium of the same time, amounted to 78. The graduates designed for the church were about two-thirds of the entire number. How much the number of students in Trinity College has increased since that time, may be seen from the following table of the entrances:

Year.	Catholics.	Protestants.	Total.
1829	31	366	397
1830	40	387	427
1831	43	400	443
1832	38	400	438
1833	30	416	446
1834	39	371	410
1835	20	321	341
1836	36	330	366
1837	30	310	340
1838	39	319	358
1839	30	330	360
1840	33	390	423
1841	31	323	354
1842	23	352	375
1843	25	349	374
1844	23	373	396
1845	—	—	366
1846	—	—	368
1847	—	—	371
1848	—	—	333
1849	—	—	327

The figures down to 1844 are taken from the return to the House of Lords, obtained on the 21st of February, 1845, on the motion of Lord Strangford; the latter figures, from House of Commons' Paper, No. 7, 1850. The number of students appears to be declining.

It will be perceived that, comparatively, but a small number of Catholics have entered Trinity College. The wealthier Catholics have sent their children to the great Catholic schools of England—St. Mary's, Oscott, Stoneyhurst, Prior Park, or Downside; some few have received their education in Cambridge university, as Sir Thomas Redington; and numbers have been educated in the colleges of France and Belgium, and in Clongowes, County Kildare.

Before 1794, it was not legal for any except members of the Established Church to be admitted into Trinity College, or to obtain degrees therein. In that year, a royal letter opened the college to Roman Catholics, so far as to permit them to receive their education and obtain degrees. The parliamentary disabilities had been removed by the Irish Parliament in 1793. It is worthy of remark, that the admission of Presbyterian and other dissenters into Trinity College has never been legalized, although in practice they are allowed by the Board to enter and take degrees. None but Protestants of the Established Church can, in the present state of the law, obtain

fellowships or scholarships—in fact, the principal emoluments of the university.

This exclusion from the rewards of learning, in the only university of their country, has always excited considerable discontent among the Catholic laity of Ireland; and this has been heightened by the direct and indirect proselytism of Trinity College. Several attempts at university reform have been made in England and Ireland, during the last twenty years, but the old universities have been strong enough to resist them; and the establishment of the University of London, and the Queen's University in Ireland, will probably help to divert public attention still more from the old establishments, and will avail in keeping them some years longer in the ways of ancient intolerance, monopoly, and obsolete systems of education. After the Reform Bill had been carried, and whilst the people were still zealous in their attacks upon the old abuses, the question of university reform appeared likely to be settled. In 1834, the second reading of the bill to open the universities of England to dissenters was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 174; ayes, 321; noes, 147. The third reading was carried by a majority of 89; ayes, 184, noes, 75. In these majorities, there voted Sir James Graham, Sir John (now Lord) Campbell, Lord Ebrington, Sir George Grey, Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Dr. Lushington, Lord Morpeth (now Carlisle), Daniel O'Connell, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. (now Lord) Stanley, Sir Charles Wood, Lord Marcus Hill, Mr. (now Judge) Perrin, and many other distinguished reformers. But the bill was thrown out in the Lords, by a majority of 102; contents (present 38, proxies 47) 85; non-contents (present 85, proxies 102) 187.

Mr. Sheil in 1834, Mr. Pryme and Lord Radnor in 1837, made also fruitless attempts to reform the universities.

In 1837, on the motion of Mr. Wyse, a committee was appointed to report on academical education in Ireland; and, in 1838, the committee made a very full and elaborate report. The report was framed upon the basis of uniting in academical education young men of different religious principles; and, immediately after, public meetings were held in Cork and Limerick, in which the Catholic bishops, and the Catholic clergy, united to call upon government to establish provincial colleges in Ireland.

In 1843, Sir Robert Peel being in office, Mr. Christie moved for leave to bring in a bill, to provide for the education of dissenters in the universities of England. Lord J. Russell, Mr. Wyse, and Mr. Redington, spoke in favour of the bill. Leave was refused, by a majority of 70; ayes, 105; noes, 175. There voted in the minority, besides the last-mentioned speakers, Lord Arundel and Surrey, Lord Palmerston, Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, and Hon. C. Villiers.

In 1843, Mr. Bernal Osborne moved for a return of the income and expenditure of Trinity College, Dublin. Lord John Russell spoke in favour of the motion, and said that, in the first place, they were called upon to vote out of the taxes a considerable sum for the promotion of education and learning in Ireland; and, secondly, there was a statement made by a member of the house, that seven senior fellows of Trinity College divided amongst themselves the sum of £14,000, for which they did extremely little. These circumstances proved, in his opinion, a sufficient reason why the house should ask full information. The motion was however rejected, by a majority of 27; ayes, 53; noes, 82. There voted in the minority, Lord John Russell, R. Montesquieu Bellew, John Bright, Richard Cobden, W. Sharman Crawford, Sir George Grey, R. L. Sheil, Sir W. Somerville, Hon. Charles Villiers.

In the mean time, the report of Mr. Wyse's committee, in 1838, had not been without its result; and, singularly, although the Whigs had always voted for, and the Tories opposed university reform, Sir Robert Peel's government now introduced an educational measure of the largest liberality; although, unquestionably, in establishing the Queen's Colleges, Sir Robert Peel went against the traditional policy of his party, as much as in the succeeding year by carrying Free Trade. But, perceiving that there was no place for united academical education in Ireland, in which Catholics and Presbyterians were intrusted with a share in the management, and perceiving that it was next to impossible speedily to reform the University of Dublin, he determined to found the Queen's Colleges, lay colleges, free from tests and all sectarian distinctions, as an experiment of freedom in education. And he acted wisely in not uniting them to any ancient institution, but leaving them to grow into a university, untrammelled by ancient rules, free to adopt the civilization of the nineteenth century.

On the 9th of May, 1845, Sir James Graham moved for leave to bring in a bill, to enable her Majesty to endow new colleges for the advancement of learning in Ireland. The Right Honorable Baronet, in a speech of great ability, said, the religion of the great majority of the people of Ireland had long and continuously been treated by the state as a hostile religion. He was happy to say that that system had been gradually mitigated, if not entirely removed. Civil equality had been granted to the Roman Catholics in Ireland and to the Roman Catholics in Great Britain; the penal laws had been removed, or they were in progress of removal from the statute book; but still there were traces remaining of that hostile disposition on the part of the state, and these traces were nowhere more perceptible, and in no degree more noxious, than where they were still found interposing in matters of education, in that part of the United Kingdom. In the year 1831, the Board of National Education had been established, the principle of which had been from the beginning, that the National Schools should be open alike to Christians of all denominations, and that accordingly no child should be required to be present at any religious instruction or exercise of which his parents or guardians might disapprove. It had been formerly attempted by the state, setting aside this principle, to give education to the poorer classes in Ireland, in conjunction with the attempts to proselytize. Large sums were annually voted for that purpose, but they were voted in vain, whilst the success of the National Schools since their establishment had been most remarkable. His belief was, that this measure would conduce to the concord, the order, the peace, and the virtue of Ireland. To maintain and preserve these was the grand object of successful civil government.

After Mr. Wyse, Mr. Ross, Mr. M. Bellew, and Mr. E. B. Roche, had spoken warmly in favour of the measure, Sir. R. H. Inglis rose to oppose it. He asked did he understand his right honorable friend (Sir J. Graham) to say that there was not only to be no exclusive religious instruction in those institutions which, in the name of Her Majesty, he now proposed to endow, but that there was to be no religious instruction whatever given in these institutions? (Sir J. Graham—"Hear.") That cheer, he feared, acknowledged the

accuracy of his memory. It was proposed to establish three colleges in Ireland. The whole proposal seemed to be, that all their instruction should be based upon this world, and without any instruction which could make the students better prepared for the world to come. The state regarded them not as immortal beings, but as the creatures of a day; the state regarded them not as accountable to their Maker. It was a gigantic scheme of Godless education. Nothing, he thought, was more calculated to promote such a Godless scheme of education than the measure before the house.

Mr. Sheil thought it not consistent with justice or policy to have Trinity College closed against Roman Catholics, who were now shut from fellowships and scholarships. They would leave it in the enjoyment of a permanent revenue. Trinity College possessed vast territories; it had 300,000 Irish acres. There were many valuable fellowships. From the talent required to obtain a fellowship, and from their possessing the power of returning two members to Parliament, Trinity College must always enjoy a paramount superiority over every other institution in Ireland. As long as that predominance lasted, so long they could not expect the Catholic people would be reconciled to that establishment. He knew that they would tell him that the interest of the Protestant establishment required the exclusion of the Roman Catholics from the honours of that college: thus they were ever met with the establishment. It was not the government who opposed them, but the establishment. Sir R. Peel had said that Ireland was his difficulty. It was not Ireland—it was the establishment. What connexion had those lay fellowships or scholarships with ecclesiastical matters? You admit the Roman Catholic to the university; you say he has all the advantages of Trinity College. He would reply, he has not; he has not the golden fruits that grow upon the tree of knowledge; he has not the full enjoyment of the college. He ought not to have been admitted there; or when let in, he ought to have had the full enjoyment of all its benefits.

Sir Robert Peel said, they had to deal with a country the great majority of whose inhabitants were Roman Catholics—persons not in communion with the Established Church, and they proposed to give the youth of all persuasions the means of meeting together and

joining in honourable rivalry in academical education. They proposed to establish three colleges in different parts of the country. In the north no college can possibly be established, the benefits of which will not mainly flow to the youth of the Presbyterian persuasion; and in the south and west, any such institutions must be practically for the benefit of the Roman Catholics. They found in the south and west, in the neighbourhood of Cork, Galway, and Limerick, no means of academical education existing. They would endow professorships in various walks of science—in literature, chemistry, &c., and they would provide the means of attendance at an excellent medical school. Now, if they endowed a theological professor, the member for the University of Oxford would tell them they must endow one exclusively to teach the doctrines of the Protestant church. But he apprehended that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, perceiving the endowment of a Protestant professor in a Roman Catholic part of the country, would require as a condition of the attendance of their youth at the institutions, at least the additional endowment of a Roman Catholic professor of theology. He doubted whether that arrangement would be for the advantage of either religion. At the same time, they professed their willingness to consult in every particular the wishes of parents and guardians—of the natural protectors of the young people. They would provide apartments in which youth might receive instruction from professors of divinity—from clergymen connected with the religion of each pupil, imposing on no one the compulsion of attending at these lectures, but giving every facility for attending religious lectures, according to the wishes of parents and natural protectors of the youth. They attached the utmost importance to regular attendance at places of worship, but they would attach no place of worship to the institutions themselves. It must be observed that they did not intend to receive the pupils within the walls of the new colleges. No domestic and complete charge was to be taken of them, such as is taken in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The pupils would lodge in the town, at their parents' or guardians' houses; or if those were at a distance, with persons to whose care their natural protectors should commit them. They trusted that the greatest care would be taken of them; but circumstanced as the people of Ireland

were, with the great body of the people dissenting from the doctrines of the established religion, it would be in vain to establish these academical institutions, if we attempted to impose obligations to attend religious places of worship. Contemplating the advantages that would probably arise from these institutions if they were cordially supported by men of all parties, I am tempted to ask (said the right honourable baronet) how can it interfere with religion to promote science and scholarship—to make men good mathematicians, good chemists, good astronomers—to instruct them to admire the power and beneficence of the Great Creator, by expanding their minds with the knowledge of his wonderful works? My firm belief is, that you have a better security for religious instruction in the sense of duty and obligation on the part of the parents of youth, than in any system of compulsion that you can devise. If you found these colleges on the plan we propose, I trust that we shall have established, as far as circumstances will permit, a perfect system of secular education. We shall reap the benefit of this; we shall promote social concord between the youth of different religious persuasions, who, meeting to receive the advantages of joint education, will unite in honourable rivalry; and who, hitherto too much estranged by religious differences, will acquire new means of creating and interchanging mutual esteem. I sincerely believe, that as well as receiving temporal advantages, so far from preventing any advantages with respect to Christianity, the more successfully will you labour to make men good Christians, the more they are imbued with that great principle of one faith—a principle which I am grieved to say many individuals are too apt to forget—the principle, I mean, of reciprocal charity. By cultivating that principle, you will better serve the cause of true religion, and of peace, morality, and social comfort and concord in Ireland, than by leaving her inhabitants in division and ignorance, in the vain hope that by doing so you are promoting your own religious principles.

It will be remarked, that in this debate the term “Godless” was applied to the colleges by Sir R. H. Inglis. The term was gladly caught up by the bigoted opponents of education in both the Protestant and Catholic churches, and it has ever since been applied to these places of education; but the scheme as intended by Sir R.

Peel was introduced as only part of a great whole. Trinity College, Maynooth College, and the Queen's Colleges, are alike supported by government endowments. In the first there is a divinity school for the Protestant Established Church; but there are in Trinity College at least 500 non-resident students, who never receive any religious instruction, with the exception, perhaps, of the catechetical examinations. Maynooth College is an exclusive divinity school for the Catholic Church; the Queen's Colleges are lay colleges, giving only secular instruction, but neither giving nor professing to give a complete education. It has been found impossible to establish chairs of rival theologians within the same college. If such were established, a perpetual Maguire and Pope controversy would be going on, with all its scurrilities and obscenities, varied by pugilistic skirmishes between the students.

Sir Robert Peel's measure was nothing more than an extension of the national system of education to the higher classes of the community. The Board of National Education had already resolved to establish model schools in each of the 32 countries of Ireland, so as to extend the national system to the trading classes in country towns. This collegiate scheme was further extension. The National Schools had been the only great system of education founded by the government which had a complete success, and it had been the only system founded free from sectarian distinctions. The Charter Schools and Kildare-place Schools had been the greatest failures. The Charter Schools had been founded in 1731, with the express design of converting the Irish to the Protestant religion. It was stated in 1825, in the first report of the Commissioners of Education, that £1,027,715 had been granted by Parliament during 90 years, to the Charter Schools, and that not more than 12,745 children had been apprenticed. From 1806 to 1825, there had been £83,689 expended in building, but not more than two new schools had been erected. The Commissioners reported that the schools were totally mismanaged and inefficient, and that the evil was so monstrous, that it could not be corrected. Parliamentary aid was therefore withdrawn.

The new scheme of education met the warm approbation of most liberal Catholics and Protestants. Cork, Belfast, Galway, and Derry, in public meetings, expressed their approbation of the general features

of the bill. The Young Ireland party, headed by the *Nation*, and its talented editor, Thomas Osborne Davis, supported the colleges from the first; and mixed education was the first question upon which they openly split with Mr. O'Connell.

On the 23d of May, 1845, the Catholic prelates having met in Synod, upon the question of the colleges, sent a memorial to Lord Heytesbury, then Lord Lieutenant. It stated "that memorialists are disposed to co-operate, on fair and reasonable terms, with Her Majesty's government, and with the legislature, in establishing a system for the further extension of academical education in Ireland." And, after asking that a fair proportion of the professors should be members of the Roman Catholic Church, they stated "that the Roman Catholic pupils could not attend the lectures on history, logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, geology, or anatomy, without exposing their faith or morals to imminent danger, unless a Roman Catholic professor will be appointed for each of these classes;" and, "that as it is not contemplated that the students should be provided with lodging in the new colleges, there should be a Roman Catholic chaplain to superintend the moral and religious instructions of the Roman Catholic students belonging to each of these colleges; that the appointment of each chaplain, with a suitable salary, should be made on the recommendation of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese in which the college is situate; and that the same prelate should have full power and authority to remove such Roman Catholic chaplain from his situation." They also passed a resolution, that they could not give their approbation to the proposed system, as they deemed it dangerous to the faith and morals of the Catholic pupils.

On the 28th of May the Repeal Association met, and pronounced its opinion against the Colleges' Bill. Mr. O'Connell, of course, opposed the bill. He said that, as he would concede to the Protestant, in like manner he would concede to the Presbyterians a distinct and separate education for Presbyterian youth, and join them in calling upon the government for a guarantee that the children should be educated in the religious profession of their fathers. He contended that every profession should have a distinct and separate system of religious instruction. He denounced the bill in another point of view. He denounced it as a political delusion, and reiterated his opinion,

that a more atrocious bill was never attempted; a more nefarious attempt at public profligacy and corruption never disgraced any minister. What signified a knowledge of Greek and Latin—of what concern was it to be made proficient in algebraic and mathematical science, when compared with the evil of corrupting the youthful mind—educating into sycophancy—making courtiers and servile flatterers of the before ingenuous youth, and calling forth the worst passions of the human heart to minister to the caprice of power. Could that be called education, which bribed a man of virtue and morality out of his patriotism and love of country, out of his early professions, and made him a trafficker for base speculation and reward. This bill was an atrociously bad bill, in its project for educating the rising youth of Ireland. He wanted to know would one independent man be appointed to a professorship under it? What was the given purchase? Like the revenue-officers and police-officers, so long as they remained unfriendly to their country—so long as they smother expressions of patriotism, and scoff at the land of their birth—only so long will their services be continued. Political and religious renegadism was the highest qualification for office; and, doubtless, many would be found, on these terms, to become recipients of that patronage. He would propose that the Protestants should have one college, that the Presbyterians should have another, and that the Catholics should have another; and, as to Trinity College, he had not seen any reason to change his opinions on that subject. When he was examined upon oath, in 1835, he said he thought it was reasonable that the Protestants of Ireland should have Trinity College for their college. As to the mixed education taught there, he did not see the advantage of it. He knew there were an immense number of Catholic young men who go in there as sizars, and when they become scholars, very few of them come out as Catholics; and, if they were educated in any school where there was not a premium for apostacy, they might be Catholics to the present day.

After Mr. M. J. Barry had declared himself an advocate of mixed education, Mr. M. J. Conway spoke warmly against the bill. The following scene then occurred:

Mr. Davis—I have not more than a very few words to say in reply to my very Catholic friend—

Mr. O'Connell—It is no crime to be a Catholic, I hope.

Mr. Davis—No, surely, no, sir—

Mr. O'Connell—The sneers with which you used the words would lead to the inference.

Mr. Davis—No, sir; my best friends are Catholics. I was brought up in a mixed seminary, where I learned to know, and knowing, to love, my Catholic countrymen.

Mr. Davis then, in the course of an able speech, approved of the bill, because it contained the principle of mixed education, because it conceded the necessity for academical education, and provided funds for its diffusion. He disapproved of it as containing no provision for the religious discipline of the boys taken away from the paternal shelter. He demanded the appointment of Catholic Deans to superintend the conduct of Catholic students, and of Protestant Deans to inspect the conduct of Protestant students. Beyond all, he denounced the bill for giving the government the right to appoint and dismiss professors—a right to corrupt and intimidate.

Mr. O'Connell then proceeded to abuse the Young Ireland party. The principle upon which the present bill was founded had been lauded by Mr. Davis, and was advocated in a newspaper professing to be the organ of the Roman Catholic people of this country. The section of politicians styling themselves the Young Ireland party start up and support the measure. There was no such party as that styled Young Ireland; there might be a few individuals who took that denomination on themselves. He was for Old Ireland. They were all agreed on the condemnation of this measure.

Mr. Davis, in explaining, said, that in his most private correspondence, the clearest and closest he ever had, he had ever expressed the strongest affection towards Mr. O'Connell, and had no other desire but the friendliest towards him. He was affected to tears. Mr. O'Connell also explained, and the difference was apparently made up. This was only apparently. The Young Ireland party was bent upon rebellion, which Mr. O'Connell never intended; and they soon after seceded from the Repeal Association.

Since that time there have been various quasi-denunciations from the principal bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, as well as Papal rescripts, with which it is not necessary to trouble our readers.

The objections made to the colleges by their opponents are grave. They have been denounced in the same breath as proselytizing machines of the English government, and as places of infidelity and Atheism. Again, it has been insisted by extreme theologians that it is impossible to teach the ancient languages, the modern sciences, the liberal arts, except in the exclusive system of some particular religion. This latter argument we can understand, but it is not worth while to reply to it. The principle of an exclusive system of education, carried out to the full, would maintain exclusive dealing, religious persecution, war to the knife with all other religious denominations, and would separate the religions of the earth into isolated sects, slaughtering one another for the love of God. We do not wish to see the times of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. or the penal laws of Ireland revived; and happily this fanatical spirit of isolation is leaving the civilized seats of the world, and retiring to the mountains of Atlas or the interior of China.

On the question of united education, the learned and eloquent Dr. Doyle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, said, in his celebrated evidence before the House of Commons—"I do not see how any man wishing well to the public peace, and who looks to Ireland as his country, can think that that peace can ever be permanently established, or the prosperity of the country ever secured, if children are separated at the beginning of life on account of their religious opinions. I do not know any measure which would prepare the way for a better feeling in Ireland, than uniting children at an early age, and bringing them up in the same school, leading them to commune with one another, and to form those little intimacies and friendships which often subsist through life. Children thus united know and love each other as children brought up together always will, and to separate them is, I think, to destroy some of the finest feelings in the hearts of men."

Now, the question of united education being almost a settled one, the arrangements at the Queen's Colleges for the security of the religious principles of the students, are, though capable of being improved in respect of giving the Deans of Residence salaries, still infinitely superior to those of any other academic institution in the United Kingdom. In the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and

Dublin, no arrangements, under the present system, can be made to provide for the religious education of students not members of the Established Church. Roman Catholics, with Presbyterians and other dissenters, so far as they are admitted to receive education in Cambridge and Dublin, live there free from any spiritual control whatsoever. Nay, the entire management of those universities is in the hands of ecclesiastics of the Established Church, naturally jealous of the radical attacks which are so constantly and offensively made upon her wealth and dignities—naturally suspicious of encroachment. Yet dissenters have long since been educated at Cambridge, and Roman Catholics at Dublin. No Non-conformist community nor Roman Catholic synod has denounced the practice. Since 1794 Roman Catholics have been educated in Trinity College, and received their degrees therein. Thomas Moore, Richard Lalor Sheil, Archbishop Slattery, Judge Ball, Chief Baron Pigot, Chief Justice Monahan, and many other distinguished Catholics have been educated in the university of Dublin; yet upon all the numerous occasions upon which the Roman Catholic Prelates have addressed publicly the government and the people, since Trinity College has been opened to them—during the struggle for Catholic emancipation—during the denunciation of the Queen's Colleges by Archbishops Mac Hale and Cullen—up to the moment we write, not a syllable against Trinity College has by them been breathed. Yet, that we may use the eloquent language of the President of Galway College,* “the university of Dublin is an institution originally founded, munificently endowed, and continually upheld, for the avowed end of promoting the Protestant religion. The very genius of the place is, opposition to the Catholic persuasion. Its substantial honors, its invaluable political privileges, its splendid dignities, are all confined to one denomination; while the idea of securities for the peculiar views or morals of Catholics would be scouted as an innovation entirely repugnant to the end for which the college was established.

So in the universities of Scotland, the professors are by law members of the Presbyterian Established Church; but in Edinburgh and Glasgow there is no religious superintendence whatsoever of the students; yet those universities are attended by members of every

* “Address.” Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

religious denomination, without being denounced by the authorities of the several churches as "Godless." In the University College, London, the religious belief or unbelief of the students is a matter of the most perfect indifference to the authorities, nor have they any means of taking cognizance of it: no religious test is applied to either professors or students. The education is entirely laical, yet many excellent Christians of all denominations send their children to be educated there. So also, the great Roman Catholic schools of Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Oscott, Carlow, Prior Park, Downside, Kilkenny, and Thurles, are in connexion with the University of London. Nor can we understand the conduct of those prelates of the Synod of Thurles, who denounced the "Godless" Queen's University, whilst at the same time many of them were residing in St. Patrick's College, Thurles, an institution empowered to issue certificates to candidates for degrees in arts and laws from the still more "Godless" University of London.

Let us now review the securities for religion which exist in the Queen's Colleges, and none of which exist in the Universities of Cambridge or Dublin, the Scotch universities, the University of London, or University College, London, in all of which places education has been given to Catholics and Dissenters for years, without a word of remonstrance from Catholic or Non-conformist authority. In chapter XVIII. of the statutes of each college it is enacted, "that every matriculated student, being under the age of twenty-one years, shall be required to reside during the college terms with his parent or guardian, or with some relation or friend to whose care he shall have been committed by his parent or guardian, and approved of by the President, or in a boarding-house licensed and arranged for the reception of students. And as a further security, if the bishop, moderator, or the constituted authority of any church or religious denomination, shall notify to the president his or their desire that there shall be boarding-houses specially licensed for the exclusive use of the students of such church or denomination, and shall specially recommend persons applying for licence to establish the same, the president shall, in every such case, grant such license, provided he shall obtain satisfactory evidence of the suitableness of the proposed establishment, and of its means of providing for the

health and comfort of the students. It is provided, for the better maintenance of moral and religious discipline in the licensed boarding-houses, such clergymen or ministers as from time to time may be appointed by warrant under the sign manual Deans of Residence, shall have the moral care and spiritual charge of the students of their respective creeds residing in the licensed boarding-houses. The Deans of Residence have authority to visit the licensed boarding-houses in which students of their respective creeds reside, for the purpose of affording religious instruction to such students; and also have power, with the concurrence of the bishop, moderator, or other ecclesiastical authority, respectively, to make regulations for the due observance of the religious duties of such students, and for securing their regular attendance on divine worship; such regulations, before coming into force, to be laid before the president, and certified by him as not interfering with the general discipline of the college."

These extracts are especially worthy of attention. Absolutely, if Protestant or Catholic bishops of the diocese desire it, he may have the entire religious control of the students, who may be sent to reside in the boarding-house for the exclusive use of students of his denomination; and they may attend and receive spiritual instruction from a dean appointed by him in absolutely whatever manner he may please.

Every professor, upon entering into office, signs the following declaration:—"I, A. B., do hereby promise to the president and council of the Queen's College, that I will faithfully, and to the best of my ability, discharge the duties of professor in said college; and I further promise and engage that in lectures and examinations, and in the performance of all other duties connected with my chair, I will carefully abstain from teaching or advancing any doctrine, or making any statement derogatory to the truths of revealed religion, or injurious or disrespectful to the religious convictions of any portion of my class or audience. And I moreover promise to the said president and council of

that I will not introduce or discuss in my place or capacity of any subject of politics or polemics, tending to produce contention or excitement, nor will I engage in any vocation which the president and council shall judge incon-

sistent with my office; but will, as far as in me lies, promote, on all occasions, the interests of education, and the welfare of the college."

And if the professor violate this rule he may be suspended, and the president shall officially recommend his dismissal. These extracts ought to convince any candid mind that the true interests of religion are sufficiently guarded in the colleges of the Queen's University in Ireland. Deans of residences have been appointed in all the colleges, and presented the most satisfactory reports at the end of the first session as to the moral and religious conduct of the students. It is in reference to the deans of residences that Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, wrote—"Is it not an absurdity to designate as 'Godless,' institutions which contain ministers of religion appointed for the end of teaching the students to serve, to worship, and adore God." But this impression, now so prevalent in the minds of the middle classes, that these colleges are really "Godless," guilty of irreligion, is one that can only be removed by time, and by the good conduct of the professors and students.

However, notwithstanding this opposition, the number of students in the Queen's Colleges is considerably greater than was expected. University College, London, notwithstanding that it is situated in the metropolis, has not a large attendance of students, if we except the medical classes. During the seven years ending with the session, 1842, the average number of students attending University College, including all the classes, was—in arts, 129; in law, 16; in medicine, 430. This is a very small number of students in arts. Now, the Queen's Colleges were opened for the admission of students at the close of October, 1849; and during the first session, terminating June, 1850, the following numbers entered. They are taken from the annual reports of the Presidents, forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, to be laid before parliament, agreeably to the provisions of the 8th and 9th Victoria. c. 66, s. 20 :—

	Matriculated.	Non-Matriculated.	Total.
Belfast,	85.....	107.....	192
Cork,	70.....	45.....	115
Galway,	68.....	68
Total.....			375

It may therefore be anticipated, that when the colleges are in full operation, about a thousand students will attend them. Of the 70 matriculated in Cork, there were 38 Roman Catholics, 26 Church of England Protestants, 4 Wesleyan Methodists, 1 Presbyterian Independent. In Galway, out of 68 students, 38 were Roman Catholics, 22 Church of England Protestants, and 8 Presbyterians.

In the system of education pursued in the new institutions, there is a marked improvement upon the old university method, both in the manner of teaching, and the subjects taught. The professorial system has been adopted to the entire exclusion of the tutorial; special professorial education is given in the highest departments of law, medicine, engineering, and agriculture; and the modern languages, chemistry, and the social sciences, occupy prominent places in the arts' course for all students.

The most important features of distinction in educational training between the Queen's University and the more ancient seminaries of learning in England and Ireland is, the complete establishment of the professorial to the entire exclusion of the tutorial system. In the University of Dublin, the fellows are expected to lecture and examine in all the varied departments of ancient literature, and many of the sciences: hence their industry is frittered away upon a thousand different points; nor is it possible for a mind so variously occupied to become proficient in the higher paths of any one literary pursuit. It is this system which has caused Trinity College to be termed the "Silent Sister;" and the evils are admitted by the fellows themselves. The late Dr. Elrington, in his life of Usher, has said—"To any one acquainted with the embarrassing routine of lectures during every term, it is only wonderful that there ever has been found a fellow who was able to distinguish himself in the paths of science or literature."*

In the Queen's Colleges, every professor has his own individual department in which to teach, lecture, and examine. It is merely the application of the principle of the division of labour, which all the political economy they have learned from their professor for the last twenty years, has not been able to infuse into the minds of the fellows

* Elrington's Life of Usher, vol. 1, p. 38.

of Trinity College. In every contemplated scheme of university reform, the substitution of the professorial for the tutorial system ought to occupy a large share of attention. The Commission to inquire into the state of the University of Dublin will much differ from the usual parliamentary commissions if it do more than produce a most unreadable blue book. We wonder will they recommend the opening of the emoluments of the university to dissenters, and the extension of the professorial system. We may mention that the Royal Commissions of inquiry into the state of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, have been obtained by means of the unceasing exertions of Mr. Heywood, the member for North Lancashire, in the cause of university reform. There is a distinct faculty of law in each of the three Queen's Colleges. There are two legal professorships in each—jurisprudence and English law. The course for the degree of LL.B. occupies four years: first year, jurisprudence and the law of property; second year, equity and civil law; third year, common and criminal law; fourth year, constitutional and international law, colonial law, medical jurisprudence, pleading and evidence. Besides attending the lectures of the professors, the student must pass an annual examination on the subjects of the session.

Legal education has hitherto been but little cultivated in the universities of the British islands, nor has the study of law been made an essential part of their system. Dr. Longfield, one of the commissioners for the sale of incumbered estates, is professor of feudal and English law in the university of Dublin. In his evidence before the committee of legal education he stated, that the average attendance on his lectures was only seven, notwithstanding the number of students on the books of the university of Dublin exceeds 1,200. Since the recent arrangement of the Benchers, we suppose the number has been more considerable. In Oxford and Cambridge, the law classes have always been badly attended. In the Queen's Colleges, during the past year, Belfast had a class of five matriculated and nine non-matriculated students; and the number has increased during the present year. In Galway there are four matriculated students in the faculty of law; in Cork, as appears by the calendar, three matriculated and three non-matriculated.

The system of legal education in foreign countries is very different.

In France, before the last Revolution, none could fill even the lowest places in diplomacy without having obtained a degree from the School of Law, in the University of France; and we are not aware that the rule has been changed. In Prussia, few offices under government can be obtained without a university degree; however we might object to the system here, it necessarily ensures a certain degree of competence in the government subordinates, and is some slight protection against unblushing favouritism. The number of law students in the University of Berlin is now upwards of 200. The entire of the number of students studying law in the German universities is now (as stated recently by the *Journal des Debats*) 3973, whilst the number of theological students is 2539; of the medical, 2146; of those studying philosophy and philology, 2357; and of those studying political economy, 549. In the United States, there were, in 1849, 12 law schools, with 23 professors, and 414 students.

We trust that the degrees of the Queen's University will receive, from the Benchers of King's Inns, the same privileges which degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Dublin, have, in reference to shortening the number of terms requisite to be kept in order to be called to the Irish bar. The degree of A.B. can be obtained in these four universities without the slightest knowledge of law, whilst the degree of LL.B. in the Queen's University requires four years to have been spent in legal studies.

The Queen's Colleges have at present much to contend with. The legacy of opposition bequeathed by Mr. O'Connell—the opposition of many of the Roman Catholic bishops to any system of mixed education—the denunciation of the Synod of Thurles—the natural suspicions which Roman Catholics entertained of the honest intentions of a government, whose Premier denotes their religious exercises as “superstitious mummeries”—the terrible sufferings of the middle classes in the South and West—all have combined to thin the number of the students. What measures should Lord Clarendon (who, as Chancellor of the Queen's University, may occupy, if he please, the unsalaried office of Minister of Education in the House of Lords) advise, in order to make the Queen's Colleges work well as a great scheme of united education?

There is one matter which ought to be at once accomplished—the

independence of the professors. At present, they are appointed during pleasure of the government. We cannot conceive anything more degrading to the literary character than to be dependent upon government patronage, and to be apprehensive of the displeasure of the politicians who may happen to be in office. The professors should not be appointed by the Crown, and they ought to be independent of its caprice. When a vacancy may occur in any of the colleges, the university professors who may be appointed, and the professors of the similar department in the other colleges, should examine the candidates, and recommend a select number for the selection of the senate of the Queen's University. In the senate alone should be vested the power of appointment. Again, the commissions of the professors should not be *durante placito*, but *quam diu se bene gesserint*. These two reforms would go far to invest the colleges with the confidence of the Irish public.

There is a third point, of even greater importance. The presence of the rev. deans of residence in these colleges, is constantly advanced as one of the best securities for the preservation of the faith and morals of the students. These gentlemen are at present unsalaried, and yet are expected, gratis, to devote their time to the most important department in education, namely, religious instruction. We need not say what a handle this omission gives, to those who constantly declaim upon the dishonest intentions of the British government in founding the colleges. Here are clergymen appointed to the most important offices, directed to discharge the most important duties; but the founders of the colleges refuse to supply the means, without which it is impossible for any surveillance to continue to be maintained over the religious conduct of the students. This gross mistake must be remedied. We do not know who parcelled out the endowment of £21,000 per annum into the salaries of the professors, but out of so large a sum, they might very readily have allotted a portion for the purposes of religious education. A sum of £300 per annum to each of the colleges, would have been sufficient at the first, to be allotted to the deans of residence, in the proportion of the number of their pupils.

These, and some few other minor reforms, being accomplished, the Queen's University may take an honourable place amongst the European seminaries of learning.

ART. IV.—THE TENANT LEAGUE v. COMMON SENSE.

1. *Report on the Legislative Measures requisite to facilitate the adoption of Commercial Contracts respecting Land in Ireland.* By ROBERT LONGFIELD, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.
2. *A Consideration of the Theory that the backward state of Agriculture in Ireland is a consequence of the excessive Competition for Land.* By EDWARD LYSAGHT, Esq. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

"WHEN," says John Selden in his "Table Talk," "men did let their land under foot, the tenants would fight for their landlords, so that way they had their retribution; but now they will do nothing for them, may be the first, if but a constable bid them, that shall lay the landlord by the heels; and therefore it is vanity and folly not to take the full value." In the days of feudalism, when the lord was a king above his people, it did, as honest old John would imply, more than repay the landlord to let his land under the value, and thereby receive the best assistance of his tenants for the protection of his property, and in making sure the stability of the throne. But as time rolled on, as civilization progressed, and the burghers of the towns became a very important portion of the commonwealth, the whole institution of feudalism was changed, or abolished; kings found it easier, lords found it more agreeable, to merge the soldier vassal of the military tenure in the modern money-paying tenant; then escuages became the custom of the time, and so things have continued for ages, and we live in an epoch of peace and "peelers," and our tenants are, as Selden says, willing to "lay us by the heels" if desired. There can be no doubt whatever of the fact, that the change was an improvement. The revolution was one which should of necessity be made, either by the free will of the parties interested, or by the strong hand of the vassal, and the consequent disruption of

society; but the improvement, like all human improvements, had some disadvantages, the chief one being, that the landlord felt no longer as a LORD. All fine notions of honor and generosity, became mingled with the higgling spirit of the trader, and a lordly Howard, or a noble Stanley, learned to chaffer about his land in a manner worthy of John Styles the mercer, or Master A. Nokes the vintner, puffing his wares, and felt, as Selden says, that "it is vanity and folly not to take the full value," for in no other way could the landlord have his "retribution" or recompense. The mercer and the vintner sold their goods, the landlords sold their land, or hired it out—each was in his way a trader, and each drove the best bargain he could. A Nokes or Styles having laid up some money, lent it on mortgage to the popinjay of the court, who spent it in frills, or fancy points for his hose; and so, not being able to pay the borrowed money, the land became the property of Master Vintner; he made all the money he could from it, as he had formerly done from his sack and malmsey—laws were passed enabling him and other landlords to tie up their possessions to the last generation, to hold the wishes, the hopes, the lives, the interests of their descendants in a species of tyrannic mortmain. Thus, for centuries, the whole system of law with regard to landlord and tenant, has continued; and, as all things human must in time become defective, the law regulating land has fallen into a condition behind the age, and is, to a certain extent, in a condition injurious to the well-being of society. That the law of landlord and tenant is in the state satisfactory to a real friend of the country, no man will, or can, contend; and, as we explained in our last paper upon the subject, this condition of the relations of landlord and tenant has furnished a worthy subject to engage the efforts of the patriot, and has also given employment to the speculating political rogue. In a word, we all admit, that, from first to last, the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland, requires a full revision. But, whilst we thus plainly state our opinion upon the subject, we are by no means prepared to join those men who say, that the landlord is an oppressor, and that the people are poor harmless innocents, unable to see their own interest, and too ignorant to understand their real advantage. For our own parts, we consider that most of the

country's misery has been caused by want of steady employment, and by the poverty and embarrassments of the landlords. We know that if capital and energy had been expended, if old forms of law had been, not sweepingly abolished, but gradually relaxed, the people could not be, as now they are, miserable beggars.

The thinking portion of the nation are all of this opinion, the sole difference between men being the best method of ameliorating the condition of the tenant, without infringing the just rights and fair claims of the landlord.

Upon this subject, much has been written, and spoken, and thought, but, as yet, very little has been done satisfactory to the real friends of the tenant farmer; and for the reason, chiefly, that the farmer does not himself appear to know his just claims. It is quite true that he has shouted at meetings, where the speakers asserted that the landlords were murderers; it is also true, that he has cried well done, when the speaker stated that the landlord was but as a dormant partner in a mercantile establishment; and, it is further true, that the farmer has supported the man who, for his own purposes, has said that the landlord and tenant, the buyer and seller, are not the best judges of the rent—the price to be paid for the land; but that two or three parties, to be called in, are the only fitting persons to arrange the terms.

We are well aware that, to many very good men, the name Tenant Right is one which sounds absurdly, or is connected in their minds with violence and dishonesty. This, it seems to us, is a folly, and a very dangerous and unhappy fallacy. The honest tenant has rights and claims, and to deprive him of the former, or deny him the latter, is to do a grave injustice, under the pretence of legal immunity. No doubt, when the present laws were enacted, Parliament considered them necessary; but the changes which have since then swept away customs and institutions, at those early times in existence, have placed men in positions in which the old laws are either useless or burthensome. It appears to us, that those writers who have lately turned their attention to the subject of landlord and tenant legislation, trouble themselves too much by endeavouring to engraft a new code of laws upon the old institution, and to make both work in harmony. Now this is both impossible and unnecessary. The

laws as they at present stand, with the long code for binding entailed lands, and the acts which enable the dead to rule the living, these, and other defects to which we shall refer, prove that it is only by casting away all the offshoots of the code, whilst preserving the great fundamental principles, that justice can be done.

We confess it has astonished us not a little, to find well-meaning, right-intentioned men pausing, and considering the manner by which those embarrassing rules of law could be surmounted. It is, no doubt, dangerous to meddle with a state of things long sanctioned by legal enactments; and a minister may well hesitate before committing himself and his administration, by a promise of measures which might be advantageous, or which might, on the other hand, prove injurious to the social and political welfare of the kingdom. But the evils which mark the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland, are of so glaring a nature, that no minister can deny the pressing necessity for their abolition; and the more honest the minister, the more speedily will their amendment be introduced.

This subject has lately attracted the attention of many very able men; much has been written, and many things said, upon the condition of the farmer, and, we believe, that if the concentration of absurdity, known as the Tenant League, had refrained from pushing its views so violently, and in so questionable a shape, before the country, the friends of real justice to the farmer would, before this, have obtained support from those who cannot, and will not, join a society ruled by men whose chief object is self-interest.

We have never contended, and we never will contend, that *all* the claims and projects of the Tenant League are dangerous or futile; but we assert now, and we will ever assert, that so long as the scheme of a valuation is agitated, all the other objects of the League, however laudable, must, of necessity, be considered as emanating from a confederation of rogues, or an assembly of ignorant fanatics. But, we may be told, those persons mean well. Supposing that they do mean well, surely we are not to allow the wild theories advanced by them to pass unnoticed and unopposed, because the Leaguers mean no harm. And we deny that no harm is meant.

When the agitation for the Northern Tenant Right was first commenced, when the attention of the country was drawn to the subject,

by the evidence given before Lord Devon's commission, we remember well, that at the same time, Mitchell and Duffy commenced a series of articles inciting the people to resist the payment of rent, and to keep the harvest for themselves. We recollect that they advised the tenants to pay rent, if anything should remain *over*, after all their own wants were fully supplied. We remember the *Nation* newspaper told the ignorant mass of the people, "that the sole and only title that can be pleaded to any right of private property in the substance of the soil, is nearly and altogether conventional." We recollect, too, that to teach this same doctrine, Doheny was sent to the Holycross tenant right meeting, held in the month of September, 1848. We know that, until Duffy and Lucas incited, for their own ends, the League to start the valuation project, the northern Tenant Right was the measure advocated and demanded by the body. Within the past three months, we have read the most dangerous doctrines advanced by the writers and speakers of the League; and at the Kells meeting, held in April last, a clergymen declared, that they had commenced a *war of class against class*. Recollecting all these things, and feeling a deep and earnest anxiety for the advantage of the tenant farmer, we protest against the valuation plan of the League, because it is unjust, impolitic, unnecessary, and extreme; and being all these things, any one of which is a sufficient reason for opposition, we consider the evil consequences increased a thousand-fold by the fact, that the most prominent Leaguers in Dublin, and chief newspaper supporters of the body, are those same men who were the prime movers of the Young Ireland absurdities, in the year 1848. The doctrines then taught are exactly the same as those now inculcated; therefore we again assert, there is matter, and grave matter too, of regret to those who wish well to the genuine, practically honest Tenant Right. We cannot find that this plan of valuation is supported as a general principle by any writer on political economy. We know of no period in the history of the world, for the last three hundred years, in which this principle was mooted, unless it may have been at some epoch when all sense of justice was obliterated, and when, in the wild *boulevusement* of affairs, the ravings of a Rousseau, or the dreamings of the Socialists, became a creed to the populace, supported by the ready penned, unscrupulous, and un-

blushing rogues, who were willing to prostitute the genius God had given; who gloried in their dishonor, as it paid; prepared to shout, "Property is robbery," or to teach "that the sole and only title that can be pleaded to any right of private property in the substance of the soil, is merely and altogether conventional;" and being ready to sing, with Peter Pindar's Tom Paine—

"As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right
At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
And come in for a share of the plunder."

We oppose this plan of the valuation, because we believe that the fact of its being made the chief object in the Tenant League agitation, will have the effect of driving honest men from the ranks of the tenant farmers' friends. Even from their own ranks they have driven Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, and his brother, because the council would not adhere to the legal advice obtained; and Mr. Fitzgibbon has left the council, as he considered they were setting class against class by their electioneering humbugs, and squandering the sweat-earned money of the ignorant farmers, and exciting hopes in their breasts which could never be fulfilled; his further reason being, that whilst exciting the country in this manner, the League has no plan of its own to ameliorate the condition of the people, and in fact does not know what its own real principles are.

No such right as this valuation is known in England; it is no part of the Tenant Right of the North; it is unknown to the constitutional lawyers of the kingdom; and in Ireland it is the project of knavish and selfish political speculators. We do not assert that all the Leaguers are of this class; we only contend, that the dictators of the Dublin League press started the theory long since, in the days when John Mitchel used to call Lord Clarendon "Her Majesty's Butcher-General." We know that since those days no "dodge" has paid, or promised to pay, so well as this valuation scheme, because no scheme was ever so absurd, and therefore so likely to continue a money-making grievance. It takes some of the Catholic priests and some of the Presbyterian clergy, and of course is readily backed by those beaucolic patriots—"moitié ours moitié mouton"—who shouted for free trade, and now grumble at the low price of agricultural pro-

duce. We oppose this valuation scheme, also, because we believe the practical working of it to be a moral impossibility, particularly in Ireland. We do not wish the reader to suppose we make this assertion as to the difficulty of carrying out the valuation without good grounds, and we shall now place before him a case which, in our minds, is very conclusive upon the subject, and goes to prove, that with the best and fairest intentions, it is almost impossible to conduct a valuation in a manner uninjurious to either one or other of the parties. Everybody knows that his Grace, the Duke of Bedford, is a good landlord, in fact a much better ruler and guide to his tenantry, than his brother, Lord John, is, to Her Majesty's subjects. His Grace had let, before the repeal of the corn laws, a farm to a Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Bennett, thinking himself injured as an English farmer, by an enactment admitting foreign corn into the kingdom, without let or hindrance, did certainly make a very indignant speech in Willis's Rooms, in London, at a meeting held there after the passing of the Manchester Magna Charta—the Free Trade measure. The Duke finding that Mr. Bennett was offended and felt himself injured by the bill, to which His Grace had given support, offered to free Mr. Bennett from all his engagements and liabilities under his lease, and to pay him for all his permanent and unexhausted improvements. The offer was gladly accepted, and the following agreement was reduced to writing:—

“Mr. Bennett having, at a public meeting held at Willis's Rooms, on or about 7th March, 1849, for the purpose of considering the depressed state of the agricultural body, in consequence of the act of parliament passed to amend the laws relating to the importation of corn, expressed his sentiments concerning that act, and its effects, in the following words, namely—I am almost disposed to regard this measure of free trade as a dishonest measure. I regard the reduction of one-fourth in price of the produce of farms through free trade legislation, as equivalent to a man's coming (say Sir Robert Peel) at the head of a body of marauders, and carrying away every fourth stack of corn off the farm, and running away with every fourth head of cattle; it is about tantamount to that. Nay, more than that; because that difficulty once got over, we might perhaps struggle on, and be able to start afresh. And the Duke having, by his vote in the House of Lords, assisted in the passing of that act, and the said agreement for a lease having been entered into previously to its passing, the Duke, though by no means regarding the measure as a prejudicial one to the farmer, yet, feeling that

it would be an act of justice and liberality to relieve from his engagement a tenant who had expressed so strong an opinion, that the said act is calculated to deprive him, in common with others, of a large portion of his property employed in agriculture, had made an offer to the said William Bennett to release him from his said agreement upon the terms after mentioned, and to pay him for his permanent and unexhausted improvements upon the said farm, according to a valuation to be made in the most liberal spirit, and on the most equitable terms towards the said William Bennett that the circumstances of the case admit of, &c."

The agreement recited the facts of the case as we have copied, and went on to provide that the Duke should appoint one arbitrator and Mr. Bennett another, and that those persons so appointed should select an umpire; and it was further agreed, that the money awarded to Mr. Bennett should be, for "the live and dead stock, the crops, and acts of husbandry done to the fallows that season, and for all permanent and unexhausted improvements completed, or in course of prosecution." It was also agreed that the expense of the reference to arbitration should be borne by the parties equally, unless the award directed the Duke to pay the whole. Now here was a beautiful little opening for the Tenant League system of valuation to work its way, and show all its points of perfection. We can fancy all Callan, the focus of the body, in delight, if Lady Dover would only, at the first opportunity, try the system; but alas for all human hopes, the result was pitiable; although we do not know whether the League would consider it so, as the landlord was the sufferer. The agreement having been signed, an umpire was selected, a Mr. Stokes, of Kingston, Nottinghamshire, and the valuation was commenced. The arbitrator was called in very often, but at length the following sums were agreed on:—

	Valued for Mr. Bennett.			For the Duke.			Difference.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
For Live Stock,.....	1,174	14	6	1,150	0	0	24	4	6
For Dead Stock.....	699	2	6	637	12	0	61	10	6
Crops and Tillage,...	2,699	11	0	2,412	8	0	287	3	0
	4,573	8	0	4,200	0	0	372	18	0

The difference in the valuation arose chiefly on the grain crops, and a crop of giant sainfoin which had stood for seed, after it had been mown for hay. The Duke's valuator wished that the grain crop should be valued at the probable price of grain at the time it should

be brought to market, the following autumn. Mr. Bennett's valuator insisted that it should be valued at a pivot scale of prices, which had been inserted in the lease as the groundwork for making quadrennial re-adjustments of rent. The umpire decided with Mr. Bennett's valuator. Thus the first heavy round was decided against the Duke, and down he went at £167, the difference between the probable value in autumn and the pivot scale in the lease. The Duke's valuator put the sainfoin at £6 per acre, Mr. Bennett's man put it down at £13 the acre; this made an item of £120 against the Duke. The Duke's valuator thought £250 enough for the permanent improvements in buildings, but it was set down at £329 7s. 6d. What a conscientious umpire! There is a glowing halo of virtue about the odd 6d.

By the agreement, there was no value whatever to be put on the unexpired term of Mr. Bennett's lease; but he insisted that he should be allowed to show that the farm was worth from 5s. to 10s. per acre more in 1849 than 1831, although the lease under which he held did not commence till 1843, and that he should receive 7s. 6d. an acre for the unexpired term of thirteen years and a half, for 347 acres, which set the Duke down for £1700. The Duke's valuator called this, very emphatically, "gammon," and desired to see Mr. Bennett's books, that he might discover the actual sums laid out in manure, &c., and served a notice on Mr. Bennett to produce the books. He refused to do so, and the umpire said that "it was not necessary to produce any proof of outlay;" * and although the Duke's valuator refused to go on, yet the agent of his grace thought it better to offer £575, which was calculated by them as follows:—Mr. Bennett stated before the Committee of the House of Commons on agricultural customs, that he paid annually about £300 a-year for artificial food and manure. They took this as the basis of their calculations, and thought that Mr. Bennett might be entitled to £300 for outlay in 1848; half that sum, £150, in 1847; and a fourth, £75, in 1846; and they offered Mr. Bennett £525. Now this sum was too much, as the outlay, supposing all Mr. Bennett said to be true, and

* Does any farmer belonging to the League keep books? But even if every man did, it is easy to get rid of a disagreeable book in Ireland. The polling book was once asked for before an Election Committee of the House of Commons, and it was not produced. "Where is it?" said the chairman. The answer was—"Be dad, it fell in a pot of broath, an' a dog ait it!"

assuming that the withheld books could prove it, for 1848 produced the crops of 1849, and for these the Duke was about to pay. The offer was, however, refused, and the umpire directed the Duke to pay for these improvements £1300. It was also ordered that the Duke should pay all the cost of the reference, the valuation, and award, £148 15s. The claim of Mr. Bennett upon the Duke was therefore as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For Crops, Tillages, Live Stock and Dead,.....	4,573	8	10
For Buildings, &c.,	329	7	6
For Unexhausted Improvements,.....	1,300	0	0
The Costs,.....	148	15	0
	6,351	11	4

This sum was awarded to a tenant leaving a farm of 347 acres, let to him at one period for £270 a-year; at another, for £300 a-year.

Well, the Duke paid; paid it all without hesitation, although his valuator protested that the award was downright robbery; but what matter, the umpire had ruled that it was unnecessary to produce the books.

On Mr. Bennett's leaving the holding, it was at once taken by another farmer, subject to all Mr. Bennett's covenants, and for the remainder of the term. He also took the live and dead stock, the tillage and crops, at the valuation put upon them by the Duke's valuator, namely, £4200. He was also to pay for permanent improvements (*i. e.* buildings) and unexhausted improvements (*i. e.* manures, &c.) at the sum put upon them by the Duke's valuator, £250 in place of £329 7s. 6d.; £250 instead of £1300. Therefore, for his very practical attempt at valuation, the Duke finds himself out of pocket in the following sums:—

	£	s.	d.
Excess of Value of Crops, Tillage, and Dead and Live Stock,	372	18	0
Excess of Value on Permanent Improvements, Buildings, &c.,	79	7	6
Excess of Value of Purchased Food and Manure,.....	1,050	0	0
	1,502	5	6

Or, in other words, about five years' rent of the holding.

Now here the reader has an example, and a very unpleasant one too, of the difficulty of a valuation; and we consider this an unfortunate case, as it furnishes an argument to those who deny the

right of the tenant to any compensation, as they say, "How are we to discover the real value of his improvements?" Our objection is not to the valuation of improvements, but to the valuation of land, with reference to the rent to be paid. The former we consider a just measure, the latter we look on as a Socialistic swindle. "Oh," say the League, "it is not a swindle, it is a righteous measure; we are the friends of the poor; ours is the school of true political economy, and one of the greatest economic writers of the age, Mr John Stuart Mill, supports us." "How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us!" So says Hamlet of the lying grave-digger, and so say we of the unscrupulous leaguer; and that the reader may understand the exact amount of credit to be given to these men, when pretending that theirs is the only genuine shop for patriotism and political economy, we think it right to quote Mr. Mill's opinion of a valuation, and thus "speak by the card," and baffle this "absolute knave," who would "undo us by equivocation." At page 404, in the first volume of his "Principles of Political Economy," Mr. Mill writes of such a valuation as the Tenant League demands:—

"Let us then examine what means are afforded by the economical circumstances of Ireland for carrying this change into effect on a sufficiently large scale to accomplish the complete abolition of cottier tenancy. The mode which first suggests itself is the obvious and direct one of doing the thing outright by act of parliament, making the whole land of Ireland the property of the tenants, subject to the rent now really paid (not the nominal rents) as a fixed rent-charge. This, under the name of 'fixity of tenure,' was one of the demands of the Repeal Association during the most successful period of their agitation; and was better expressed by Mr. Conner, its earliest, most enthusiastic, and most indefatigable apostle, by the words, 'a valuation and a perpetuity.' In this measure, there would not, strictly speaking, be any injustice, provided the landlords were compensated for the present value of the chances of increase which they would be prospectively required to forego." And he continues, at page 405—"But though this measure is not beyond the competence of a just legislation, and would be no infringement of property, if the landlords had the option allowed them of giving up their lands

at the full value, reckoned at the ordinary number of years purchase, it is only fit to be adopted if the nature of the case admitted of no milder remedy. In the first place, it is a complete expropriation of the higher classes of Ireland, which, if there is any truth in the principles we have laid down, would be perfectly warrantable, but only if it were the sole means of effecting a greater public good."

This, as it seems to us, is very unlike an approval of the valuation principle. Mr. Mill contends, and justly, that when things have fallen into a very wretched state, and when the government is willing to pay the landlord the present value of his land, and to compensate him for the loss of probable future advances in prices, and when all the means of developing the resources of the country have been employed, in such a case the government might enact a valuation; but it will be "perfectly unwarrantable," unless it be "the sole means of effecting a greater public good;" because, as he writes in another place, "*laissez faire*, in short, should be the general practice; every departure from it, unless required by some great good, is a certain evil."* Precisely, as a surgeon says, if a broken leg cannot be cured by splints, and bandages, and time, why then we must only cut it off; but we'll try and set all to rights by less violent means.

Now we cannot find any support of the valuation humbug in the above quoted extracts from Mr. Mill's book; we cannot recollect that any law, of any country, enacts it; we cannot believe that Duffy or Lucas really think the scheme one to which any government ever can, or ever will, give assent; but we know the dodge may pay; for now, as in the days of the preacher, "the perverse are hard to be corrected, and the number of fools is infinite."

But it may be said we only differ with the plan of the League, and propose no measure for the redress of those evils, which confessedly disgrace the condition of the tenant farmers of Ireland. We have considered the subject carefully and anxiously; we have examined and compared the various laws which have, from time to time, been passed to regulate the landed interests of this country; and we believe, first, that the restricted leasing powers given under settlements—the tying up the living, and binding them, as it were, in

* Vol. II., p. 518.

mortmain, has been a very serious evil, and, to a great extent, the chief cause of many very miserable results upon the state of Ireland; secondly, we consider that the whole system of leases has been bad, and requires revision; and thirdly, we believe that the want of security for outlay on the part of the tenant, has been a fearful cause of injustice, and of non-progression. In Mr. Longfield's pamphlet, written for the purpose of explaining, in a popular way, the present law of landlord and tenant—of pointing out its defects, and of suggesting amendments, this subject is made plain and intelligible; and our only regret is, that, with all the legal learning Mr. Longfield has acquired, in preparing and compiling two such admirable books as his *Treatises on Ejectment and Replevin*, he has not devoted a quarter space, and entered more deeply into the subject of tenant-right. The pamphlet is well worth reading, and the suggestions in the fourth, seventh, and eighth sections, are entitled to very great attention.

When Mr. Sharman Crawford, in conjunction with Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Anstey, introduced his long looked for measure to the House of Commons last June, everybody expected to find it a scheme just and reasonable. The title was, "a Bill to provide for the better securing and regulating the custom of Tenant-Right, as practised in the province of Ulster, and to secure compensation to improving tenants in Ireland, who may not make claim under the same custom, and to limit the power of eviction in certain cases." Now, it seems to us, that the object of the bill, as expressed by the above title, was, beyond all doubt, most laudable; but the whole proposed measure was rendered absurd by the intended fourth section, which enacted, "that when the tenant was unable to pay the stipulated rent, he should be at liberty to have the land valued, and that if the landlord was not satisfied to set his land at a valuation made by his tenant's request, that then the tenant should be entitled to his full compensation. To the latter part of this clause we do not object. We think that the tenant should be compensated for all his permanent and unexhausted improvements; but why should valuers be called in to give their opinion of the rent? Let us suppose Mr. Crawford's bill passed, and in full operation, and let us assume that one of Mr. Crawford's tenants is

unable to pay the stipulated rent, and let us further suppose that the valuers are upon the ground, and about to commence the valuation. There is no necessity for electing an umpire, for by Mr. Crawford's bill a list of persons, selected by the justices to act as umpires, was to be made, and published. Well, the valuation is commenced, certain houses are proved to have been built, and certain lands are also shown to have been ploughed; but the house may be badly built—the ploughing may have been done in clay land, saturated by wet—harrowing may have been done at a time, and in a place, equally unfit—the manure may have been composed of stuff consisting of ditch sweepings and weeds; all the so-called improvements may have been made for the sole purpose of swelling the bill, and thus increasing the claim upon the landlord. One of the valuers, at all events, is a farmer; he may require a reduction of his own rent in a short time, and will, of course, find against the landlord. Evidence will not be wanting to support the claim of the tenant—sworn testimony can be procured to back all demands for outlay. Who can doubt the wide scope which Mr. Crawford's bill would give to perjury and general dishonesty? Who, that has any experience of a Quarter Sessions Court, can deny that perjury is a crime little likely to check the tenant farmer who considers himself or his friend aggrieved. It is even so in England, for, as Mr. Boniface, agent to the Duke of Norfolk, says—"When valuations are for things done in previous years, then there is danger of false claims being made, supported by false evidence."* No doubt this would be the case in Ireland; and excellent in intention as Mr. Crawford's bill was, we rejoice that it did not become law—first, because we believe it struck at the landlord's right of property; and, secondly, we think it gave a strong temptation to perjury.

For our part, we are of opinion that, first, Mr. Longfield's suggestion as to extended leasing power should be at once adopted; and we think that some such measure as he suggests must be the groundwork of all successful legislation on the subject. This point being settled, we believe that the tenant-right of Ulster should be the law of the land; that is, we consider that by act of par-

* Question 7,052, before Mr. Pusey's Committee.

liament the tenant should have secured to him the full value of all his permanent and unexhaustible improvements, and that he should be entitled to sell these improvements to his landlord, or to some incoming tenant, *approved by the landlord*. We think, too, that all buildings and fixtures put up by the tenant, at his own sole expense, though attached to the freehold, should be considered the property of the tenant, and if not purchased by the landlord, or incoming tenant, should be removable, at any time, during the tenancy of him who bought and erected them, provided he was satisfied to repair any damage done by the removal; and that tenants might not be able to overwhelm the landlord by a useless or needless outlay in improvements, we propose that in the lease or agreement, a clause should be inserted to the effect, that the tenant should not, on leaving, be entitled to payment for any expenditure during the six months preceding the time named for quitting, except made according to good husbandry; and that he shall not be allowed any sum for improvement in drainage, or other permanent improvements, unless the same shall have been first agreed to in writing by the landlord.

We are quite aware that our sketch is not sufficiently detailed; but our only object is to show that we consider the claims and rights both of landlord and tenant. We are likewise of opinion, that as our plan assumes a valuation of the improvements, it is open to all the evils and abuses so plainly inherent in Mr. Crawford's plan, and which so fully showed themselves in the case of the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Bennett. But the latter was one peculiar in its way; the cases under Mr. Crawford's bill would be those in which rent—the amount of a future rent—would be in question. We really believe that it is almost, if not quite impossible, to suggest any plan of valuation quite unexceptionable, and fully agreeable to all parties; but we are convinced that the Ulster Tenant Right and its valuation of improvements might be safely extended to the rest of Ireland; care being taken to secure clearness in the demands, and by requiring vouchers for claims of expended capital beyond certain amounts. To such a valuation as this—to such a law of landlord and tenant as we have sketched, in outline we admit, we give, and shall be always ready to give, our most ardent support; but on the other hand,

we think the Tenant Right agitation, so long as it shall claim a valuation for rent, must be opposed by every reasoning man in the kingdom, and should be met, as eventually it will, by all the rigor of the law. Mr. Lysaght has very ably stated the probable effects of making the Tenant League proposition binding by act of parliament. He writes—*

“1st—By converting the landlord's rent into a fixed rent-charge, they would deprive him of all interest in the improvement of the land, which would be alienated from him for ever, as an increase in its value would bring no increase of rent to him; and they would thus lessen the number of persons interested in the advancement of agriculture.

“2nd—They would have a direct tendency to increase the number of absentee landlords, since, with a fixed income, which they would have no power of increasing by residence on and attention to the management of their estates, they would naturally fix their residence where they could personally obtain the greatest advantages.

“3rd—They would have a considerable tendency to reduce the quantity of food produced in the country; as, under the present system of competition rents, unless a tenant raises from his farm agricultural produce of as large a market value, at as small a cost of production as others could at the time this rent was fixed, he cannot continue to pay the same rent, and must soon resign the farm to a tenant of more skill or industry. Under the proposed system of valuation rents, the supposition is that the rents would be lower than at present; consequently there would, at the letting of the farm, be a difference between the rent paid and that which it would be the interest of the tenant to pay rather than lose the possession of the farm; therefore, until the tenant, by mismanagement had reduced the value of his farm by more than the difference between the valuation and competition rents, it would be his interest to pay the rent fixed, and keep possession of his farm; and until he had thus far reduced its value, the proposed Tenant League legislation would prevent the landlord's interference to stay the depreciation in the value of his land. When, however, the depreciation of value had proceeded so far that no one could be found willing to pay the valuation rent, then the farm would come into the landlord's possession. On a re-letting, a new valuation would be made, which should, on the Tenant League principles, be lower than the previous one: thus we see that compulsory Tenant Right would injure both the landlord and the community, by facilitating the depreciation of the value and productive capabilities of the land. It may be said, the tenant would sell his interest, if unable to farm as profitably as others; but it must be remembered that two causes may lead to the depreciation of the value of a farm—first, a desire

on the part of the tenant to enrich himself at the expense of the future value of the land ; and secondly, an injudicious system of farming, the result of ignorance or want of industry, and injurious alike to the farmer and his landlord. The first clause would induce the tenant to keep possession of his farm as a means of furthering his supposed interest ; the ignorance and indolence which formed the second cause of depreciation of value, would render the tenant's success in any other pursuit even less probable than in farming, to which he had been accustomed, and when combined with the pride which usually accompanies ignorance, would lead him to attribute his want of success to any other cause rather than the real one, and would prevent a just appreciation of the most judicious course to be adopted.

" But it may be urged that the Tenant League does not demand compulsory valuation. It may be asserted that it only requires from the law a force to bind either landlord or tenant to submit to a valuation at the will of either. In our opinion, this plan is still worse than the tyrannical compulsory project ; this latter has at least the merit of a bold design, even though the design be the robbery of the landlord ; but in the optional valuation plan there is no merit whatever, and the sole result likely to spring from it is an implacable hatred upon the part of the landlord towards a tenant who would not be content to arrange the amount of rent without the interposition of third parties. Everybody remembers that when Mr. Pusey's Committee were suggesting improvements in the law regarding land, one of the difficulties to be surmounted was the likelihood of the landlord and tenant colluding, so that the landlord might get more than a valued rent, and thus defeat the law. But it is quite unnecessary to dwell upon this argument, as all must prove the utter absurdity of passing a law for the purpose of enabling a tenant to do that which he can at present do if his landlord agree. If the League be really honest in its intentions, the members must go for the compulsory valuation ; but this will be open robbery of the landlord, and will drive Sharman Crawford and all real friends still further from their ranks. In fact, the League is in this position ; that if the valuation is left optional, the whole movement is a humbug ; if it be made compulsory, all the grocers, and mercers, and bakers, and butchers, creditors of the landlord, must in justice be satisfied, or compelled to compound all their claims, and suffer for the good of the tenant farmer ; and all these absurdities must ever occur when men ask a government to meddle in the private affairs of the subject."

We regret that the Lord Lieutenant has not long since thought fit to check this society, and to scatter its absurdities for ever, by the suggestion of some wise enactment for the protection of the tenant. It is, we know, easy for a Viceroy to subscribe to societies for agricultural improvement ; it is a fine thing to send a set of

vagrant teachers of green-cropping and subsoil ploughing through the country; it is a pleasant thing to find one's self toasted at public dinners as a real friend to the agriculturist. But where is the real friendship in allowing a society such as the Tenant League to debauch the minds of the ignorant farmers? We can fancy a Lord Lieutenant who is anxious to obtain a character for finesse, smiling with self-gratulation at the Tenant Right movement; we can easily understand that a bold, unscrupulous Viceroy may say, "It is quite true that this Tenant League agitation must injure the country. I am satisfied that after a time disorganization will prevail if I allow the movement to continue. I shall be able to crush it, as I did the heroes of the Ballingarry cabbage-garden, and their hopes, and in crushing this movement, I may be able to strangle for ever public spirit in Ireland." But would these be the words or the thoughts of an honest man or a great statesman? Beyond all doubt, Lord Clarendon did ably and humanely suppress the spirit of rebellion which so disgraced the country in 1848; but if he believe that no mischief can arise from this Tenant League agitation, we think he is entirely mistaken. It is quite true, as his great ancestor writes, that "the strength of rebellion consists in the private gloss which every man makes to himself upon the declared argument of it, not upon the reasons published and avowed, how specious and popular soever; and thence it comes to pass that most rebellions expire in a general detestation of the first promoters of them by those who kept them company in the prosecution, and discover their ends to be very different from their profession."* This was written of a successful rebellion. Our Irish rebellions have been ever unsuccessful, but yet we have had full means of proving all the baseness of "the promoters," and have "discovered their ends to be very different from their professions." Yet with all this knowledge—with the fact before them that Mr. Duffy, when on his trial, brought Dr. Blake, the Roman Catholic Bishop, to swear that at the very time when the *Nation* newspaper was most rebellious in its writings, Duffy, its proprietor and chief literary supporter, was expressing to him very opposite, very peaceable, and loyal sentiments, our people are still as easily duped as ever. They are willing to follow Duffy's advice—

* Lord Clarendon's Essays—"On Liberty."

they are ready to shout for Lucas, a man who has been every shade of belief, and who has come here a trafficker in politics and ultra-montane religion; and although Lord Clarendon may find that the societies these men have started save him the necessity of an extensive staff of Dobbins, yet Ireland's interest demands the trial of another and a sterner line of policy.

We have said, and we repeat, that this society is a most dangerous one, and likely to be of infinite disservice to the country. We admit that the evils of the land system are great; and we consider that the only means of effectually checking them is by a full and perfect amendment of the entire code. But how can we expect this? We have seen every thing, and every interest, preferred to Ireland's by the imperial parliament. Manchester has been considered of more importance than our whole island; Birmingham has been looked upon as superior to the entire of Munster. Lord John's only wish appears to be to find the readiest way of showing his entire concurrence in the selfish sophistries, and platitudinous tirades of Cobden and Bright. To please these men we have seen Ireland's sole means of support, agriculture, scattered to the wind; for the benefit of the English manufacturers Ireland has been, from the highest to the lowest of her sons, pauperised. Well, has it been asked, and ably answered:—

“Why is Ireland a burdensome beggar? Why is she a cancer in the body politic? Why are her representatives pointed at with the finger of contempt, and why does the house groan when they rise to speak? How is it that her fields are empty and desolate, and her workhouses crowded literally with armies of paupers? Five thousand human beings shut up in one union—five thousand, in one district alone, quartered in an enormous barrack, and eating in idleness the bread of the industrious! Five thousand who ought to be employed in the development of the resources of that rich, but desolate and unproductive land.

“Where are we to look for the causes of this frightful state of things? We are told to the poor laws—to the tenure of land—to the defective provision for the relations between landlord and tenant—to the nature and inherent qualities of the people. Nonsense; all these phenomena are but effects, not causes. We must look further back in the history of Ireland if we want to find out the cause. We must probe deeper if we would find out the obstruction which prevents the flow of a healthy circulation through

the system. Sir Winston Barron was not very wide of the mark when he mentioned the abolition of our protective policy as one of the causes of Ireland's increasing distress. But he did not go quite far enough back. Had he looked more carefully into the commercial history of his country, he would have seen that the policy of Manchester, which that turbulent and greedy district has from time to time forced upon various parliaments by pressure from without, has been the great upas tree that has overshadowed Ireland, and withered the growth of her infant manufactures ere they could well take root.

"For the sake of feeding the prosperity of Manchester—for the sake of giving to Lancashire and Yorkshire the monopoly of manufactures in cottons and woollens, the English parliament crushed in her powerful grasp the tender growth of Ireland. Manchester, which now seeks to bolster her trade by free imports, then sought to protect herself by restrictive legislation from competition—not merely the competition of foreign countries, but from a competition consequent on the nascent development of the industry and resources of an integral portion of the British empire. Parliament, in obedience to the clamour of Manchester, said to Ireland:—We well know that you have facilities not inferior to Lancashire for the production of cottons, woollens, and linens, but you shall not make use of the gifts which God has bestowed upon you, because we *must* foster Manchester, and Manchester says she cannot stand open competition, or run in the race at even weights.

"Well, the result of this policy was, that we forced Ireland to become a purely agricultural country. The cultivation of the soil became the sole channel in which Irish capital could direct itself, and the sole field in which Irish industry could exercise itself. Ireland became, perforce, a nation of small farmers; and, as in all instances where there is no admixture of manufacturing population to afford a market at home, became almost entirely dependent on the demand of consumers without her own boundaries. This condition begot naturally an extravagant and unreasoning passion for the possession of land. It was the parent of the middleman and con-acre system, and of the vicious and mischievous relations between landlord and tenant, about which we have so much evidence, and which we have made such feeble efforts to amend. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Ireland contrived to make progress. She exported large quantities of provisions to our colonies, and supplied England to a very considerable amount with corn and cattle, an amount which increased as consumption trod hard on the heels of production in this country.

"Well, this market became thus the sole dependence of the Irish producer, and in spite of many obstacles she made a good deal of profit out of it. Manchester, however, has again stepped in; and the British parliament, yielding to her clamour, has again put an extinguisher on the Irish producer. We have taken away from him the English and the colo-

nial markets, and have handed them over to the American, the Pole, and the Frenchman, because Manchester fancied it would bolster up her tottering monopoly. The result has been the displacement of Irish produce to the value of nearly £6,000,000 annually, and the emigration of her capital, and the best of her labour, to those countries to which we have transferred our custom.”*

Just so, when the corn laws were under discussion, the Messrs. Sturge asserted, at a public meeting, that Odessa wheat could not be delivered in England at less cost than 20s. the quarter, irrespective of its price at Odessa; but within the past eight months several hundred cargoes have been sold, and delivered at London and Liverpool, for 32s. and 34s. per quarter. Mr. Wilson, of the *Examiner*, estimated, in his “Influences of the Corn Laws,” the cost of the shipment of wheat from Dantzic to London, including commission, at 27s. 9d. the quarter; but at present the best Dantzic wheat is offered in Leith, free, for about 44s. the quarter. And Mr. McCulloch stated in 1845—“It rarely happens that it would be possible to import good wheat into this country with a low duty of 5s. or 6s. a quarter, and that under such a system we should be supplied with corn when it was really wanted, and with the quantity wanted.” So much for Manchester economic science, and bungling, spurious Brummagem prophecies.†

Although we think no Irishman can deny the truth of the above-quoted powerful statement of our wrongs, yet we know that Bright and Milner Gibson may glorify themselves at a Manchester tea-party, and proclaim themselves the friends of the people—that Cobden may cry, like little Jack Horner, “what a great boy am I!”—and we are quite sure that all these will abuse the Irish landlords—men who in many instances have done more good for their tenants, and endured more vexation and expense in assisting them, than all the cotton-spinners in Lancashire put together have thought of attempting for their hard-worked people. We have stated facts,

* *Morning Post*, April 10th, 1851.

† The average quantity of French flour imported into Liverpool weekly, is 40,000 sacks; 13,000 sacks have been imported into Ireland. In the first quarter of the present year France exported to the United Kingdom 792,923 cwt. of flour, and 600,000 quarters of corn. Nice news for the Irish millers.—See Lord Glengall’s able speech, delivered, *House of Lords*, May 12th.

strongly, but truly; and we repeat, that Lord Clarendon owes to the Queen he represents, to support a just Tenant Right bill, and to put down, by the power of the law, this mischief-spreading Tenant League. We know that tenants, heretofore contented, have, within the past six or eight months, become dissatisfied with their condition, and careless of their farms. We know that a farm was let, twelve months since, to a tenant who had placed his own rent upon it; and yet this same man is now discontented. He pays a fair rent, but then his landlord is not a "dormant partner;" and so the tenant thinks himself a victim. Money has been squandered, and turbulent feelings have been excited through the country by the electioneering speeches of the vagrant and mountebank League spouters. It is easy, very easy, to induce gentlemen to contest elections on Tenant League principles. A respectable gentleman, and a clever one too, such as Mr. Maguire, can be seduced or inveigled into spending his money; an amiable, well-meaning man, with a good deal of the Fozzie in his disposition, like Sergeant Shee, may be induced to tumble on the platform for the special profit of Messrs. Duffy, Lucas, and Co.; but the question, and the important one, is—can this state of things continue, and continue to the destruction of order and right feeling in Ireland? We really and sincerely believe, that if a just measure of relief for both landlord and tenant were passed, the present cry would be at once silenced. We do not mean a strangled bill, such as Sir William Somerville introduced, but one securing to the tenant every farthing of his outlay. The present system is so bad, that it cannot last; or if it be upheld, the ruin of Ireland must follow from its continuance. Thirty years ago, Sir Walter Scott wrote—"The time will come when the whole land will be hypothecated to the poor, and, by the strongest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers in the country will be substantially in possession of the whole rental of that soil in which participation is now refused them." Prophetic language! The time has come in Ireland; and by the misgovernment of England—by the absurdity of Manchester and Birmingham political economy, the whole land is "hypothecated to the poor." In Kilrush and Castlebar, "the labourers are substantially in possession of the whole rental of the soil." All is hypothecated—the very huts sold—all, all is

swamped by the rate, "*usque ad cælum et ad infernos.*" The time for delay is passed; the farmer is every day leaving our shore; his industry and capital are being taken from us for ever; the evils of the land system—the evils which drive him from us, are plain and fully known. It is the duty of the minister to remedy these evils, and to remedy them, heedless of the yelping of a demagogue faction, or the opposition of a selfish oligarchy.

ART. V.—TRANSATLANTIC COMMUNICATION.

1. *Plan for Shortening the Time of Passage between New York and London, with documents relating thereto, including the Proceedings of the Railway Convention at Portland, Maine.* Portland: Harmon and Williams, 1850.
2. *Final Report of the Officers employed on the Survey of the Line for the Quebec and Halifax Railway, with the subsequent Correspondence thereon, and on the Public Works in Canada.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, Feb. 1849. London: William Clowes and Sons, 1849.
3. *Galway Transatlantic Steam Packet Company Nautical and Statistical Report, with Time and Traffic Tables.* Dublin: Mullany, 1851.

THIRTEEN years have elapsed since the Commissioners appointed to consider and recommend a general system of railways for Ireland published their report. Amongst other subjects of importance which came under their notice, and to which they devoted a considerable portion of their attention, was the inquiry—Does Ireland, as compared with England, offer any peculiar facilities for a steam communication with America?

"If the question," write the Commissioners, "were limited to the consideration of the facility with which a voyage could be made from port to port, the answer must necessarily be in the affirmative; for not only are the southern and western harbours of Ireland nearer to America in lineal distance, but they are also more favourably situated as regards the prevailing winds and currents of the Atlantic. This fact has been so thoroughly established in the parliamentary reports on the western harbours of Ireland in 1834, and in the first and second reports on the public works of Ireland,

as to render any further enquiry on the subject, in this place, quite unnecessary.

"A saving in distance is always an object of importance in steam navigation, but it is of peculiar value when the entire voyage is supposed to verge on the point which will scarcely admit of the carriage of sufficient fuel, exclusive of any other cargo.

"But the subject includes a wider range of inquiry than that which depends on the distance from point to point. It involves also a consideration relative to the amount of probable traffic, and how far it may be such as to counterbalance the disadvantages of a more remote position.

"On the whole," conclude the Commissioners, after minutely enquiring into the subject, "we consider that Cork, under present circumstances, will answer every purpose for which a western port can be required to promote a steam communication with America. It offers, however, at this moment, no other advantage than that of a port where vessels may complete their supply of fuel previous to taking their final departure."

This report is valuable for two reasons. It, in the first place, establishes beyond a doubt that Ireland possesses natural facilities for communication with the New World, superior beyond all comparison to those possessed by England; and secondly, that notwithstanding the various difficulties which at that period existed, from the want of internal communication through Ireland, an Irish port was even then admitted to possess advantages which were not shared in, by any of the English packet stations. Yet when we consider that, since the time when the above was written, many great and important changes have taken place; that the social condition of the country has been revolutionized, the facilities for travelling wonderfully increased, and the rapid progress of the arts and sciences in every avenue connected with social comfort and commercial advancement, have effected a lasting, and, it is to be hoped, a beneficial influence on the prospects of the future; it is quite evident that the conclusions at which the Commissioners *then* arrived must be considerably affected by the change.

The question therefore is, how far the commercial and social wants of the British empire, and her North American colonies, demand, *under existing circumstances*, the establishment of a Transatlantic Packet Station at some one or other of the western ports of Ireland? That some change and improvement on the present mode of communication would be advisable cannot admit of a doubt; and we should

have derived but little benefit from the experience of the last few years, in what we may call the science of international communication, if we were slow to admit the truth of this remark. By what means this result may be effectuated, is a consideration of the highest possible importance, and its solution is now felt by all classes of the public as a question involving the future interest and commercial welfare of Great Britain and Ireland, and in a great measure, the security and attachment of our North American colonies.

But now that the question has begun to be mooted—now that it is generally understood that the Committee appointed for inquiring into the subject will recommend some change upon the present system—it is proper that the public should take care that that change will be such as to satisfy the public necessity. It is quite absurd to imagine that the removal of the packet station from Liverpool to Holyhead—the latter harbour requiring an immense outlay of money to adapt it for such a purpose—or, as has been lately insisted, that while Liverpool should still continue, as now, to be the packet station for the reception of passengers and parcels, the mails should be taken in at Holyhead—it is quite absurd, we repeat, to imagine that the public will be satisfied with such a recommendation. The Commissioners *may* perhaps, have to meet the opposition of a powerful and wealthy but prejudiced class; they *may* perhaps, give way and yield to the influence brought to bear on them, and agree to a resolution, which amounts to nothing more or less than the assertion, that Holyhead is nearer to America than Galway or Valencia; this event may happen, and the solution of the question may be thus deferred, but it cannot, in consequence, be permanently postponed. So evident are the advantages presented by the selection of an Irish port for the purposes of “Transatlantic Communication,” that before long, private enterprise and private capital, will, we have little doubt, take the matter out of the control of the government, and establish at some one of the western harbours of Ireland a packet station, for the purpose of carrying out this great national undertaking.

In laying before the reader the following considerations, we would wish to premise, that it is our anxious desire to discuss this question on grounds which affect the interests of the empire at large. We are

heartily tired of that class of persons who devote the entire of their time, in extracting from the history of the last three centuries instances of mismanagement on the part of the English government towards this country, for the mere purpose of venting their spleen, or avenging the shades of disappointed expectations. It is sufficient for all useful purposes that a sense of past misconduct, accompanied by a desire to atone for past errors by the pursuit of a different policy for the future, should generally prevail. It is ignorance, or a wilful denial of just claims, which we alone censure and deprecate. The events of the past, save so far as they affect the future, should be for once and for ever forgotten; and a copious draught of the waters of Lethe would be, in our opinion, the best physic ever administered to the Irish people.

But holding such opinions, we nevertheless claim our just rights, and assert our privileges; as subjects of the same sovereign, we claim to be treated on equal terms with our other fellow-subjects; we object to be dealt with as *mere* Irish. As a portion of the British Empire, we object to the preference of one class or one locality over the other, in a matter which equally concerns and affects all, except that preference is the result of superior merit; and we arraign before the bar of public opinion any and every set of men—however numerous, however wealthy, and however influential—who use the advantages they naturally enjoy, to mislead those who confide in their representations, and who postpone the interest of the commonwealth to their own aggrandisement.

We feel some difficulty, we must confess, in bringing ourselves to believe that the Commissioners will arrive at a conclusion opposed to the establishment of a Transatlantic packet station on the west coast of Ireland. The commercial interests of Great Britain demand it; Ireland especially requires it—not so much to satisfy as to create a want; and the British states of North America join in claiming from Her Majesty's government the adoption of some measure to arrest the rapid progress of decay, now so visible in her commercial interests.

Many years have not yet elapsed, since the advisability of establishing a Transatlantic packet station at Havre, or some other French port, in preference to a British one, was seriously discussed by the

commercial world; and the mode then adopted, for the purpose of retaining to Great Britain the vast benefits she has since enjoyed, was by providing facilities for communication between the two countries superior to those which then existed, or which were likely to be adopted by the French government. We are not so sure that the advantages of a French port have ceased even yet to be discussed; the reasons therefore which were formerly urged, and the means which were then adopted, for the purpose of securing to Great Britain the advantages above alluded to, now operate with double force, and are now more than ever necessary for the purpose of retaining them.

The natural position of Ireland on the map of Europe at once suggests the *means* which should be adopted for this purpose; and it should at the same time be remembered, that it is not the mere benefit accruing from a voyage shorter by some two or three hundred miles, which would alone be gained, but that the length of passage in *point of time* would also be decreased in a proportion far greater than the distance saved; for it is well known, that a much greater speed can be attained to by a steam-vessel in a short and safe voyage, than in a longer and more hazardous one; besides, too, about one-third of the entire passage, and that the most dangerous portion of it, will be avoided, the risk to which human life is exposed, thereby decreased, and a vast gain to the mercantile community effected, in consequence of the lesser risk incurred.

We have therefore little doubt that we shall be able to establish, by our succeeding observations, that the establishment of an American packet station on the western coast of Ireland, is a matter of equal importance, whether the welfare of our North American colonies, the social condition of Ireland, or the commercial interests of Great Britain, be taken into consideration.

The evidence taken before the Commissioners of Western Harbours, in 1834, is exceedingly important, as showing the opinions and sentiments of men who were fully qualified to form a correct and proper judgment on the matter; and we feel desirous of laying before our readers a few extracts from their Report, inasmuch as they bear directly on the question, and as there are many who may not have the opportunity of consulting the Report itself.

Captain Beaufort, hydrographer to the Admiralty, was asked by the Commissioners—

“What would be the advantages, with respect to embarkation for the west and south of Europe and America generally, by choosing a harbour on the west of Ireland, instead of one within the channel? The first object of vessels bound to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, on the supposition of an adverse wind, is to get far enough out of the channel, to be able to adopt either tack, without fear of the land; for when it blows hard no ship can work to windward without sufficient room to make long stretches, and to take advantage of the changes of winds and tides. The next object is, when once fairly out, to gain sufficient westing to fetch round Cape Finestere. *Now by sailing from a port on the west coast of Ireland both these objects are secured.*”

The Duke of Wellington stated it to be his opinion, without any doubt—

“That communication would be carried on with much more certainty from the south-west coast of Ireland, than it is now from Falmouth, or any port to the eastward.”

Mr. Charles Williams considered—

“That general advantages would result to commercial correspondence, and much convenience afforded to all who are interested in it, if a communication between the western part of Ireland and the American continent were established.”

In addition to which, Captain Burgoyne stated—

“That there would seem strong reasons to believe that a packet station from the most western port in Ireland might be advantageous to the empire; first, it would shorten the voyage in some degree in distance, *and in a great degree in time*; secondly, it would materially benefit the prosperity of the country, and the revenue, by lengthening the transit through the country.”

Captain Evans, R.N., stated in his examination, that it was his opinion—

“That if the communication through Ireland were improved, the sea voyage, undoubtedly, would possess very great advantage over the sea voyage from any port in England.”

Since that period the communication through Ireland *has been* improved.

Sir John Franklin, for whose safety so many exertions are now

being made, added his testimony to the above; and as it is very important and bears strongly on the subject, we venture to give an extract from it, in addition to the above:—

“Do you conceive the establishing a communication between the British empire, and the North American colonies, and North America generally, through that country, would be of *essential benefit to Ireland*? *I think so, decidedly.*

“Is it your opinion that it would also be attended with advantage to the empire in general? I think it would, inasmuch as it would greatly improve Ireland itself; the very circumstance of the employment, and the facilitating the means of conveyance from one place to the other in that country, would be advantageous.

“You conceive the facility of conveyance between this country and America would be facilitated by its passage through Ireland? The time would be saved very much; and if there were certain ports prepared to receive ships, I think many vessels, that now come round to Liverpool, and other places, would have no objection to bring cargoes to the western ports of Ireland, supposing there were pilots for each harbour, and they were properly lighted and buoyed.”

Here then lies the real secret of the opposition to this measure. Well do the merchants of Liverpool and Glasgow know how the result would in a short time prove the truth of Sir John Franklin's words:—“Many vessels, that now come round to Liverpool, and other places, would have no objection to bring cargoes to the western ports of Ireland.”

“Notandi sunt tibi mores.”

Such are the opinions of those perfectly acquainted with the subject, fully competent to form an opinion, and uninfluenced by any feelings of self-interest in the result. Stronger evidence on this subject could not possibly be desired.

But it is not alone in a commercial point of view, that the establishment of a packet station on the western coast of Ireland would be of advantage to the empire at large. Europe has now enjoyed a peace of unparalleled duration; it is probable that the time will come, sooner or later, when a war, unequalled in the history of the world, will arise. If such does occur, a destruction of life and property, never before equalled, will most probably form its chief characteristic. We do not pretend to know the mysteries concealed

behind the veil of the future; but it does not require any great skill in the prophetic art to foretell, that an European war, or a war for the protection of our North American colonies, is neither an impossibility or an improbability. Now, what will be said of the following facts:—In the month of November, 1779, Admiral Christian embarked at Plymouth in the command of an expedition to the West Indies; after repeated attempts to clear the channel, he was ultimately compelled to return, and defer his departure until the month of March in the following year. Again, in the year 1818, during the Peninsular war, the greatest inconvenience was experienced from the delay of a fleet of transports under the command of Sir Joseph York; the troops had been embarked in England, and the fleet, having come out into the channel, was driven by stress of weather into Cork harbour where they were detained *for several weeks*. If such occurrences were to take place in the next war, how awful might not the consequences be. But what is the evidence of the Duke of Wellington, the best authority on such a subject? In allusion to the delay of Admiral Christian's fleet, in 1779, he states:—

“ I should think that if such preparations for the establishment of a port upon the south-west coast of Ireland, as are now under consideration, had at that time been made, and supposing that there had been the means of collecting and embarking such a body of troops at that port at that time”—(and let our readers remember that such means now exist)—“ the violent gales, which prevented the progress of that fleet, would have been a fair wind for the first part of the voyage, and would have enabled this fleet to have made such progress as that it would have arrived in the West Indies in a very short space of time.”

Twelve vessels of this fleet, not being able to weather the beak of Northland in their attempt to reach Torbay, were lost, with all hands on board. The establishment of such a station would be, in the contingency of a war, of the highest importance to our mercantile marine. It is a well established fact, that a vast majority of the captures made by the French cruisers, during the late war, were effected in the channel, at no great distance from Brest. This portion of the voyage, by far the most dangerous for homeward bound vessels with valuable cargoes, would be avoided, and the voyage

itself shortened by a distance of little less than 200 miles from Falmouth; nor even, making due allowance for the advantages derived from steam navigation, can the benefits to be derived be disregarded.

Captain Haynes was asked:—

“Do you conceive that the choice of a suitable harbour for *steam vessels*, on the western coast of Ireland, would considerably increase the naval means of these countries in time of war? Certainly.

“Is it your opinion that such an harbour would also facilitate, and take away much of the danger now existing in our communication with our colonies in time of war? It would *certainly defeat the enterprise of such cruisers as issued forth from the north-west ports of France, who were continually harrassing our convoys in the last war, and looking out for our homeward bound packets, which were frequently charged with conveyance of specie.*”

It can hardly then be denied, giving its due weight to the above evidence, that it is the imperative duty of her Majesty's government to take such steps as, in the event of a war, will prevent the re-occurrence of such mismanagement as we have above alluded to, add materially to the effective working of our naval resources, and to the safety of our commerce.

The selection of any particular port for the purposes of “Transatlantic Communication” is a question of minor importance when compared with the grand object of the movement—that of asserting the pre-eminent advantages possessed by Ireland for such a purpose. Galway, Valencia, Limerick, Cork, and other ports, have their advocates and claims. We do not intend to enter into a discussion of their respective merits; we have, no doubt, selected Galway as the port best adapted in our minds for the purposes of a Transatlantic packet station, and we have arrived at that conclusion from a careful examination of the various documents which we have had an opportunity of consulting; but, at the same time, we do not wish to throw discredit on the claims (and they are many) of any of the other ports we have mentioned above. As far as Limerick, however, is concerned, we must state our belief, that its chances of success are materially injured, in consequence of the serious errors committed by the commissioners for the improvement of the navigation of the Shannon. A vast sum of money has been expended by them, and though we are far from saying that much good has

not been effected, yet we believe that the funds voted by government for the purpose, might have been turned to a much better account. We challenge those gentlemen, who have had the control of the undertaking, to deny that gross errors have been committed as regards the levels in the neighbourhood of Athlone.

There are few ports in Europe so well adapted for the purposes of "Transatlantic Communication" as that of Galway. Situated in latitude $53^{\circ} 13'$ north, and $90^{\circ} 13'$ west longitude, it is only about 2,000 miles distant from Cape Canso, in Nova Scotia. The line of railway from Galway to Dublin, is, we may say, now complete; while the metropolis of the world—the scene of the world's fancy fair—may now be reached in less than twelve hours from the latter city. As to the facilities on the other side of the "Ferry;" the usual line of route, from Liverpool to New York, passes near Cape Canso, thence along the coast of Nova Scotia, and continuing parallel to the shore of New Brunswick and Maine, at length arrives at its final destination—New York. The distance from Cape Cause to New York is about 1,000 miles, being about the same by land as by sea, which distance can be traversed in nearly one-third less time by the former than on the latter. Of this 1,000 miles about 400 may at present be travelled by railway from New York to Boston, and thence to Portland; while it is proposed by a company which has lately been formed—the European and North American Railway Company—to complete the line to Halifax. From a consideration of these circumstances a fair idea may be obtained of the vast and important nature of the changes sought to be effected in the mode in which "Transatlantic Communication" is at present carried on.

There is no harbour in the world, except perhaps Vigo on the coast of Spain, which can compare with Galway in the advantages it derives from its natural position. The superficial extent of Galway bay is about 400,000 fathoms, while there is a depth of water at low tide varying from ten to three fathoms in different places. The facilities presented for the entrance of the tide by the channels formed on the north and south side of the Arran islands, and which increases the depth of water in the bay by from twelve to eighteen feet according to the force of the wind, prevents the formation

of sand banks, or dangerous currents. The Blackhead mountains, rising at the entrance of the bay to the height of 1,027 feet above the level of the sea, renders the approach for all homeward bound vessels particularly safe, being visible at many miles distance, both north and south, of the proposed line of navigation. The bay itself, writes Captain Richards—a gentleman who, from long personal experience, has had every opportunity of gaining accurate information on the subject,

“Is of easy access, and a good outlet. The Arran Islands break off the western sea, and there is good shelter for ships to bring inside of the great island, with westerly wind in summer time. The land is high and bold, has an excellent light, which, being very high, is easily discovered coming from the westward, and it is a noble landfall for vessels running up the bay of Galway. Gregory’s Sound is a safe passage. If to the north, the Slyne headlights at night, and the lighthouse by day, are good marks for the northern passage, which is wide. The Clare mountains and land are high, and therefore easily made out, more especially as I have found that the bay is not frequented by thick fogs, such as exist on the south coast. Blackhead is a fine bold landmark, and has good shelter, with south-west winds. There is a good light on Mutton Island, by which you are to move on to the roadstead, which has a stiff blue clay bottom.”

This description proves Galway to possess the natural qualities of a first-class harbour; but it is peculiarly well situated as regards a most important consideration in the selection of a Transatlantic packet station. The mean direction of the average winds on the western coast of Ireland is of the highest importance, when comparing the relative merits of different harbours. With a view to this consideration, the coast of Galway possesses peculiar advantages. When Captain Beaufort, to whose opinion we before alluded, stated, as the result of his experience—“That, in comparing the coasts of the two countries, Ireland seems to have this advantage—that a vessel once out of any of her western harbours can weather the land, either on one tack or the other.” He must have arrived at the conclusion chiefly from a consideration of the mean direction of the wind. “During the last ten years,” he states, “there were in each year 186 days of westerly winds, and 101 days of easterly, the general mean wind for the whole period was S. 80° W.—about the sixth part of each year.

Just then," he adds, "in the ratio of this prevalent wind is the advantage of preferring a western harbour." Now let us for a moment consider in what manner this SW. wind is likely to affect the coast in the neighbourhood of Galway. It has been alleged that Galway would in consequence become, during the greater proportion of the year, a lee shore, and therefore, more or less dangerous for vessels approaching from the westward; and queries have been distributed by the Commissioners at present sitting on this inquiry, as to whether Galway is, or is not, a lee shore during the prevailing W. and SW. wind. At first sight this question seems to materially affect the claims of Galway, and it is, therefore, necessary to have clear ideas upon the subject:—

"What is technically called a lee shore," writes Captain Richards, in a letter with which we have been favoured, "is a wind blowing at right angles on the bearings of the shore; the wind should be from NW. to N. to make Galway a lee shore, or at right angles with NE. to E., so that the prevailing wind, say SW.—that is, between south and west—would be an along-shore wind, or parallel with the shore, in the neighbourhood of Galway; whereas, the same wind would make the entire coast, from Cork to the Blaskets, a lee shore." He further adds—"The wind which would make Galway a lee shore—that is, a NW. wind—makes the atmosphere quite clear, so that a ship may boldly approach the land."

A glance at the position of Galway Bay on the map of Ireland will explain Captain Richards' observations.

It would thus appear, that the prevailing winds on the western coast of Ireland are such as would enable a vessel to approach the land in the neighbourhood of Galway with perfect safety; that the same observations cannot be applied with equal force to any other port on the western coast; and finally, that during the continuance of winds which blow at right angles to the shore, the atmosphere is perfectly clear, and free from thick and foggy weather.

Among other interesting information to be derived from the evidence of Captain Beaufort are some calculations on the effect of the prevailing winds on the westward-bound vessels starting from ports within the Channel, and from harbours on the western coast of Ireland, respectively. From a careful comparison of the log-books of thirty vessels, he found that the result gave a saving of $4\frac{1}{2}$ days in favour of the Irish station; and he adds what, by the way, is most

important in the consideration of this question, "that celerity is not the only point of contrast; the saving of four or five days in the wear and tear of the vessels, and in the health and comfort of the passengers, are considerations of much weight;" and—what we may here state in order to anticipate an objection—"that though a steamer succeeds in getting to windward against the wind, yet it has a most powerful effect in checking her velocity when against her, and therefore my reasoning would *still apply*, though in a less proportion."

Since the above evidence was given, vast improvements have no doubt been made in the science of steam navigation; but notwithstanding, the reasoning on which Captain Beaufort's conclusions are founded is manifestly correct, and the conclusions themselves are consequently entitled to weight.

In addition to the several advantages above enumerated, it must not be forgotten, that the route from a western port, such as Galway, to Halifax, may be traversed with much less risk than the usual course from Liverpool or Holyhead. Among other matters it may be remarked, that with the approach of summer vast blocks and banks of ice, becoming separated from the continent, are carried down from the northern latitudes, by the force of the Gulf stream, into warmer climates; where the stream having lost a portion of its violence, they remain in a measure stationary, until finally yielding to the warmth of the climate, they dissolve, and sink into the ocean. The force and direction of the Gulf stream has established the fact, that a space varying from 15 to 20 degrees is left comparatively free for all purposes of navigation. Those who have made frequent voyages across this portion of the Atlantic, can certify to this fact; indeed, the loss of the ill-fated "President," from some such cause, as it is well conjectured, proves sufficiently the danger which is incurred. Now it so happens, that the direct course of vessels from the port of Galway lies through a much greater portion of this open path, than that of vessels which are compelled to pursue a more southerly course.

Nor can Galway be said to be deficient in the artificial improvements necessary for a first-rate harbour. There is hardly any other port on the western coast of Ireland which would require a less out-

lay of money to fit it for the proposed station. Her floating docks occupy at present a space of five acres, and are easily capable of further enlargement if necessary. There is no lack of room or capabilities for the formation of wet docks, where the railway embankment runs across Lough Atalia. But the final completion of the railway from Mullingar to Galway gives it an undoubted advantage over the other harbours which claim the favourable decision of the Commissioners. We have already alluded to Limerick. In addition to the circumstances which we have mentioned above, it would be absolutely necessary, if Limerick were selected, to construct a railway to Tarbert. Valentia and Beerhaven must abandon their claims, at all events until the resources of the country are more developed, and railways which do not now exist have been constructed. As far as Cork, too, is concerned, we fear that it can hardly expect a recommendation in its favour. If Cork occupied a more westerly position, we would not for a moment dispute its claims; it would then undoubtedly possess every qualification for the purpose; but Cork, at the very most, is only adapted for a port of call; this, indeed, was admitted so long ago as the Report of the Railway Commissioners, in 1838, a portion of which we have extracted above. But there are serious objections in our minds, to a port of call under any circumstances; there is always delay attending stoppages of this kind, and of course in bad and stormy weather there is increased danger. Captain Richards well remarks—

“That there is double risk in putting into two ports, a greater anxiety to the captain, and dissatisfaction to the passengers. The great horror of a captain is, the approaching land until it is absolutely necessary; while the delay could scarcely be calculated to be less than twenty-four hours.”

We fear, too, that the difficulty in leaving the harbour during the prevalence of southerly winds, must materially injure her claims. Captain Richards states, “that with a stiff southerly wind vessels cannot beat out, owing to the ‘heavy cross sea at the entrance of the harbour, increased by an ebb tide.’” Cork was also *especially excluded* from the recommendation given by the several gentlemen who were examined by the Western Harbour Commissioners, in favor of a western packet station. Viscount Beaufort was asked, whether he included Cork, when he spoke of a southern or western port—

"No," said he, "I do not include any port in which the wind which will take you on your voyage will not permit you to go out of it."

Again Captain Haynes considered "that there was great difficulty in getting convoys out of Cork harbour." Sir John Franklin conceived that the objection he had to ports within the channel applied, though not so strongly, to Cork harbour; while Mr. Williams stated "that the situation of Cork was unfavourable on account of the set of the current, and that there would be a great advantage in sailing from a *port west* of Cape Clear."

We almost anticipate that the objection will be again urged, that the advantage presented by steam navigation removes all these difficulties. We have already presented to our readers, some evidence on this point, and we venture to add this one additional extract on the manner in which the more general employment of steamers would affect the above conclusions :—

Mr. Williams examined.

"What time do you suppose a first-class steamer would take to go against a strong gale of wind from Cork to the longitude of one of the Western harbours? We have found a day occupied in coming from Cork to the parallel of the Western ports, and we had to put back again to Cork."

It would appear from the foregoing remarks, that the establishment of a Packet Station on the Western Coast of Ireland, is a matter of vast importance to the interests of the empire; and secondly, that the port of Galway, from its geographical position and natural advantages, possesses sufficient merits to justify its selection for the purposes of "Transatlantic Communication." It may be well, however, before proceeding further, to enquire into the practicability of carrying out the scheme through the medium of private speculation, in case the English government refuse, as we fear they will do, to promote this national undertaking with pecuniary assistance.

The distance of Liverpool from new New York is calculated to be about 3,100 miles, and it is conceived that the voyage is *capable* of being performed in from six to eight days, instead of, as at present, fourteen. This vast difference could of course only be effected by the joint combination of the following circumstances :—by shortening the sea voyage; by completing the proposed railway from Waterville

to Halifax; and by placing on the line between Galway and the latter harbour, steamers of greater size and power than those at present in use. It is calculated that, by their dispensing with many matters which are at present necessary in consequence of the greater length of voyage, the passage may be performed in such a time as would prove of great benefit to the public, and return a fair and satisfactory remuneration to those who should join in the enterprize.

The adoption of any one or other of the above propositions would of course tend to shorten the passage considerably in point of time, but inasmuch as the proposed railway from Halifax to Waterville cannot be completed in less time than three or four years, the result which *may be* at some future time arrived at, can only be approximated to at the present.

Boston has heretofore been fixed on, as the port of embarkation on the other side of the "Atlantic ferry;" and it is conceived that the increased amount of passenger traffic, the carriage of valuable goods and parcels, and the conveyance of the mails, would alone amply repay the outlay expended by a company formed for the purpose of carrying into effect the proposed design. We will, therefore, simply enquire into the grounds of this expectation, and lay before our readers some of the calculations on which the Galway Transatlantic Steam Packet Company claim their patronage and support.

It is unnecessary to consider at any length, in how short a space of time the voyage *might be effected*, by placing on the line vessels of from 2,000 to 2,500 tons, and of 800 to 1000 horse power—vessels which, according to the calculation of Mr. M'Calmont, might attain a speed of from 15 to 17 miles an hour, and consequently perform the voyage in a proportionately short time. We conceive it more advisable, to base our present observations on the results attained to by vessels constructed in similar respects to those at present in use, belonging to the Cunard Company.

Assuming the distance from New York to Liverpool to be about 3,100 miles, and from Galway to Boston to be 2,600, there would be a distance of 500 miles of a sea voyage gained by adopting the proposed route, being a distance equivalent to the distance between Liverpool and Galway and between Boston and New York. Assuming, then, the latter to be 200 miles, we would have a distance of

300 miles, *representing* the distance between Liverpool and Galway, which might be performed in about twelve or fourteen hours, by the assistance of the Dublin and Mullingar railway. Assuming these estimates to be correct, we have obtained sufficient data for calculating the time occupied by either route, and consequently the amount of time saved by adopting one in preference to the other.

From a return calculated from the "average time taken by all the Atlantic steam ships, fast and slow, to perform the voyage to and from Liverpool to Halifax and New York," in the year 1849, we find, that the average speed attained to in the outward passage was $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and on the homeward about 9; the time consumed on the entire voyage, by the present route, being as follows:

				Days.	Hours.
From Liverpool to New York	13	10
From New York to Liverpool	12	2

But by taking advantage of the proposed route, *via* Galway and Boston, and making use of the railways at present in existence, we may attain the following results:—

				Days.	Hours.
From Liverpool to New York	12	0
From New York to Liverpool	10	16

Or in other words, combining the above two tables—

				Old Route.	New Route.
From Liverpool to New York, and back	25 12	22 16

Being a difference of 2 days 20 hours on the entire voyage, in favor of the route proposed. The following table will enable our readers to calculate this result for themselves; we have taken it, with a slight alteration, from the third pamphlet affixed to the commencement of this paper:—

Liverpool to New York, <i>via</i> Galway.	D.	H.	New York to Liverpool, <i>via</i> Galway.	D.	H.
Liverpool to Galway	...	0 12	New York to Boston	...	0 12
Galway to Boston	...	11 0	Boston to Galway	...	9 16
Boston to New York	...	0 12	Galway to Liverpool	...	0 12
		<hr/> 12 0			<hr/> 10 16

We may here remark, that the period of twelve hours allowed for the passage by steam and rail from Liverpool to Galway, is somewhat longer than that set forth in a government return, for the performance of a similar distance, and to which we will presently refer.

Now it is to be recollected, that this saving of 2 days 20 hours is based upon two assumptions—first, that no greater speed can be attained to than that now found available by the vessels belonging to the “Cunard” Company; and secondly, that the railway from New York (at present completed as far as Waterville) will never be extended to Halifax. Now, it is most probable that both these events will take place, and that at no lengthened period. Of course if they do, the passage will be performed in a shorter period. It is, indeed, generally admitted that steam navigation is but in its infancy; and there is also every reason to suppose that the railway from Halifax to Waterville will be shortly commenced, so that the saving of time of 2 days 20 hours at present attainable, will, in the space of a few years, be increased to twice that amount; but taking matters as they are, the result is of great importance, when the amount of interest on mercantile bills, insurance, the wear and tear of the vessels employed, and many other circumstances, are considered.

The following return was handed by the parliamentary commissioners to Lord Montague, who has taken a great interest in the development of this question, last December, and by him transmitted to the deputation of Irish members who waited on them in furtherance of the movement. We allude to it, principally, because it has been put forward by the commissioners as affording a conclusive answer to arguments advanced in favour of an Irish Packet Station:—

By Packet from	Time from Holyhead to the Port	Length of Voyage to New York.	Total from Holyhead to New York.	Length from Holyhead to New York direct.	Saving by Communi- cation via an Irish Port.
	H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.	H. M.
Galway,	10 13	10 8 16½	10 18 29½	11 3 49½	9 20
Tarbert,	11 8	10 7 33	10 18 41	—	9 8½
Cork,	11 29½	10 12 44	10 0 18	—	3 36
Valencia,	13 20	10 4 44	10 18 4	—	9 45½
Beerhaven, ...	13 40	10 7 38½	10 21 18½	—	6 31
Crookhaven, ...	13 49½	10 7 0	10 20 49½	—	7 0

Now this table is clearly inaccurate. In the first place, the length of voyage from Holyhead direct, is stated to be 11D. 3H. 49½M.,

whereas we have shown above, from a calculation of the time occupied by all vessels from Liverpool to New York during the year 1849, that it cannot be performed in less than 13d. 10h. from Liverpool by the direct route, so that, unless the difference of 2d. 6h. is occupied by the voyage from Holyhead to Liverpool, the statement is wholly false. Again, it is stated that the time occupied by the voyage from Galway would amount to 10d. 8h. 16m., being only 9h. 20m. less than from Holyhead; if this be so, a vessel starting from Holyhead would in nine hours and a half reach the longitude of Galway, and taking the rate of sailing to be as we have stated, nine knots an hour at the very outside, a vessel leaving Holyhead could only have proceeded about ninety miles down the Channel, when, according to the statement of the commissioners, it would have shortened the length of its voyage by some two hundred miles.

The Galway Transatlantic Steam Packet Company propose to commence operations with a capital of £300,000, it being intended to place but three ocean steamers, of about 1500 tons burden, on the line. It is calculated that these vessels would cost about £75,000 each, thus leaving in the hands of the directors the sum of £75,000 for current expenses and contingencies. It was under somewhat similar circumstances that the "Cunard" Company first commenced their prosperous career, and so successful has it been, that within little more than ten years from the period when it was first formed, they have increased their fleet from three vessels, representing 3,900 tons, to nine, representing a total of 15,650 tons. We do not see any reason why the Galway Company should not be equally successful. If this splendid result was consequent on the amount of freight which they were in the habit of carrying, there might be some doubts as to the probable success of the Galway line, since goods are generally forwarded *direct* to their place of destination, unless indeed, as we think we will hereafter show, the difference in the amount of freight, and other considerations, would render the route *via* Galway more speedy and economical; but the case is far otherwise when the principal source of profit is derived from the fares of passengers and the conveyance of the mails. There could be little doubt of success, when the convenience of a

short voyage, with more moderate fares, would combine to attract the great majority of travellers.

It is stated in the prospectus of the Galway Company that these vessels "may be built to accommodate 150 cabin passengers, 50 steerage passengers, and to carry 200 tons of freight, in addition to the coals, while the saving of 600 miles in the distance would enable them to make 18 trips per annum, at the average rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 knots an hour on the outward, and 9 knots on the homeward voyage." The Cunard vessels have only been able, in consequence of the greater distance, to perform 15 trips in each year, while, of course, the quantity of room for the carrying of freight, if any, is diminished by the necessity of having an increased quantity of coal. The amount of coal saved by each vessel in the year would thus amount to nearly 3000 tons, provided the same number of trips were made by the Galway vessels as are now made by those of the Cunard Company; or, supposing 1000 tons to be used for each trip from Liverpool, the same quantity would enable the vessels from Galway to run eighteen times across, which would only enable those from Liverpool to perform fifteen trips.

It is quite manifest therefore that the cost of working the Galway line will be far less expensive than that of working the "Cunard Company," and consequently, the former could afford to take much smaller fares than the latter. The Galway Company have therefore calculated that the fares of £27 10s. and £12 10s. for the first and second classes respectively, *via* Galway to New York, will remunerate them as well as the present fares of £35 and £20 from Liverpool do the Cunard Company. There is certainly an important difference in the amount charged; and we have no doubt that this will, in addition to the several other inducements, be sufficient to attract the vast majority of Transatlantic travellers.

The saving in the conveyance of goods is of equal value and importance. The proposed company offer to carry goods from Liverpool to New York for £5 per ton, being £2 less than that charged from Liverpool direct. The following would thus give a fair estimate of the expected profits of the company on each ship:—

70 Passengers, at £25 each, for 18 trips ...	£31,500
200 Tons of Goods, at £5 per ton, do. ...	£18,000
	<hr/>
	£49,500
Deduct 30 per cent on cost of construction...	£22,500
	<hr/>
Profit per annum, each vessel	£27,000

"This estimate," says the prospectus, "which is based on the number of passengers *at present* carried on each passage, would leave the Galway Company a profit of upwards of 30 per cent. on called up capital." It will be observed that, even in the event of there being no traffic, the proceeds of the passengers' fares would leave the sum of £9000 as a clear profit over the working expenses of each vessel, and that this estimate is framed independently of any profit which might be derived from the conveyance of the mails.

As a question of finance, the establishment of a packet station on the west coast of Ireland ought to meet with the approval of all "reformers." If we take the item in the estimates of steam communication to North America, we find that the sum paid by the country to the "Cunard" Company is £145,000 per annum, for 78 trips, or 39 voyages in the year. This would make the postage amount to £3718 per voyage, or about £169 as the expense of each day. Now, if the communication was carried on *via* Galway, we have already shown that above two days will be saved on each voyage, or £338, amounting to a saving in the year on postal communication of the sum of £13,282.

Again, if we take two of the principal items in the import and export trade of America to this country, we will find abundant reasons for concluding that, at the above rates, the vessels employed would seldom perform a voyage without being completely freighted. The shipment of cotton alone requires a tonnage of about half a million of tons for the purpose of its being conveyed to this country. This traffic will most probably afford sufficient employment by itself for whatever room the vessels could spare; while, in such case, the average freight, amounting to about one penny per lb., would leave a handsome balance to the credit of the company.

We have shown above that the vessels proposed to be placed on

this line, may be accommodated to the carriage of freight to the amount of about 200 tons; but by constructing these vessels on improved principles, it may be easily shown that a much larger available space may be obtained in vessels of equal tonnage. It is stated in a letter which appeared in the *Advocate* of the 30th Oct., 1850, that by the construction of engines on improved principles, such as those at present in use in H. M. S. "Retribution," "Sphinx," "Furious," and others, that a saving of 360 tons in weight might be effected in the construction of engines alone. Now assuming that the vessels should be similar in all other respects to the "Cunard Liners," there would be a capability of carrying fully 500 tons of freight on each trip; or, on the *other* hand, in case such should not be required, we would have the same power, of say 800 horses, applied to the propulsion of a weight less by 500 tons. The manifest result would be a greater velocity; but assuming, as we think we fairly may, that this space, capable of carrying 500 tons weight, should find from various sources full cargoes on every voyage, the Galway Company would derive from each vessel, whatever profit would arise from the carriage of 4500 tons of freight to and from America once in every year.

It must be admitted, however, that neither the Galway Company or any other steam packet company can ever, if it confines itself to the mere purpose of conveying passengers and parcels, engross any considerable portion of the traffic between the two countries; for if rapidity of communication be the chief point sought after, every other object must be made subservient to it; but it is quite plain, nevertheless, that if the conveyance of goods was attempted, a great saving in point of time over the present system could be attained to in the voyage from New York to Liverpool by the proposed route.

We have stated that 500,000 tons of shipping are annually required for the trans-shipment of cotton from America to Great Britain, and it would appear, from the following extract, that by adopting the Galway route the saving from insurance alone would amount to £135,000 a-year. The difference in this respect would "be quite two per cent., which on the gross value of the cotton (£25,000,000) will amount to £500,000; the rates of insurance

on shipping carrying cotton freight is also high." The difference in favor of Galway would amount to the sum of £100,000 on 500,000 ton of shipping, at the average of £10 per ton, and adding the sum of £75,000 for channel dues and other expenses, such as wages, &c., a total balance of £675,000 in favor of Galway on the shipment of cotton alone would result, assuming the place of landing at an Irish packet station to be its final destination; but the cost of conveyance from the Irish station to Liverpool should be deducted from this sum, and taking "the distance from Galway to to be 274 miles, or twice the distance of Galway to Dublin, and allowing 2d. per ton per mile for its conveyance by rail and water to Liverpool," it would require £540,000 for its transit, and deducting this sum from the gross amount of saving in the first instance, a net balance of £135,000 would be left for the benefit of the producer and consumer.

Again, in the imports of bread stuffs to this country, applying the same reasoning, similar results follow; but there are peculiar circumstances connected with this trade, which as far as Ireland is concerned, entitles it to some consideration; a large proportion of the bread stuffs imported is consumed in this country; whatever the amount may be, it is, generally speaking, conveyed to some of the English ports, subjected to the several charges for port dues, commission, &c., and, finally, at a vastly increased expense, arrives in this country for consumption. Now this is a monstrous hardship, when it can be shown that every barrel of flour imported might be landed at Liverpool, by the Galway route, at a far less expense than by the direct passage.

The following table shows the quantity of bread stuffs exported from the United States and Canada, during the years 1846 and 1847:—

	1846.	1847.
Flour, bushels,	2,289,476	4,382,496
Wheat, do.	1,613,795	4,399,951
Corn, do.	1,826,068	16,326,050
Meal, barrels,	298,720	918,066

Of this large quantity, Ireland in the year 1849, had *imported* for home consumption 1,500,000 quarters. How different was her condition, when in 1845 she *exported* to the English markets 3,257,000 quarters.

If we apply ourselves to the emigration returns, we can easily perceive the vast importance of establishing a Transatlantic packet station on the coast of Ireland. The following table shows the number of persons who have emigrated from Liverpool to our several colonies during the last ten years, amounting in all to 904,081:—*

1841,	48,753	1846,	75,504
1842,	55,535	1847,	132,459
1843,	29,496	1848,	131,132
1844,	44,427	1849,	153,902
1845,	58,686	1850,	174,187

Now, out of these 174,187 persons, who emigrated in 1850, 171,000 emigrated to the North American continent. We quote the following extract from the *Liverpool Times*, of 17th January last:—

“ Taking the average passage-money as £6, the conveyance of emigrants yields a revenue of upwards of £100,000 sterling to the shipping which belongs to, or frequents this port, independent of the great amount of money which the passage of such an immense multitude through the town must leave to be spent in it ; in fact, the passage and conveyance of emigrants has become one of the greatest trades of Liverpool.”

This accounts, very satisfactory no doubt, for the opposition given by the Liverpool merchants to the establishment of a packet station on the coast of Ireland; but in point of fact, if such has become “one of the greatest trades of Liverpool,” there is a gloomy prospect for the future, even in Liverpool. The tide of emigration cannot always flow—at least, to the same extent, as the foregoing return would lead us to suppose; nor does it speak much for the prosperity of a country, when its chief trade consists in transferring to a *foreign* power one of the elements of its wealth. We say to a foreign power, for the returns show that the entire number, with a small exception, were emigrants to the United States. We may be told that the great majority of these persons were Irish—so they were; and

* *Liverpool Times*, 17th January, 1851, and government returns.

we may be told that the remarks which we have above made must, therefore, be incorrect. But can this be said with justice? England and Ireland form one country; and can England be said to be prosperous when Ireland is distressed?

But it may easily be shown that the necessity of taking this circuitous route has involved those unfortunate people in a vast unnecessary expense. Mr. Bermingham, a gentleman who has ever shown an interest in matters connected with the improvement of Ireland, whether social or otherwise, thus calculates the loss sustained, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Advocate* in the month of March last:—

“I have, with some assistance, made calculations, founded upon a statement which appeared in the *Liverpool Times* a short time since, which set forth that 172,480 emigrants left Liverpool for America in 1850; and taking cost of passage and maintenance, adding loss of time, supposing the average passage thirty-six days, allowing 5*s.* to the first class, 2*s.* 6*d.* to the second class, and 1*s.* to steerage, *per diem*, the cost to these emigrants was one and a quarter millions sterling, as against one million sterling, which we calculate this number would have been taken for, supposing the railroad finished to Galway, and that they had embarked at that port, in vessels fitted up for the service, including for those from a distance, cost of passage from Liverpool to Dublin, rail to Galway, steamer to New York, and allowing twelve days’ expenditure of time on the voyage, &c. Thus, if my calculations be capable of realization (I believe them to be ample), effecting a saving of a quarter of a million sterling to this certainly large number of emigrants, and of twenty-three days voyage to each, a great portion of which time would be spent on the most dangerous part—namely, the coasting, to avoid Ireland.”

This saving of £250,000, assuming Mr. B.’s calculation to be correct, would amount to a saving to the emigrants for the last two years of about one million and a-half sterling. It is not, we believe, proposed by the Galway Company, that their vessels should be adapted to the conveyance of this class of passengers; yet vessels might easily be constructed to answer the purpose. In a short pamphlet published by Mr. M’Calmont, it is proposed that the vessels placed upon the line, should be of between 2,000 or 2,500 tons—

and 800 to 1,000 horse power. It is calculated that such vessels would easily perform the voyage in 5 or 6 days; the costs of five vessels he calculates to amount to £500,000, and the annual costs of 80 trips, including insurance, interest on capital, repairs, and depreciation, at 20 per cent—£255,000 per annum. Taking then the number of passengers to amount to 100 for each of these classes, at the respective fares of £10, £5, and £2 for each trip, a sum of 211,000 would be received, leaving a deficit of £43,000 to be charged against the Post-office department for the conveyance of the mails, &c., and taking the sum of £145,000, which is now paid for that purpose, a handsome residue would remain to be divided amongst the shareholders by way of dividend on their paid up capital; the above fares would certainly be such as to induce many persons to prefer the Galway route.

If Mr. M'Calmont's plan was adopted, there is no doubt, that the tide of emigration would flow through Galway; and when we consider the large amount of money sent over by emigrants to their absent relatives, in this country, for the purpose of enabling them to emigrate also, it is certainly a hardship that they should be exposed to the wholesale imposition, to which they are submitted at Liverpool and other sea-port towns.

The proposed line of railway from Halifax to Quebec, when taken in connection with the question of Transatlantic Communication, is of great importance to the British empire. It affects directly our North American colonies, and demands therefore the greatest attention from Her Majesty's government, if their future prosperity and welfare is sought after. It is alleged by some, that the maintenance of our colonies is a matter of little importance to the mother country. It may be a question, how far the parent state has a right to control the wishes of its colonies; how far it is consistent with her duty, to restrict their efforts for independence, or to restrain the passing of laws which they conceive to be for their advantage; but we imagine, there can be no doubt, as to the benefit which is derived by Great Britain from her colonies; her colonies afford great markets and create great demands for her manufactured goods; we cannot then understand on what principle the advocates of Free Trade make the assertion, when it is so well known that the countries which consume

our manufactured goods, are not those foreign states to which we have been making such advances of late. The Russians consume on an average but six penny-worth per head; the French little more than one penny-worth; the people of the United States, about 6s. each, while our colonists in the British States of North America consume manufactured goods to the value of £1 6s. each. If we turn to the shipping returns we will find a similar result. The following shows the difference with respect to the amount of shipping employed by Great Britain in the trade of each country in the year 1846:—

				Tons.
United States trade,	205,000
North American,	1,076,000

It may be then fairly assumed, that it is for the advantage of the British empire, as far as possible to direct the tide of emigration (which we regret to say is likely to continue at its present height) as much as possible from the United States, to the Canadas.

If this assumption is well founded, it is of course the duty of Her Majesty's government to forward by every means in their power, every project which has for its object, or which tends to promote, this desirable end; and we purpose shortly to consider whether the policy which has been lately adopted by the imperial government has been such as to strengthen the confidence of the inhabitants of British North America in the wisdom and justice of Her Majesty's advisers, in the month of April last. Sir George Grey emphatically remarked in the House of Commons:—

“It must not be for a moment supposed, that these measures are contemplated under any idea that the connection between the mother country and the colony could be dissolved without injury to both, or, that there is any probability that it will be so; on the contrary, these measures are regarded as safe, because Her Majesty's government are persuaded, that the great body of the people of Canada are so fully satisfied, of the great benefits they enjoy from the system of constitutional government now happily established, in the provinces under the authority of the British crown, that it may properly be left to themselves, to take their share of the burthen of maintaining and defending an order of things, from which they reap so much advantage.”

One would imagine from reading the above words, that the British States of North America was the happiest and most prosperous country in the world, and had outrun the United States in every matter connected with commercial enterprise or social prosperity; but unfortunately for the "system of constitutional government so happily established in these provinces under the authority of the British crown," it is quite the reverse: the repeal of the navigation laws, the reduction of the duty on timber, and that monstrous act of inconsistency, the admission of slave grown sugars into this country, have almost destroyed these provinces; and the only advantage that they enjoy in return, is an occasional peep at his Excellency Lord Elgin. What greater evidence of the present condition of that country can there be, than the fact, that out of 174,000 persons who emigrated to the continent of America last year, but 4,000 directed their footsteps to the Canadas. This is a fact which speaks more eloquently than volumes of ponderous blue books.

Our readers are aware that for many years past, the construction of a railway from Halifax to Quebec has been discussed, for the purpose of affording a more direct means of conveyance for the produce of the interior, than the usual course through New York and Boston. The railway would be about 600 miles in length, and might be constructed at a cost estimated to amount to £5,000,000. Among other advantages urged in favor of this line, the fact of its running through an extensive coal field of a superior quality, adds in no small degree to its importance.

It is of course quite manifest, that the return derived from such an undertaking could not, for many years to come, be such as to induce private capitalists to come forward and undertake its construction, unassisted by government patronage. If its construction can be shown to be of benefit to the province, it should be considered as a great national work, just such a one as it would be the duty of the government to promote. We will endeavour to show that the proposed line would be of incalculable benefit, and that the English government now have it in their power to secure the gratitude and promote the prosperity of our North American provinces. "There are four things that come not back," said the great Abu Bekar, the caliph who succeeded Mahomet—"the spoken word; the sped arrow;

the past life; and the neglected opportunity." It is for Her Majesty's government now to decide whether that opportunity will pass unheeded, or whether some steps will be taken to arrest the rapid progress of decay which is so apparent from the present condition of our North American provinces.

That the American continent—and particularly the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada—possess vast industrial resources, is an undoubted fact. We may refer to Mr. Johnson's very useful and interesting work in confirmation of this statement; but the following official statement of the Governor-General, Lord Durham, in 1839, well deserves insertion—

"These interests are, indeed, of great magnitude; and on the course which your Majesty and your parliament may adopt with respect to the North American colonies, will depend the future destinies not only of the million and a half of your Majesty's subjects who at present inhabit these provinces, but of that vast population which those ample and fertile territories are fit and destined hereafter to support. No portion of the American continent possesses greater natural resources for the maintenance of large and flourishing communities. An almost boundless range of the richest soil still remains unsettled, and may be rendered available for the purposes of agriculture. The wealth of inexhaustible forests of the best timber in America, and of extensive regions of the most valuable minerals, have as yet been scarcely touched. Along the whole line of sea coast, around each island, and in every river, are to be found the greatest and richest fisheries in the world. The best fuel and the most abundant water-power are available for the coarser manufactures, for which an easy and certain market will be found. Trade with other continents is favoured by the possession of a large number of safe and spacious harbours; long, deep, and numerous rivers, and vast inland seas, supply the means of easy intercourse; and the structure of the country generally affords the utmost facility for every species of communication by land. Unbounded materials of agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry are there; it depends upon the present decision of the imperial legislature to determine for whose benefit they are to be rendered available. The country which has founded and maintained these colonies, at a vast expense of blood and money, may justly expect its compensation in turning their unappropriated resources to the account of its own redundant population. They are the rightful patrimony of the English people—the ample appanage which God and nature have set aside in the new world for those whose lot has assigned them but insufficient portions in the old."

Lord Elgin, the present governor, in a despatch dated the 20th December, 1848, strongly urges on the consideration of the Home

Government the carrying out of this design. "I have briefly," he writes, "insisted on the advantage which the mother country is likely to derive from the execution of this work (the proposed railway), believing that the benefits which it will confer on the colonies are too manifest to require elucidation." Again, at a meeting of the inhabitants of Westmoreland, held on the 18th January, 1849, it was unanimously resolved—

"That the subject of the proposed railway between Halifax and Quebec is one of paramount importance to the British North American provinces; that the future destiny of these valuable possessions depends upon the early construction of this grand national work; and that it is a duty equally imperative upon Her Majesty's government, the colonial legislature, and upon every individual claiming the privilege of a British subject, to afford every aid and assistance to the promoting this truly patriotic undertaking, upon the success of which unquestionably depends the *future relations* and prosperity, as well of the mother country as of these her colonies."

We have here, then testimony of three different kinds: we have first the testimony of Lord Durham, as to the resources of the country; we have then the opinion of Lord Elgin, as to the "advantages the mother country would derive, considering the advantage to the provinces themselves "too manifest to require elucidation;" and we have finally the inhabitants of the country stating that "*the future relations* and prosperity" of those valuable possessions depend upon the early construction of this "great national work."

Now if we turn to a dispatch from Earl Grey to Lord Elgin, dated January 26, 1849, and to its enclosure, we will see how far the authority of the British crown "*dispenses those great benefits*" with which the people of Canada are, or ought to be, perfectly satisfied. The Commissioners of Railways, to whom it was referred by Earl Grey to consider the Report of Major Robinson on the proposed line, state their opinion to be, after the "fullest consideration"—an allegation, by the bye, which leads us to believe they knew nothing about the matter—"that, *although*, in a military and political point of view, the construction of a railway between Halifax and Quebec may be of *great importance*; that as a commercial undertaking, it is very doubtful whether it can, at least for a long time to come, prove *profitable*."

To be sure it *is* doubtful. How could it be otherwise? And the

government, forsooth, because an undertaking may not for some time to come prove profitable, decline to engage in or promote that, which confessedly would develop the resources and increase the prosperity of an important and justly dissatisfied colony.

That the colony has not advanced in the proportion it ought to have done, is manifest from its condition when compared with that of the United States. The following return shows the advance made in Upper Canada, during 22 years:—

	Population.		Acres of Cultivated Land.		Assessed Value.		Local Taxes.
1825	158,027	...	535,212	...	2,256,874	...	10,235
1847	717,560	...	2,673,820	...	8,567,001	...	86,058

We must confess that the result of 22 years' progress, as above shown, does not tend to increase our feelings of satisfaction. We think that in a country presenting such vast resources as the Canadas undoubtedly do, an increase of population from 150,000 to 700,000 betokens anything but good government; especially so, when we recollect, that above 900,000 persons have emigrated to the continent of America during the last ten years.

The small number of persons who have emigrated to the British states during the above period, is accounted for by the difficulty experienced by emigrants at the various sea-port towns of Canada and Nova Scotia, in getting employment sufficient to enable them to push their way up the country, while the contrary is experienced in the sea-port towns of the United States. This explanation may account very satisfactorily for the result; but we cannot, for the life of us, understand why the cause should continue to exist, unless it result from the depressing influence of imperial legislation.

The immediate construction of this railway would tend to improve this state of things, and attract the tide of emigration to the northern provinces of America; it would thus strengthen our influence, and increase and extend one of the very best markets for the sale of our manufactures. According to the Report above alluded to—

“In a political and military point of view, the proposed railway must be regarded as becoming a work of necessity. The increasing population and wealth of the United States, and the diffusion of railways over their territory, especially in the direction of the Canadian frontier, renders it absolutely necessary to counterbalance by some corresponding means their otherwise preponderating power.”

" Their railway communications will enable them to select their own time and their own points of attack, and will impose upon the British the necessity of being prepared at all points to meet them.

" It is most essential, therefore, that the mother country should be able to keep up her communications with the Canadas at all times and seasons. However powerful England may be at sea, no navy could save Canada from a land force."

" Its conquest and annexation are freely spoken of in the United States, even on the floors of Congress."

" The expenses of one year's war would pay for a railway two or three times over."

The Quebec and Halifax railway would, when opened, have the benefit of important traffic in the conveyance of corn and flour to the sea port towns, for the purpose of shipment to England. This traffic at the present passes through the towns of New York and Boston; the cost of land carriage to the respective towns, would seem to point out Halifax as the best adapted for the purpose of trans-shipment, for though the table shows a slight increase in the cost of carriage to Halifax, the shorter voyage thereby obtained would more than compensate the slightly increased expense. The following table shows the cost of carriage to the sea port towns from the interior:—

	Halifax.			New York.			Boston.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.		s.	d.
From the Lakes to	6	2	...	5	1	...	6	0

We would also call attention to the table which we have given before in page 290, showing the importation of bread stuffs to have amounted to above 25 million bushels in the year 1847.

" The greatest portion, if not all, of this immense produce, of which the above forms only a few items in the great account, was received at the Atlantic ports from the far West; and it is for this most important and still increasing trade, that Montreal and Quebec will now, by means of the St. Laurence canals, have the most favourable chance of a successful competition with New York and Boston."

The completion of the proposed railway will enable Halifax also, to enter the lists with every probability of success. The Montreal and Portland railway, being the only one this could at all compete with it, depends for its construction and maintenance on private enterprise alone:—

"But with the Quebec and Halifax railway" to use Major Robinson's words, the case is very different; the enterprise is of general interest, it concerns the prosperity and welfare of each of the three provinces; and the honor as well as the interests of the whole British empire may be affected by it."

That the province of New Brunswick possesses vast capabilities for the purposes of emigration, is apparent from the extract we have given from Lord Durham's dispatch; the following table taken from the Report prefixed to this paper, also shows its extent and capacities. We have drawn the comparison between Ireland and this province as they are very nearly equal in size, and present in a striking manner the industrial resources and capabilities of the latter.

	New Brunswick.			Ireland.
Total number of acres,	...	2,000,000	...	18,441,944
Cultivated,	...	600,000	...	} 17,000,000
Uncultivated,	...	16,400,000	...	
Unprofitable,	...	3,000,000	...	2,444,944
Population,	...	208,000	...	7,000,000

There are 11,000,000 acres of forest land, fit for settlement at the disposal of the government. It is not then too much to say in the words of the Report, that New Brunswick possesses abundant room for all the surplus population of the mother country.

We fear much however that the opportunity now presented will be thrown away; if it is, the government is of course responsible for the result. The European and North American Railway Company seem determined, if possible, to secure for the United States, all the benefits to be derived from "Transatlantic Communications," and from the spirit and energy with which the matter has been taken up we have little doubt of their ultimate success.

The latter company propose to run their line from Waterville to Halifax, through Bangor and St. John's, in communication with the one at present open from New York to Waterville. The company have obtained a charter, have become incorporated, and have taken many preliminary steps towards the performance of their undertaking.

In making the above observations, we have purposely avoided discussing this important question on grounds which might be said to affect exclusively the commercial interests of Ireland; not, that there do not exist many arguments, and valid ones too, which might

be urged in favour of this measure, connected with Ireland and with Ireland alone; but because it appears to us, that the grounds on which the advocates of this movement should rely, are those which affect the well-being of the empire at large. The question is one of universal importance. Civilization is promoted by whatever tends to facilitate the intercourse and bring nations into closer communication with one another. The movement which we advocate will, if developed, undoubtedly have this effect.

We expect to see the day, and perhaps it is not so far distant as some imagine, when a pleasure trip to the Falls of Niagara may be undertaken during the Easter Holidays, and the advantages offered by "return tickets," will become duly appreciated; but however the development of "Transatlantic Communication" may be made subservient to the pursuits of pleasure, to the pen of the tourist, or the pencil of the artist, there can be no doubt, to those who discuss the question dispassionately, of the vast benefits to be reaped by every class of the mercantile community.

To our own fellow-countrymen, a word of affectionate advice must be added. To secure the successful issue of the movement, they must make a steady, combined, and vigorous attempt. Union and self-reliance are the great maxims which we should lay down for our rule of conduct through life. If we wait until we receive government assistance, we shall be doomed to disappointment; nor by lamenting over our present unhappy condition, shall we ever attain to wealth or prosperity.

"Lamentation is worse than useless; the spirit of the age forbids all idle mourning. If we would awaken a sympathy and interest in our pursuits, we must gird up our loins like men, and be doing, and that right earnestly; for it is hopeless any longer waiting for the government, as a *Deus ex machina*, to help us.

ART. VI.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES
OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER II.

MY LONDON EMPLOYERS—HOW I LEFT THEM—HOW I LEFT MY
FELLOW CLERKS.

ONE of my first acts the next morning was to proceed to a book-stall, and there purchase a volume entitled "The Complete Letter Writer," the cover of which informed me, that within, I should find precedents for epistles on any given subject, from "Love, Duty, and Affection," down to "General Correspondence."

In the department devoted to business, I found two forms which I considered peculiarly adapted to my case, one commencing "Honored Gentlemen," the other, "Respected Sirs." Having duly weighed the relative beauties of these two modes of commencement, I decided in favor of the latter, and with the assistance of the "General Remarks," at the end of that invaluable publication, my constitution having been supported during the protracted struggle by the nourishment I drew from the tops of two quills, I succeeded in completing a letter to Messrs. Seizem and Skinn, which I posted on my way to my office, not without some very serious misgiving as to its being the thing. I took my seat that morning, with a consciousness that it would require my most strenuous exertions to retain the mighty secret pent up in my bosom for the next three or four days. I felt so highly charged with mystery, that an explosion seemed inevitable. In fact, I enjoyed the sensations of a person sitting on a gunpowder magazine during a thunder storm, with a large bunch of keys in his pocket. Anything like a lengthened conversation I of course avoided, as an experiment under the circumstances highly dangerous; and this marked departure from my former affability gave rise to many and ingenious theories in the office. The "fast" Jubb came to the conclusion that it arose from some pecuniary difficulty, caused by my having neglected the oft-repeated advice to reform my tailor's bills; while Parker (usually

called Old Parker, in reference to his spectacles) suggested that perhaps I was suffering from the consciousness of having blotted an entry in the day-book. However, to use melodramatic phraseology, the solution of the mystery was at hand. Unbounded was the astonishment of all my fellow-clerks, when they saw me one morning, with resolution in my eye, and a letter in my hand, proceed to the door of the private room of Filer, Noggs, and Co., evidently with the intention of entering unsummoned that awe-inspiring chamber. Great was the dread that fell upon the whole office, from the errand boy at the door, who paused in the act of incarcerating a fly in an ink-bottle, up to Old Parker, who gazed at me with an intensity that threatened to splinter his spectacles, and sucked the end of a ruler in silent horror. The details of that tremendous interview are, I fear, lost to the public, unless memoranda likely to throw light on them be hereafter found among the archives of the house of Filer, Noggs, and Co. Although I am convinced that some statements I made materially assisted them in discovering the meaning of Messrs. Seizem and Skinn's second letter, I have no recollection of what took place, further than that Mr. Filer was at first very angry, on which Mr. Noggs became highly indignant, but shortly afterwards relented a little on finding Mr. Filer inclined to soften, and finally, when Mr. Filer said it was too bad that I should leave them when there was so much to be done in the office, but that there was no help for it; and that, since there was to be a change, it was as well that it should be one for the better. Mr. Noggs remarked that it could not be helped, and congratulated me.

"Well, Dempsey," said Mr. Filer, who I always suspected had a vein of kindness and good nature underneath his pompous manners, "since you are to leave us, it cannot spoil you if I say, that while in our employment you have given us great satisfaction."

"Very great satisfaction, indeed," observed Mr. Noggs, who the day before informed me, I was the slowest accountant he ever had the misfortune of meeting.

"I am very busy now, Dempsey," continued Mr. Filer, "but let me see you before you start for Dublin. Mr. Parker will make out what is due to you from last quarter day."

Thus was my resignation of office accepted by the firm of Filer,

Noggs, and Co. As to the Co., neither on this, nor on any previous occasion, had I any dealings with it. In fact, I have every reason to believe that it was merely a sort of mercantile "Mrs. Harris," attached to the firm, for the sake of giving a more finished look to the door plate. When, in the most lucid style I was master of, I announced to the astonished audience in the office my intended departure, and the cause of it, my hearers were at first derisive, then sceptical, but finally convinced that, to use Jubb's expression, "there was something in it," as I took that opportunity to request the pleasure of the company of all present to a farewell banquet, in which it was stipulated that oysters should take a prominent part; the repast to be partaken of on the night previous to my departure for Ireland.

The intervening time I occupied in making preparations for my new life. These chiefly consisted in the purchase of various articles connected with agriculture, and rural affairs in general. Among them was a voluminous work on farming, profusely illustrated with engravings of apoplectic-looking cattle, and complicated engines. This I at once proceeded to study, and with difficulty got to "Subsoiling, as practised in Flanders," when I gave it up in disgust. I also formed a small agricultural museum of formidable-looking weapons, which, though to my inexperienced eye they wore the appearance of a collection of somewhat civilized tomahawks and scalping knives, the intelligent seedsman from whom I bought them told me I should find very useful in eradicating thistles and trimming hedgerows.

The same disinterested individual almost persuaded me to become, at the trifling cost of five guineas, the purchaser of a wonderful machine, a combination of the common wheelbarrow with a sort of revolving pepper-castor, to be used in some manner, I suppose, known to the inventor, in sowing turnips. This desirable investment I was compelled to relinquish, for two reasons. In the first place, although it contained all the latest scientific improvements, it could scarcely be considered conveniently portable; and, secondly, because the amount of salary I received at the hands of Mr. Parker, though computed with wonderful accuracy, and quite curious in its fractional exactness, yet considered as a total, was not of such an amount as to warrant so great an outlay. However, that I might not seem ungrateful to the goodnatured seedsman, I took a small pruning

knife, weighing about four pounds, with a blade like a stunted scythe, on which I broke both my thumb-nails before I gave up in despair all idea of opening it.

I spent the early part of my last evening in London in disposing my newly acquired curiosities on a table near the door, in such a manner as to produce, what I considered, a very striking effect. I then, for about the sixth time that night, examined the preparations for the supper, and having satisfied myself that nothing was wanting to ensure its complete success, sat calmly down to await my guests.

The first arrival was the punctual Mr. Parker, who, after a preliminary gaze at the fire, and a remark relative to the weather, informed me he had been just deriving a vast amount of instruction and amusement from a lecture on the nature and habits of the opossum, and was proceeding to give me a description of the wonderful provision of nature, which prevents that little animal from falling a victim to a rush of blood to the head, whilst hanging by its tail, when, unfortunately for the interests of natural history, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he was interrupted by the entrance of Messrs. Tummins and Dyce, who were followed, after a short interval, by the *distingué* Jubb. The latter gentleman bore, on and about his person, evident marks of an intention to do honour to the occasion. His gorgeous waistcoat formed a pleasing background for a chain of massive workmanship, composed of a material which, at first sight, strongly resembled gold. A striking effect was produced by the manner in which the chain was brought in and out of five of the six button holes of his "fancy dress vest," giving the links the appearance of being engaged in a game of follow-my-leader, which was to terminate in the waistcoat pocket.

The conviviality of the evening commenced by Old Parker's taking off his spectacles, and carefully depositing them in the crown of his hat. Excited by this evidence of a desire on his part for unrestrained enjoyment, we unanimously approached the table, and led on by the veteran cashier, Dyce, Tummins, and Jubb made a vigorous attack on the solids, while I plied them with a brisk battery of Bass's pale ale.

Fast and furious grew our fun and jollity. How or when we

parted I know not. When I awoke late next day, a hat filled with oyster shells, and a peculiar sensation about the throat and palate, as if I had been chewing cinders, were the only souvenirs left me of my farewell banquet to those friends of my middle age, in whose company I had worn to the stump full many a grey goose quill.

CHAPTER III.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I WENT TO LOOK FOR IT.

About six-and-thirty hours afterwards, the Dublin and Liverpool General Steam Navigation Company's new and powerful steam-vessel, "*Erin-go-Bragh*," (by the way, how does it happen that company's vessels always are new and powerful?) was paddling her way through that expanse of diluted mud that lies between Clontarf and the Pigeon House. Emerging from my berth, where I had been whiling away the morning with paroxysms of sea-sickness, which were materially aggravated by a bilious gentleman, who persisted in devouring, immediately opposite me, a copious breakfast, consisting principally of some peculiarly fat fried ham, I essayed to go on deck, having first restored my cravat to the position it occupied before the commencement of those evolutions I had just gone through; any further attempt at a toilet was at present out of the question, for the same bilious man, who seemed to have come on board for the sole purpose of thwarting me in every possible manner, was at the solitary basin, polishing his cadaverous countenance with a degree of pertinacity that gave but faint hopes of his toilet's being concluded within the next half hour. Arrived on deck, I found that most of my fellow-victims had preceded me; but alas! what a sad and wondrous change had the last few hours effected in them. The stylish young man with the glazed cap, who for some time after we had sailed, paced the deck with a regularity and perseverance worthy of Captain Barclay, now looked as yellow and unwholesome as the cigar he had been smoking over-night; and the ladies—my heart bled for them. Far be it from me to pretend to any knowledge of the mysteries, or internal arrangements, of that wonderful grotto, known as the ladies' cabin; but judging from their worn-out and

sleepless looks, and generally dishevelled appearance, I would say that the berths must be constructed even more on the chest of drawers principle, than they are in other parts of the vessel. As I stepped off the plank into the mud of my native land, I felt, with Washington Irving, "that I was a stranger in that land." This idea was, however, soon dispelled. "Your honor's heartily welcome," said a husky voice behind me; and on turning I beheld a young man, who wore a whip round his neck, touching his hat (a remarkably amorphous one), who in the most engaging manner assured me that his cushions were clean—a remark evidently not intended to extend to his face, and also that he was my own boy; and then, presuming I suppose on the relationship between us, without further observation walked off with my luggage. Sensible as I was of the extreme friendliness of his manner, I did not like being altogether separated from my effects at so short a notice. I therefore followed him, and found him disposing my property on one of those instruments of torture called outside cars—a species of vehicle which statistics prove to contribute largely to the support of the surgical profession in Dublin and its vicinity. Having, literally by tooth and nail, succeeded in securing the last package, and deposited himself, with a jerk, on my hat-case, he requested me to "git up;" and, before I had altogether complied, he ordered the horse to "git on," plying the whip with an energy that quite exonerated him from any suspicion of being a member of the Humane Society. As I had not been much more than twelve years away, I retained some slight recollection of the art of adhering to an outside car when in motion; yet I was far from feeling the dignified composure your true Dublinian exhibits under similar circumstances; and laying aside, as incompatible with safety, all idea of a graceful carriage, I held on manfully to the bounding car; when, after some five minutes' driving, my captor turned to me, and, with an abruptness quite startling, asked, "where my honor was going to?" which was, by a curious coincidence, the identical inquiry I had been making of myself. I gave him the name of a hotel, where, in a few minutes, he literally *dropped* me and my luggage.

CHAPTER IV.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I FOUND IT.

I found it in Mr. Seizem's office—at least I have always considered so, as it was there my experience of it first commenced; and a formidable amount of paper and parchment I had to get through, before I could make out what it was; in fact, there were so many papers about it, that one would have thought it was some fragile substance packed to be sent by post. It was no wonder it looked a large parcel at first sight; the process of coming at it was something like that of unrolling a mummy; and a nice mummy we found when it was concluded.

"Now, then, what's *your* business?" said a small voice in Mr. Seizem's legal laboratory. The hall-door had been opened to me by some invisible agency; and after nearly coughing myself into a pulmonary attack, as no one appeared, I had to enter the office.

"Can I do anything for you?" continued the small voice, which proceeded from behind a large desk, and was the property of a grubby youth, with a tatoo worked in ink across his nose.

"Can I see Mr. Seizem?" said I, politely but with dignity.

"Can't see Mr. Seizem—Mr. Seizem's out," replied the youth; "but Mr. Skinn, perhaps, will be able to do what you want."

Obviously it was his opinion, that had Mr. Skinn also been out of the way, he himself could have satisfactorily transacted any business I might have entrusted him with.

"Sit down, my good man, I'll attend to you directly," said he, and returned to his employment, which seemed principally to consist of making faces at a sheet of paper, on which he was tracing some figures. After a pause, during which I studied a work, the perusal of which made my hair stand on end, (it contained lists of the customary costs in equity suits,) he put his pen behind his ear, and asked what name he should announce to Mr. Skinn.

"Say Mr. Dempsey," replied I, still with dignity. At the sound of my distinguished patronymic, a change came o'er his speaking lineaments.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he; "I—I—'pon my credit, I did not know it was you, sir. I'll tell Mr. Skinn"—

But, unfortunately, his apology was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question. When I introduced myself, I could plainly perceive that Mr. Skinn struggled to repress a smile. Oh! that confounded letter! I all along suspected that it was a ridiculous piece of composition.

"Mr. Dempsey, I'm delighted to see you," said he, with graceful emphasis; "and under such happy circumstances, too."

Not exactly knowing to what particular circumstances he alluded, I, of course, assented that they were peculiarly happy.

"We have been expecting you some time," continued he; "I hope you had a good passage across the treacherous ocean."

The smile and wave of the hand that accompanied this beautiful expression, convinced me he was quoting some (to me) unknown poet.

"Mr. Seizem's at court?" said he after a pause, to the tattooed youth.

"Rolls," briefly responded that individual.

"In that case, Mr. Dempsey, I fear we shan't be able to have a talk over your affairs till to-morrow, unless, indeed, you feel inclined to come down to court with me now."

Having signified my willingness to face that dread arena, he said he would start the moment he had got his papers, by which he meant a rigid scrutiny of his dress and whiskers, at a looking glass in the next room. I had ample opportunity for observing his operations, as he had left the door open. His conversation, as we went along, did not belie his exterior. He seemed *au fait* with all the fashionable topics of the metropolis. He informed me how Mrs. Cooney of Thomas-street had been at the drawing-room; and how the Misses Cooney had accompanied her, and what dresses they wore on that occasion; how Captain Gosling, of the 122nd, had paid marked attention to Miss Veronica Cooney. He pointed out to me many of the notables of Dublin—the beautiful Miss Finnigan, who was soon to become Lady Mac Toulther; and Johnny Pool of the 134th, the great billiard player. Ah! destiny, thought I, as I listened in wonder, strange are thy decrees! Why fetter with a sordid and unromantic calling, a spirit born for courtlier scenes than law courts can furnish! Why imprison within the limits of a gentle-

man, one of the attorneys, a soul so capable of higher actions than mere civil ones!

"Oh, there's Mr. Seizim, at last," said Mr. Skinn; "that's he talking to those barristers. No, no—not there," seeing me looking at a group, who were standing by the basket of a locomotive confectioner, devouring buns, with apparently great relish, and trying hard to look as if they had something else to do. "But here he comes," continued Mr. Skinn; and in another moment I had the pleasure of forming Mr. Seizem's acquaintance. I never saw a finer specimen of the *suaviter in modo* school; there was an expression of benign philanthropy about his whole person—his very gaiters had a benevolent appearance.

"My dear Mr. Dempsey," said he, "so we have got you at last;" and so he certainly had, for he held and shook my hands with an energy that made us mutually perspire.

"Mr. Dempsey," said he, in explanation to a grim looking little man in a wig, who was looking on, "has just come over from England, to take possession of a fine property in this country." The grim little man smiled and chuckled—the former in reply to the remark, the latter in anticipation of a Chancery suit connected with the same property. After a further display of benevolence on the part of Mr. Seizem, it was arranged that I should call on him the next day to have a formal investigation of my affairs, and to receive from him some advice relative to them, and we parted; I, for my part, being highly prepossessed in his favour. I never considered myself to be remarkable for clearness of head under perplexing circumstances. I was always aware that my ideas were subject to a certain amount of confusion when brought to bear on details of unusual intricacy, whether commercial, statistical, or otherwise; but I was totally unprepared for so complete a prostration of all my faculties, as was caused by that investigation. The first part of it was quite within my comprehension: it consisted in a request on Mr. Seizem's part, and a compliance thereto on mine, that I would take a chair, followed by some observations from him indicative of the deep interest he took in me and my affairs, and his close and unflinching adherence to the house of Dempsey; but when, after a few preliminary technicalities, Mr. Seizem exhumed from a

tin box at his feet several unwholesome looking papers, and after removing their red tape zones, indulged me with some extracts from them, I gradually became involved in a maze of bewilderment; for some time I struggled to extricate myself, but finding that success did not crown my efforts, I assumed a sapient expression of countenance, and tried to look as if I understood what was going on. As well as I could make out, he was explaining to me the nature of my title to the property. I had perceived that I had it from my uncle Peter, who had it from his father, and so on; but it seemed I was wrong. It appeared I was indebted for my title to a certain Roger Dempsey, who was always alluded to as "the said Roger." This Mr. Roger Dempsey had obtained one portion (moiety Mr. Seizem called it) of the lands by purchase some time in the year 1722—the other he had gained possession of in some way I could not exactly understand; but I hope sincerely, for the honour of the family, it was honest. From the said Roger the lands descended to the said Roger's son, and from him to other Dempseys in succession, until at last, after several settlings, unsettlings, and resettlings, we got them fairly into the possession of my uncle Peter, at which I felt particularly relieved.

"Altogether," said Mr. Seizem, summoning up the facts, "it is a fair title—a very tolerable title, indeed."

It had struck me as being perfect—and I hinted as much to Mr. Seizem.

"Perfect!" exclaimed he, with a look at Mr. Skinn, as much to say, "here's an unreasonable fellow;" "you surely did not expect a title altogether perfect?—that is a rarity now-a-days, when there is so much trafficking with landed property; besides," he added, with a jocularly which I considered exceedingly out of place, "how could we poor attorneys get on, were it not for finding an occasional flaw. Mr. Skinn, have the goodness to hand me that rental; it appears that the present rental of the property amounts to——" (an awful pause, with display of mental arithmetic on Mr. Seizem's part, and mental anxiety on mine)—"amounts to nine hundred and sixteen pounds eleven shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Would you like to satisfy yourself by looking at it?" and he handed me the document, softly repeating, "and fourpence halfpenny," as if he

took a calm pleasure in fractions. An odd volume of the Sybilline books would have been at that moment just as intelligible as the bundle of papers he gave me; but feeling that I was beginning to stare intensely at Mr. Seizem, I gladly took the opportunity of transferring my gaze to an inanimate object. I could not help observing, on the left hand side of each page, a number of heathenish looking words, with the composition of which the simple roots "Knock" and "Bally" appeared to enter largely. These, Mr. Skinn told me, were the townlands into which my property was divided.

"And now," said Mr. Seizem, throwing himself back in his chair, and rubbing his hands like a man who was about to discuss a light and cheerful topic, "we come to the charges affecting your property."

This appeared to be the signal for a dive, on the part of Mr. Skinn, into the tin box, at the bottom of which he struggled for a few seconds, and then came up with another mass of discolored paper.

"I think," said Mr. Seizem, looking enquiringly at Mr. Skinn, and blandly at me, as he selected a paper from the heap before him—"I think we ought to give a preference to the ladies."

"*Place aux dames*," murmured Mr. Skinn.

"Skinn is quite up to all that sort of thing," said Mr. Seizem, with a wave of the hand indicative of admiration for his accomplished partner, who adjusted his locks, and smiled complacently, while I wondered what possible connexion there could be between ladies and such a disreputable looking document as that before us.

"This," said Mr. Seizem, "is the marriage settlement of your late uncle, by which he charged all that and those, the lands of—in fact the property—with the yearly sum of two hundred pounds, payable and to be paid, from and after his decease, to his then wife, as jointure and in lieu of dower, with power to the trustees to levy the arrears of the same, by distress or otherwise."

I had only time to gasp out, "Good gracious!" when Mr. Seizem, who appeared to revel in that sort of elocution, precipitated himself into the next clause, bringing out into high relief all the technicalities by the emphasis which, with artistic skill, he laid on them—

"And as a provision for the younger children—said then intended marriage—trustees—sum of five thousand pounds—in such shares

and proportions—shall appoint—in default of appointment—(well, we have nothing to do with that just now)—said sum to be charged on all that and those—same lands as before—interest at five per cent—trustees empowered to raise—sale or mortgage—in short” said Mr. Seizem, “two hundred a year jointure to Mrs. Dempsey, and a sum of five thousand pounds to which her daughters are entitled; and, by the way, Mr. Dempsey, when you go to see your aunt, as of course you intend to do (she is staying with her brother, Howlan, of Castle Howlan), will you present my respects to her, and assure her I have always felt a deep regard for her. She is a highly amiable woman, and I *do* feel a deep regard for her.”

By the frown and shake of the head that accompanied these words, he intimated that his admiration for Mrs. Dempsey was not merely professional, but partly arose from his appreciation of her private character.

“Although,” continued Mr. Seizem, evidently reluctant to quit so pleasing a theme, yet unwilling to allow his mind to be distracted by it from his more important occupations, “we have given the ladies the precedence their sex demands, there are others who might not be inclined to do so. There are other charges which, in date, are prior to theirs: in the first place, there is a mortgage—by-the-bye, Mr. Dempsey, do you know what is a mortgage?”

I replied, “Not exactly;” and this was not an equivocation; for I had always understood that a mortgage was something connected with land, and, generally speaking, highly injurious to it. I had besides a vague idea that it was *not* a weed of any sort.

“Well, then,” said Mr. Seizem, “you know what pawning an article is?”

I admitted, with a blush, that I had some slight knowledge of the art.

“When a man mortgages his property,” he continued, “he, in effect, pawns it. We’ll take a case. Here is A”—and he held up his first finger; “A is seized of real property, and is in want of money—a very common want with many in a similar position. A goes to B (represented on this occasion by his thumb), and borrows, say a thousand pounds, and as security, conveys his property to B; but as A cannot conveniently put land into his pocket and make off

with it, B, as long as he gets the interest of his money, allows A to remain in possession of the land—kind of him; is not it? That's what we call a mortgage."

While I was still lost in admiration at the magnanimous conduct of B, he gave the little allegory an air of reality, by adapting it to my case, and assuring me that to all intents and purposes I was an A; while a person rejoicing in the title of Dominick Sheehan was the representative of the high-souled but fictitious B, and as such my creditor to the amount of two thousand pounds, with interest at five per cent. I am ashamed to say that I made a trivial remark, to the effect that I had never borrowed two thousand pounds from Mr. Sheehan or any one else; to which Mr. Seizem of course replied, that if I had not, my grandfather had; and that it was all the same. I now saw my grandfather's character in a totally new light. I had always fancied him a quiet, humdrum sort of man (by the way, I was considered very like him in my younger days); but I had never imagined him to have been the extravagant spendthrift it seemed he was. It appeared, that not content with the two thousand pounds Mr. Sheehan was good enough to lend him, he shortly afterwards became a party to another A B case, and borrowed two thousand more.

"And that," said Mr. Seizem, "is, I believe, the last charge of any consequence. Eh, Mr. Skinn?"

"Except a few judgments," observed Mr. Skinn.

"A mere nothing," said Mr. Seizem; "under nine hundred, I think, altogether."

As judgments were, in my mind, only associated with school days and corporeal punishment, I requested an explanation; on which Mr. Seizem entered into a dissertation so learned, that the only inference I was able to draw from it was, that some persons having succeeded in 'proving certain claims against some other persons, I had been considered a fit and proper person to satisfy those claims.

"So now Mr. Dempsey," said Mr. Seizem, as he tied up the various papers, and restored them to the box with a care that showed he expected them to be wanted again—"now you see clearly the position in which your affairs are." (And I firmly believe the worthy man really thought I did.) "Your property has, of

course, its incumbrances—so has every property; but in your case, with the exception of the family charges, none are of any very great importance.”

“But those mortgages,” said I; “are not they?”—

“My dear sir,” said he, soothingly, “do not, I beg, allow them to distress you. Mrs. Dempsey’s jointure, and the interest on her daughters’ fortunes, you will, of course, as a matter of feeling, see punctually paid; but the mortgage and judgments are altogether different. If you can conveniently manage it, it would be as well to keep them clear of interest; but if you cannot, why then never mind them; and I know old Dominick Sheehan, for one, will be just as well satisfied to let his money accumulate.”

“Accumulate!” groaned I, in horror, “why that will be only making matters worse.”

“Well,” said Mr. Seizem, “perhaps it may for your successor, but in all probability not for you; or if you are very anxious to pay off these charges, why the simplest course you can adopt is, to marry an heiress. There; what do you say to that suggestion?”

I said nothing, but merely got excessively red at it.

“There are not many in this country that would suit you, but in a year or two you might take a trip over to England, and pick up something worth bringing back.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Skinn, “there’s your ground for getting a twenty thousand pounder.”

While I was wondering by what mental process they had brought themselves to talk so calmly, not to say irreverently, on such an awful subject, the ink-stained youth announced the important fact, that Mr. Cassidy had come.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Mr. Seizem, “I had no idea it was so late. My dear Mr. Dempsey, *will* you excuse me? If there is anything else I can do for you, come to-morrow, or write to me. My advice and assistance are at your service—you may always depend on that.” And he pressed my hand between both his own, with an affectionate solicitude, which, but for the state of mind I was in, would have excited lively emotions in my breast; and then thrust me, but in a benevolent manner, into the waistcoat of Mr. Cassidy, who was entering, to whom I heard him propound a tender inquiry regarding the state of his (Mr. C.’s) health.

I must have taken something during the day that disagreed with me, for my sleep that night was disturbed by nightmare in a very unpleasant form. I thought I was saddled with a gigantic filbert, which for some time defied all my efforts to crack it, and eventually proved to be a *blind nut*.

I did not remain long in Dublin, but set off for the estate; and I found myself one evening on a lonely country road-side, sitting on my portmanteau, and gazing discontentedly after the coach that had borne me to the gate of my western Eden. A drizzling rain had been falling for some hours, and I was, if not absolutely wet, at least decidedly damp, as the man who sat behind me on the coach, had persisted in converting the space between my neck and coat into a basin for the reception of a miniature cascade from his umbrella. This may have operated to disturb my serenity of mind, and I dare say the manner in which I kicked at the door of an edifice, which the guard had termed Ballinahaskin gatehouse, was calculated to offend the high spirit of its proprietor; for, putting out his head, he recommended me to "go about my business, and not be tatthering people's doors," and was proceeding in a strain of choice invective, when I heard a voice within request him to go along for a bosthoon, and then express a willingness, on the part of its owner, to go bail that it was the new mather himself. On which the male head was withdrawn, and a female face substituted in its place, which, when the door was fully opened, proved to be attached to a body almost spherical in form, and divided into hemispheres by the string of an apron.

"Your honour is heartily welcome to the counthry," said this globular individual, "an' its long we wor waitin' for you; look at him, Tim, isn't he the picture of his grandfather, God bless him! Never mind him, sir," she continued, in apology for Tim's silence, "it's shy he is, in regard of mistaking your honour for a vagabone; wait a bit, and I'll unlock the gate;" and crossing the road, she showed me by her manner that, in western phraseology, a gate was a wooden obstruction, reclining gracefully against two stone piers, and that unlocking meant raising up, and forcibly carrying away the same. Then directing Tim to take up my honour's things, and me to mind where I walked, the road was "mortal

deep," she led the way along a grass-grown avenue, bounded on each side by a high bank crowned with furze. About a quarter of a mile of this secluded path brought us to what was once an extensive lawn, bearing every sign of having yielded a crop of potatoes at no very remote period; this my fair guide dignified with the title of "the park," adding, that there was "the house forment me," and she pointing to a pile of building, looking quite as isolated as the great pyramid of Cheops, and about as cheerful. The shades of evening threw a softened halo over the scene, and the palace of the Dempseys loomed grandly through the mist in all its majestic simplicity. It was a tall edifice of strict uniformity in every respect, except in the position of its windows; these were disposed over its face without any regard to the existence of parallel lines, and although they relieved its monotony, yet they communicated to the building an appearance analogous to a squint in a human being.

I found, on turning to address my obese companion, that she had disappeared; but while debating whether it was possible that so much solid flesh could melt into air, I discovered that she had gained admittance by the postern, and was inviting me to enter by the grand portal, which, by the way, was very much blistered by the sun, and seemed as if attacked by some cutaneous disorder. I obeyed her request, and found myself standing, for the first time, in the hall of my ancestors. In vain I looked for the stag's antlers—the knights in armour—the array of halberts, which were always in my ideas associated with ancestral halls; but, alas, the only object connected with any age, whether feudal or otherwise, was an old umbrella-stand in a corner, looking so lonely and disconsolate, that I am convinced it would have hailed even a damp umbrella with rapture. Somewhat disappointed, I turned into what had been the banqueting hall. There I was benignly received by the portrait of an old gentleman, with a blue coat, and a saffron-coloured complexion, who smiled with an expression of intense complacency from the walls.

"The missis," said the stout lady, "took away the other matters, but left him up there, thinking your honour might like to have one of the ould ancient stock; his nose is the very moral of your own." Then remarking that I must be destroyed with the hunger entirely, she bustled out of the room, and shortly after re-appeared with the materials for a miscellaneous repast. Whilst I

was enjoying my first supper under my own roof, she entertained me with an account of her hopes and prospects; and a very wonderful woman, according to her own account, was Mrs. Fogarty, for so she requested me to call her. It seemed she had acted in the capacity of nurse to at least half the resident gentry of the country—a physical phenomenon, which I leave scientific men to account for—consequently her knowledge of the annals of the neighbouring families was very extensive, and in spite of myself I was taken with her confidence, and made the depository of several curious facts relating to them, and tending to show the esteem in which the house of Fogarty was generally held. It appears that I let fall some expressions of concurrence in that esteem, which the worthy lady immediately construed into a desire for her services as housekeeper. Resistance was out of the question, for before I could have made a single objection, Mrs. Fogarty had all the preliminaries arranged, and even hinted that some household post would be filled to advantage by her husband, Tim, who was surnamed the “*boccaugh*,” in consequence of his legs being remarkable in a discrepancy in length. Being of an impulsive temperament, she entered upon her duties without any delay, and fussed about with an energy that made me seek an asylum in the bed-room she had prepared for me.

“And now,” said I, as I was winding up my watch, “here I am about to sleep, for the first time, under a roof that I can call my own. My own—jointure—mortgage—judgment—Mrs. Dempsey—the Misses Dempsey. No; I cannot call it my own.” I slept very soundly under it notwithstanding.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. VIII.—MODERN WATER COLOUR PAINTING.

MICHAEL ANGELO painted but one picture in oil, and never painted another; he said it was work only fit for women, or people with plenty of leisure. He conceived fresco painting—essentially a water colour process—to be alone worthy of the talents of a great artist. A strange enthusiast named Blake went far beyond this, for he

wrote:—"Let the works of artists since Ruben's time witness the villainy of those who first brought oil painting into general opinion and practice. Since which we have never had a picture painted that would show itself by the side of an earlier composition. This is an awful thing to say to oil painters; but it is true. All the genuine old little pictures are in fresco, and not in oil?" Those who think strongly on a given subject, uniformly think too strongly—and seem utterly forgetful that to admire any one of the various pursuits of mankind, it is not necessary to depreciate all the others. Moreover, he who feels that his acquirements and tastes are in unison with the pursuit of his adoption, will not be the most fitted for delivering an impartial opinion on the merits of any other, especially when that other trenches somewhat on the domain of his favourite. Comparisons will be instituted; and as regards oil and water-colour painting, they amalgamate as badly as the different mediums used in their practice. We are especial admirers of water colours—but in the following pages our object is not to decry oils, but to point out those particulars in which our favorite style excels, and to remove, if possible, a few erroneous ideas that are entertained regarding it; any comparisons we institute, are made solely with reference to these objects; and if we do not dwell particularly on the many excellencies of oil painting, it is because just now our province is more particularly concerning water colours. It will be found that each style of art possesses peculiar excellencies and advantages of its own, as also that in certain other respects it is less fitted to excel. The test of a medium, or vehicle in art, is its capability of giving a truthful representation of nature: as regards landscape painting, water colour possesses in an eminent degree this requisite; of itself, almost without effort, it gives what artists term, "atmosphere" in a painting—than which few things are more difficult to render in oils. Every one must have remarked the absence of shine in most objects in nature—in a distance it is never seen—and it is the similar absence of shine in water colour which gives the natural effect with such admirable truth. To many it will appear from this, that to paint in water colours is comparatively much easier than in the other medium—but excellence in either, is of about the same difficulty of attainment; a beginner, or one possessing but indifferent skill,

unquestionably finds it much easier to work out a tolerable effect in oils; greater facilities of making alterations exist—and as the lights are put on, instead of the more laborious system of leaving them—very often the work, when finished, has no resemblance whatever to the ideas under which it was commenced. Correctness of drawing is a desideratum which he is also able to dispense with—for a dauber who practices in oils can proceed almost without an outline, and can paint after a manner—although he cannot draw. These are some of the reasons why such a vast majority of the indifferent artists are oil painters—although it is a singular fact, that nearly all commence their career by painting in water colours. A bad oil painting is very bad—but indifferent attempts in water colours do not strike one with the same ideas of absolute deficiency, and they are certainly somewhat fewer in number.

In water colour painting a correct outline is an essential—and before any colour is laid on, the general effect and treatment must be arranged, and present to the mind of the artist. Undoubtedly this is the practice of *all* who are, or have been eminent in art; but, as before observed, those of inferior powers can dispense with such fetters to their genius, and, in oils at least, astonish themselves and others by magnificent effects! But such is not possible in water colours; true it is, that some years ago an artist of the suggestive school appeared, whose method was to scatter at random on the paper a few blots of different colours, and taking advantage of accidental forms, make out something resembling nature; but he found few admirers, and even less disciples.

Sir Joshua Reynolds thought it not unlikely that water colour might ultimately rival oil painting; and it seems almost as if his anticipations were about being realized, as a most extraordinary and rapid advance is latterly evident in the practice of that art: formerly they were mostly weak tinted affairs, the shadows being in a great part made out with Indian ink, and a little thin colour washed or glazed over. Some of Turner's earlier works in water colour were thus executed, and persons are not wanting to admire this mode as the only legitimate style, and exalt it above the best emanations of the modern school of British water colour painters. They were denominated drawings, wherefore it is difficult to conceive, as the

word drawing is generally applied to a combination of lines giving the semblance of some particular form; but when light, shadow, and colour are shown, and when the form is made out with brushes, painting would seem the most fitting term. It was deemed a great innovation when the system of taking out lights was introduced, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be well to premise is effected by damping a portion of the picture, and then with bread, removing the colour, so as to show the surface of the paper underneath, by which very beautiful effects are produced; but the most decided improvement, and at the same time the one which gave greatest umbrage to all those who love the beaten track, and hate innovation, was the use of body colour for laying on lights. Even to the present time, there are many who cling to the exploded prejudice, that the laying on, or taking out of lights, is an utter departure from the legitimate style, as they facetiously term it; although why it should be allowable, when colours are mixed with oil, to use both opaque and transparent pigments, but when water is the medium, only those which are transparent, seems difficult to determine; in fact, the objection is absurd, and scarcely worth contempt. The only test of the admissibility of any process in painting, is its durability. The great excellence of modern water colour painting, is owing to a judicious combination of the three methods just glanced at—and which has elicited somewhat of a jealous feeling on the part of oil painters, evinced by sundry regrets at the fleeting nature of water colours. Before proceeding farther it may be advisable to enquire if there be any just ground for this insinuation, and whether oil painting can fairly lay claim to the greater durability which its admirers and professors claim for it.

Pigments are durable or evanescent, because only of an inherent property they possess; and the medium with which they are mixed, can exercise but a very slight influence, if indeed any, on these properties. The majority of pigments are permanent, a portion tolerably so, and the remainder, decidedly transient in their effects; unfortunately some of the most beautiful are in the latter class, and the temptation to their use is sometimes too strong to be resisted by artists; it is, therefore, a favourite theory with them, that if incorporated with other pigments that are very permanent, or that if

wrapped up in a medium composed of oil and resinous matter, they are rendered lasting in their effects. Practical experience is against this theory, in common with many other ingenious speculations. Sir Joshua Reynolds yielded to this pleasing delusion, and was constantly trying experiments; concerning which he left at his death many valuable hints as to his modes of practice, which are chiefly valuable as things for artists to avoid: we are now in a position to arrive at a fair verdict as to the results—for very many of his most charming productions are in a sadly changed state; and even in his own time it was a saying with his contemporaries, that Sir Joshua always came out of the exhibitions with flying colours. In the Dulwich gallery there are a few excellent works by Wouvermans; an ordinary observer will remark the strange contrast between some of the red draperies on his figures, and the other portions of his carefully coloured pictures, they seem so careless and unfinished. The seeming anomaly is easily explained—he first got in his draperies red, and then painted, probably using much glazings, his shadows with lake, the most beautiful and the most evanescent colour we have—and the latter has altogether disappeared, leaving the original red mass exposed. In a public institution in this city, there hangs the portrait of a veteran, painted by a late artist; he had been bronzed by many a clime, and perhaps wine had contributed to the rubicund tone of his jolly visage; howbeit, the artist rendered him full justice, but in a little time a change came over the face of the counterpart resemblance, which grim death could scarce achieve on that of the original, and it waxed pale and sallow. The effect had been mainly brought up by using lake—and though it was well wrapped up in megilp, it fled. Now the very same can be said of water colours; if an artist will not discriminate in the use of his materials, but uses evanescent colours, unquestionably they will fade, and expose the white paper in those parts; and from this cause, and this cause only, many clever water paintings have changed, and in some cases utterly lost their beauty: this has been particularly the case in the earlier water colour works, and has for that reason given a show of truth to the assertion that they cannot stand the test of time. Modern water colour painters are more careful in the selection of their materials, and there is unquestionably

an immense improvement in the preparation of the colours, &c.; for instance, the earlier artists are almost forced into the adoption of the use of lake; but, modern science has brought the preparations from the madders to such perfection, as completely to supersede the use of that beautiful colour; and all the madders are exceedingly permanent: this has been equally a boon to the oil painters, although it was the requirements of water colour art that elicited the improvement.

Again water colour, although more liable to suffer from extrinsic injuries than oil, is by means of the glass, much better protected, or they can be preserved intact in a portfolio for years. Such a mode would, however, completely destroy an oil picture, as the absence of light would in a short time turn the colours, especially the delicate tints, a dark brown. This is owing to an inherent property in the oil to grow yellow, which no bleaching process has hitherto been able to counteract; and is moreover what some connoisseurs denominate a mellowing by time. Many must have seen some veritable old pictures so mellowed, that it was next to an impossibility to make out what could have been the subject. Hogarth, to caricature such admirers, represented Old Father Time, with his sythe, through the painting, and tobacco pipe in hand, busily smoking it quite black! a large pot of varnish significantly placed close by.

It is plain to demonstration, that if a picture is, as it should be, perfect in its effect, leaving the artist's easel, any subsequent change must be a disimprovement. It is but sorry consolation to inform the possessor of a picture fresh from an artist's easel, that its full beauties will only be appreciable, when he shall have become unable to behold them. It is said that the equal mellow tint which in time the oil picture receives, promotes harmony of tone; this might be true, if the aforesaid mellow tint was perfectly equal in its distribution; but a slight tone of yellow colour, although evident enough over delicate light blues, pearly greys, and whites, is not appreciable over warm greens, light browns, or yellows; therefore, the natural result is to destroy harmony, that is, supposing it already to exist in the painting: a blue sky tint cannot be too purely blue, and any after change, giving a greenish hue, must be a diminution of the natural effect. Those who talk so flippantly of the

extraordinary preservation of the pictures by the old masters, forget that scarce one of them is as it left the artist's hands. They have been varnished and unvarnished, cleaned, restored, and retouched over and over again. Picture restorers are almost as plenty as picture producers—and their labours are almost exclusively confined to oil pictures. The only cleaning a water colour painting requires, is to polish the glass, and it is much an easier matter to renew the brilliancy of a few weakened parts, than is a similar process on an oil picture.

Why is it, if water colour is in its nature more fleeting than oil colour, that the paper-hangings on our rooms outlast the oil paint on our doors and windows? Although the water colour paint used for the former is so liable to extrinsic damage, as to be called by house painters "distemper colour!" And it is a curious fact, that the sketches and lightly tinted drawings of the old masters which are in the portfolios of the curious, are in a better state of preservation, although executed on paper, than the canvass and panels on which their finished works were painted—damp and exposure having done the mischief.

Most travellers in Egypt have borne testimony to the wonderful brilliancy of the colours used in the decorations of the ancient temples, &c. The great Temple of Isis has been especially referred to for the almost unimpaired vividness of the colours, excelling in some instances the brightest tints that modern chemistry has been able to discover; they possess all the characteristics of water colours or tempera, and, no doubt were in all essential particulars water colours; it must be conceded that this is a test to which oil painting has not yet been submitted, and at all events demonstrates that colour, if durable, will sustain its brilliancy altogether independently of the medium with which it is compounded, unless the medium be chemically noxious to it, which unquestionably the gums used to temper water colours are not.

The object of the above is not to depreciate the practice of oil painting, but to show that, as regards durability, it and water colour painting are on a perfect equality. It was stated at the beginning of this article, that the advantages and disadvantages of the two styles were pretty nearly balanced. If, in some respects, water

colour is best fitted to give natural effects; there are some others in which oil is amply compensated. An oil painter has much greater power over his material, because that it does not dry so quickly; he can therefore unite them much more easily and equably, provided he does not too much torture and tease them—and herein lies the difference between the great artist and the one of mediocre acquirements. The former having set out with ideas well matured, embodies his conceptions rapidly, and gives a charm by a few judicious touches, laid exactly in the proper places, which the most painful and painstaking muddling of the latter fails to achieve.

Oil painting is admirably adapted to large subjects, particularly whole length portraits, life size. This is its peculiar forte, in which it stands unrivalled. Animals also are better treated in oils; the texture of their hides and hair is so truthfully given by a few vigorous touches of a hog-hair pencil. Witness Landseer's inimitable works, which have never been equalled by either ancient or modern painters, and probably never will be excelled. Unquestionably Sir Edwin Landseer is the greatest and most original artist of his time, for he excels in the most opposite styles—landscape, figures, animals, and portraiture; in all he is equally excellent, which can scarcely be said of any other painter. The Oxford Graduate, in his "Modern Painters," attempts to decry Landseer. This is in his second volume, where he has got into the clouds concerning the ideal in art. He accuses him of painting "hide" in preference to "the ideal of a horse," alluding to his picture of "The Shoeing," and contrasts the superiority of a dog by Leonardo da Vinci with the canine delineations of Landseer, praising the former most inordinately, because there is no attempt in it to give the effect of hair, "scarcely even form;" whereas, in Landseer's dogs, he says, every crisp and naturally wavy curl is shown, indicating the anatomical development underneath. In another part of the same work he takes exceptions to those artists who paint with a slovenly affectation of power, giving scarcely any detail, and scornful seemingly of care. Verily, it is hard to please those who will not be pleased. The highest excellence in art is shown by the powers of mind evidenced in the conception and combination. In this Landseer is pre-eminent. His pictures are most beautifully composed; thought is visible in all

his arrangements of form, light, and colour, and even the most trifling object is introduced for a purpose. The picture of "Shoeing" perfectly illustrates this. It is, in its subject, perhaps, the most common-place of Landseer's works, merely representing a horse being shod in a blacksmith's forge; but the hand and mind of genius ennoble the most ordinary subjects; and, in this instance, a charming composition has been produced, mainly by happy and judicious arrangement. The bluish vapoury tone of the smoke to the right, not only helps to balance the sky, but contrasts well with the bright bay colour of the horse, at the same time that it throws out the animal from the background. The dog in the foreground repeats the colour of the horse in a lower tone, which is still more distributed by the smith's apron and the bit of brick wall behind. There is great knowledge shown by the judicious way in which the upright lines of the building are kept from interfering with the figures, and the introduction of the donkey, contributes to this by concealing the lower portion of the doorway, and also affords a mass of light neutral colour to harmonize with the sky seen through the open door, against which the horse's head and neck, in deep shadow, tell so finely. The chain of light is beautifully exemplified in this picture. The high lights on the horse are continued by the white light on the shirt sleeves of the smith; then the bright sunlight on the ground, close to the white nose of the donkey, the sky and sunlit doorway, and lastly, the bird-cage at top, continuing the light, unites the whole composition, and completes the chain. To the mass of observers we fear all this is lost. They see only the representation of a horse, a man, and a donkey, and deem the cage there because the artist often saw one hung in a similar place. The picture, as a work of art, would be as much injured by painting out that cage, as would a fine sentence in poetry by leaving out a word. *But, revenez à nos moutons.*

The superiority of oil is not so visible in painting animals when a tolerably large size is departed from. Small subjects of this kind have usually somewhat of a vulgar look, that similar ones in water colour never convey. Those who are conversant with the inimitable cattle pieces of Sidney Cooper will have observed the much greater artistic effect of his water colour paintings, as compared with his

oil pictures, There is a captivating effect about the former, which his more laboured works in oil have not approached, notwithstanding that his style in water colour is much weaker than the majority of modern water colour painters, for he uses scarce any opaque or semi-opaque colours. In fact, most cabinet pictures executed in oil, are not so pleasing as the larger paintings; they have too much the appearance of being painted in imitation of water colours. Goodall's exquisite works are no exception to this; the materials appear too heavy and solid, and the more this is lost, the more is the effect of water colours imitated, and the greater the beauty evinced. In the water colour paintings of Topham, there is infinitely more of nature, and the atmospheric effect is inimitable. We are not making a comparison of the relative powers of the two artists; we speak but of the effect produced by the exercise of their genius, as shown in the two opposite mediums.

It is in landscape painting that water colours more especially excel, principally because of the greater effect of atmosphere which it gives, as also that effect of flat colour, or rather absence of shine, already alluded to. In painting blue skies, with luminous sunlit clouds, oil painters have a decided advantage, as they can proceed leisurely, and make out the forms and masses by laying on white. In water colours the very opposite of this method must be pursued; the blue colour is floated on in a thin wash, allowing the white paper to remain where the light fleecy clouds appear. It is much more difficult to give the rounded and broken forms of these clouds, because the tint of blue has to be laid on rapidly, for if it dry in one part, while another portion is being manipulated, the effect of the clear azure is destroyed, and clouds are developed, where none ought to exist. A multitude of expedients are resorted to by oil painters to do away with the natural gloss of their material, by the use of turpentine in the colour, washing with turpentine, &c., by which means the appearance of water colours is, in a great measure, arrived at; but there is never that perfect evenness of flat tone attained, because the oil colour must be more loaded in some parts. However, this effect is altogether destroyed by the first varnishing the picture receives, and if not varnished a sky so painted is just as liable to every external injury, as a water colour painting hung up without a glass. Flowers and fruits are

totally unfit for oils; the delicate petals of the rose appear as if formed of leather, and it is quite impossible to represent the beautiful farina which covers some blossoms: peaches, grapes, &c., are equally out of the power of this medium. It is nothing to say, that such have been painted in oil by men of great ability; their works, when impartially viewed, only substantiate this fact. Compare the works of Van Os with those of Hunt; there is more real force, and natural truth, in the latter by far. We have now before us a group of auriculas by Hunt, which are positively quite wondrous.

A great advantage which fresco paintings possess over all others, is the beautiful flat appearance of distemper colours, joined to that exemption from damage by wet, or other external injuries, which oil colours enjoy. Owing to this flat effect they can be viewed from almost any point with an equal appreciation of their beauties. Not so however with oil paintings, as visitors to picture galleries have too often experienced; the reflection of the window on their shining surfaces is always obtruding itself, and some are so unhappily placed that the subject can only be seen by a kind of oblique view, very much to the detriment of their artistic effect. Water colour paintings are, in some degree, participators in this, occasioned by the plate glass which protects them; there are few things more annoying than this reflection.

Fresco painting is less agreeable in its practice than any other style, for it must be done on wet plaster, in small portions, and cannot be re-touched or amended when once dry. Painting in *tempera* is, perhaps, of all styles the one which gives the most faithful representation of nature. The scenery of theatres, panoramas, &c., are, for the most part, thus executed, because of the dead, flat, non-reflecting surface it has. It differs in no respect from water colour painting, except that the light blues, greys, &c., are made to have body by mixing with white, some water and size being used to temper the colour; but it has the annoyance of looking quite dark while wet, and the slightest touch or moisture stains it. When dry, no colour can compare with it for giving the idea of purity; in fact, colour mixed with oil never can convey this to the mind; there is always a sensation of a greasiness connected with its shining surface, totally incompatible with the idea of purity. Some of the most exquisite combinations

of colour we have ever seen, have been in *tempera* on French paper hangings. It is to be hoped that the resources of modern chemical science may yet discover some medium for tempering pigments, that will combine the durability of fresco, with the elegance and facility of *tempera* painting. It would be an almost invaluable boon to art and artists.

Those who attach importance to antiquity acquaint us that water colour painting is unquestionably the more ancient art. The discovery of oil painting is generally supposed to have occurred early in the fourteenth century, and has been ascribed to John Van Eyck. Oil paintings of an earlier date are stated to exist; but it is undoubted that oil painting only came into general practice about Van Eyck's time, before which water colours were the only style used, and it was the practice to give a coat of varnish to the whole picture when completed, which was placed in the sun to dry; and it is said, that one of Van Eyck's pictures thus treated, owing to the wood being ill-seasoned, or badly put together, cracked, and became altogether spoiled. This accident put him on the endeavour to make a varnish that would dry without the necessity of exposing it to the sun's rays. After many experiments he discovered the varnish so much prized by him, and other painters. He also found that by mixing this varnish with his colours, they fully equalled the brilliancy and force of the former method, and obviated the necessity of varnishing. It is added, that the secret of compounding this varnish, or medicine, was lost; and it is undoubted that, up to this present time, oil painters have been unceasing in their efforts to re-discover it; Van Eyck's medicine causing some fierce controversies, and the inditing of many volumes.

Paul Sandby seems to have been the first to attract attention to the practice of water colours in England, about the year 1770, and has been sometimes designated the father of the English school of water colour painting. He introduced tinting in Indian ink, the shadows and half tones being made out with different gradations of tint. This was his peculiar style: most of his works being tinted in this manner, without any colour, at a later period thin washes of transparent colour were laid on, the Indian ink forming a primary ground work by which all the shadow portions were described; and

this continued to be the system of practice up to a very late period. It is curious that the use of Indian ink is almost entirely discarded by modern water colour painters, and now is scarcely used except by architects.

The founding of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was a remarkable epoch in the practice of this art; the extraordinary perfection to which it has been brought, is in a great measure, owing to the annual exhibition of the works of its members. There are no similar societies existing on the continent; in fact, modern water colour painting is peculiarly a British art, being very little practised by foreign artists. There is a style of *tempera* painting much in vogue amongst the Neapolitans, very hard and stiff in its execution; indeed, of very inferior merit.

The first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours was held in the year 1804, at Spring Gardens; Havil, Turner, and John Varley were the principal contributors—the latter contributed sixty of his own works; his style was very peculiar; he painted mostly on a kind of thin wrapping paper, possessed of very absorbent properties, which was laid down on strong drawing paper, and when he required white, or very high lights, he removed the coarse upper surface, so as to show the white paper underneath; his pictures were very effective, but not carefully manipulated; his light tones were laid in with opaque and semi-opaque colour in thin washes, and his blue skies were thus painted: the bits of straw, and other coarse material, of which the paper he used was manufactured, often had a curious appearance peeping through his tints. He heightened the transparency and force of his foregrounds by using gum water, which gives very much the effect of oil colour, and has the objection in common with it, of taking a reflection; it is, of course, a matter of no moment when a glass covers the picture, but without a glass the effect of the unequal surface is not agreeable. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., has, of late years, altogether eschewed water colour painting, and has adopted an extraordinary style in oil peculiar to himself. There may be said to be two parties formed concerning Turner—one of which think him the greatest of modern artists, and his works the only genuine embodiment of ideal art; the other party think him hopelessly mad. His pictures are as-

tonishing for their effect, when viewed without reference to any other quality, and at the distance of four or five yards; indeed, we think no man can thoroughly admire Turner, who has ever examined one of his pictures closely. A spectator should do violence to his curiosity, and most religiously abstain from a near inspection, for if he once approach, the charm is for ever broken, and the eye sees nothing but chaos of bright colour.

P. De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, and S. Prout, may be said to represent the transition series in water colour art, as they are the immediate successors of the earlier pioneers, and contemporaneous with the more modern professors; compared with the works of the latter, those of Copley Fielding, and De Wint, appear somewhat old fashioned in their method. Prout's style is so peculiarly his own, so artist like, and effective, that it will be always Proutish, and will never seem antiquated. One of the greatest beauties of water colour is the extraordinary variety of style and method observable in the works of different artists, and to this variety is attributable, in great part, the pleasure we feel in visiting the exhibitions of the two Societies of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall. The difference of manner in oils consist for the most part in manipulation. The method of painting is very nearly the same with all, and the varieties of treatment are almost altogether owing to the different mental endowments of the various artists. To give a familiar example of what we mean to convey, we would instance the difference which exists in handwriting, although similar letters are formed by all, as compared with the greater diversities of hand when German text, black letter, italic, and Roman characters, are also used. We say the first represents the oil system—the latter that of water colour painting.

Prout's manner is to show a decided outline in all his works, chiefly buildings, and architectural delineations, which seem his peculiar forte; his outlines are usually broad, as if drawn with a reed pen; his shadows and detail laid in with large flat washes or tints, so as not to destroy the penned lines. It is extraordinary the force and beauty of his style, especially when we consider that, to some extent, it is a deviation from truth, as lines are never seen in nature. The figures which embellish his works so much, are like-

wise very peculiarly treated, but little shadow being used by him; in fact they have the appearance of being flat, as if formed out of board; but the artistic skill with which they are introduced renders the effect of the whole unequalled. This peculiar treatment of his figures, is perhaps, not so unnatural as at first one is apt to suppose, for figures in nature, a little way removed, have very much this appearance. Kitto, in his work on Blindness, gives an instance of inability to discern at a short distance, the difference between an ivory ball, and a flat piece of paper cut into a circular form. This was a case where the sight was but newly restored, and the eye had not been educated by the sense of touch, acting with the vision, or, more properly perhaps, correcting it.

The manner of T. M. Richardson, junior, is of all the styles in water colour the most effective; the high lights and half tones of his works are painted with opaque and semi-opaque colour, and the result is a degree of apparent solidity in his forms, highly effective and truthful, for in nature nothing strikes so much as the effect of firmness and solidity; all objects in nature have the appearance of firmness and solidity, and a weak style of tinting, leaving all the lights, seems wanting in natural truth, from the total absence of this quality. The effect of sunshine in his pictures is admirably given, and is owing greatly to the opacity of his lights; sunshine always appears as a thing laid on, and palpable. We say that the sun gilds the tops of the mountains, and nothing will render this effect but colour, possessing body, laid on as gold is by gilders. In some of Richardson's works we have seen the blue of the sky laid in with opaque colour, white having been mixed with it, exactly as in oil painting, except that his clouds were painted with transparent, or, at least, semi-opaque colour; the effect was very beautiful, and is a procedure we have never noticed in any other artist, except the elder Rowbottom. However, he painted all his pictures in *tempera*, or body colour, as it is sometimes termed; and very beautiful they were.

Cattermole is another example of variety of method; it something resembles that of Richardson, only adapted to figures instead of landscape; he uses more body colour than any modern artist—and the effect he gives to the armour on his figures is uncommonly good.

As we are on the matter of body colour, we must instance an extraordinary picture by Lewis—Cairo Lewis, as he is sometimes designated from his long residence abroad—in the last year's exhibition of the older Society. It represented the interior of an eastern harem—or hhareem, as it is written in the catalogue. This picture is entirely painted with body colour, used in the manner of the native artists of India and China. It is very large, about four feet by three—and seems to be all painted with the smallest camel hair pencils, so minutely treated are all the parts—and what is the more extraordinary is the breadth of effect he has achieved out of such a multiplicity of small objects. All the light which finds its way into the hhareem, is through close lattices, each interval seemingly about an inch wide, and the shadow of these lattices where the sun comes through and falls on the tassellated floor, &c., is most accurately given. Not only are the gorgeous and intricate patterns of the shawls and draperies rendered almost to a thread, but the reflection of the lattices falling on them in parts, is also shown—the whole effect is one of bright sun light without any dark shadows. The mere manual labour alone must have been immense. The grouping is admirably managed; but the strangest part is his method of painting flesh, so very different from that used by most artists, as he renders it by minute dots of body colour—the lights seemingly the last put on. The system almost universally adopted by artists is to get in the shadows by what is called handling, that is, a number of minute lines or touches crossing and re-crossing each other. The whole when finished, having that beautifully stippled effect which gives the appearance of the human skin so admirably, by artists rather oddly called flesh. It is a style not likely to be much followed by artists, nor is it desirable that it should; but it is valuable for having shown how much can be effected by body colour, and how mistaken are those artists who set themselves against its use.

Oakley, is also an example of style in figure-painting resembling P. M. Richardson in landscape; but he wants the liquid flow, and transparency of the latter, and has moreover rather a hard manner of treating flesh.

We have before adverted to the very decided excellence of water colour art in landscape painting, unapproached in any other time or

country for its extreme truth to nature, and especially every day nature; all the varied effects of season, atmosphere, sunshine, and storm, are rendered with exquisite care and nicety of observation; from the smallest weed by the roadside to the magnificent king of the forest, all are caught and faithfully transcribed by the almost magic pencil of our artists. Nor has the poetry of landscape been neglected, but has proceeded hand in hand with the careful study of nature, together, and inseparable as they ought to be always; and not as those would have, who mistify themselves as well as others, when they discourse of high art and the ideal. It was a pet theory with some that our climate was inimical to artistic genius, and especially from its dull atmospheric effects, totally incompatible with excellence in landscape, which only the sunny skies of Italy could call forth; but, happily, this fallacious idea is exploded, and instead of proving an obstacle, it has become the very reverse, the rapid alternations of our variable climate being much more favourable for picturesque effect than southern, and especially tropical scenery.

The names of many artists, eminent in landscape, occur and almost slip from our pen as we write; but those whom we have mentioned hitherto are mostly given as prominent examples of the diversity in style and method so much more evident in water colour than in oil practice. We therefore hesitate to venture on being invidious, or our examples degenerating into a dry catalogue of names; still William Callow, Aaron Penley, Edward Duncan, and George Fripp, may be instanced in addition, as amongst the most prominent in landscape painting.

John Callow is an example of the excellent adaptation of marine views and shipping, to water colours. We would instance his method of taking out a sharp bright light with a knife, the white paper thus shown, gives a truthful effect of foam on the crests of the waves, that no colour laid on can possibly give. Joseph Nash must be mentioned as an instance of peculiar style in architecture, especially interiors, which he embellishes with figures as in the olden times. These latter are introduced with great effect, and are very artistic—he uses much body colour, and his effects are exceedingly brilliant. No artist that we remember has treated interiors artificially illuminated, with so much skill.

In 1843, a second Water Colour Society was formed; the circumstances which led to its formation are matters into which it is no part of our province to enter at present. Cliques and exclusiveness in the older society were most probably the predisposing causes; unhappily they are but too prevalent in art institutions, and are not wanting in those of Dublin. Water colour painting had rapidly grown into importance, and artists practising it more numerous. The society then existing was limited, therefore, to provide a place for the exhibition of their works, a subscription was entered into, and a gallery taken, to which all artists were invited to send water colour pictures—their subscribing or not being perfectly optional. It resulted from this proceeding, that the older society found that room could be made for more members, and it absorbed a good deal of the available talent of the newly formed body; nevertheless, the new society prospered, and although it has occasionally suffered from internal differences, which seem inherent amongst artists; it is now highly efficient and yearly advancing. Allan Cunningham, in his lives of British artists, says—"The animosities of artists are only surpassed in sharpness and malignity by those of religious sects." Certain it is, however, that the establishing of the new society has contributed to the advance of water colour art, for healthy competition is almost invariably beneficial.

The new society has rather eclipsed the older institution in the department of figure painting, although it has lately sustained some defections to the older society, there are no evidences of a falling off in this particular; and though the seceders are undoubtedly men of very great ability, yet the other society does not appear a material gainer by their adhesion. Edward H. Corbould, and Henry Warren, the President of the Society, are pre-eminent in figure compositions, as also L. Haghe. Although in style these artists differ very materially, their method is much the same. Corbould paints his flesh very peculiarly and beautifully, laboured to the last degree, so as almost to resemble painting on ivory. His pictures are also remarkable for their great force and depth—in fact, he is sometimes too forcible—approaching the effect of oils more than is desirable. Warren is particularly fond of bright effects, and is very successful in producing them; he is not much affected to the use of body colour,

for which reason his paintings, especially when bright sun-light effect is shown, look a little weak, giving a spectator too much an idea of the white paper on which the work is produced. Haghe is an exquisite artist, either at figures or interiors. Most people are familiar with his charming "Sketches in Belgium," &c. He uses body colour to some extent, but chiefly as touches, to heighten and give sparkle, especially for gold lace or ornament; indeed it is utterly impossible to paint the latter without body colour. In painting architecture in any of his pictures, Haghe ever uses the pen to form angles, ornaments, cornices, &c., as Prout, Nash, and most others do, and the effect is, of course, so much the more natural. Absolon paints most delightful cabinet pictures, and rarely ventures on the large size compositions of the artists just named; he is exceedingly careful and laboured in his style, but not painfully so; the free hand of the accomplished painter is always evident; he utterly eschews body colour, and the best idea that can be given of his style to one not conversant with his works is free miniature painting on paper. Robert Carrick is an instance of style the very opposite of Absolon; his compositions are on a rather large scale, boldly treated, and with much breadth of effect, opaque colour being very skilfully introduced in his lighter tones of colour. E. H. Wehnert furnishes an example of transparent colour only, and his effects and general tones are somewhat sombre.

Although figure painting has been so successfully cultivated, animal painting in water colours is decidedly in abeyance; with the exception of Sidney Cooper, no artist has attained to much celebrity in this department, and as he is not a member of either water colour society, his works are never seen in their annual exhibitions. There is nothing that in water colours approaches the inimitable works of Landseer in oils. Corbould has been occasionally very successful in his animal delineations; in his pictures of "The Travellers," the old war horse is well treated, and the head especially is very fine. Henry Warren and Aaron Penley have also occasionally essayed this department, and also Frederick Taylor of the old society, but the style of this latter artist does not seem calculated for animal delineation—it is too bold, or more properly perhaps, careless, and he is very deficient in natural truth.

Amongst the two societies, there are no less than thirteen ladies who are members, and it may be added, that their co-operation here is fully as valuable as it is universally acknowledged to be in all societies. We would particularly instance Mrs. Oliver in landscape, and Miss F. Corboux in figure painting.

All art in Ireland is in a backward state, the causes of which we have in a former number attempted to investigate, and water colour art is even less developed than other departments. There are but five artists in Dublin, who practise water colour painting exclusively, Burton, the two Hayes', Henry Newton, and George Petrie; perhaps the latter gentleman cannot strictly be described as exclusively practising water colour painting, as he devotes himself far more to antiquity and literature, but when he does employ his pencil it is on water colour painting. The Messrs. Brocas have for many years practised in water colours, but they also devote themselves very considerably to oil painting. Henry O'Neil used to paint very excellent water colour landscapes, but latterly he also has turned his attention to oils, in our opinion not so successfully. M. Kendrick produces some very clever marine views, but he is almost altogether an oil painter. George Sharpe also, professedly an oil painter, has lately essayed a few works in water colours with great success; in fact this artist's peculiar style is infinitely more fitted to excel in the latter than in oils. W. G. Wall, though practising most in oils, produced occasionally some very clever water colour landscapes. L. K. Bradford practises rather much in water colours, especially landscapes. B. Mulrenin is almost exclusively a miniature painter, but has occasionally produced some water colour compositions. This may be said to be the whole available strength of water colour art in Dublin. It is therefore not surprising that the water colour exhibition of the Society of Irish Artists, encountered great difficulties and discouragement. Its members certainly exerted themselves very much to sustain it; the last exhibition of the Society contained 151 works, only 33 of which were contributed by English or non-resident artists, being by far the largest proportion in any of its exhibitions. The Society also, had not the co-operation of either Burton, Petrie, or Mulrenin; those gentlemen being members of the Academy, from what we presume to call a mistaken feeling of *esprit du corps*, never

contributed to its exhibitions; although to do away with any feeling of rivalry, the water colour exhibition was holden in the winter season, not to interfere with that of the Academy in the spring.

The Society of Irish Artists' water-colour exhibition has not been held since 1847. The dearth which extended itself over this country, added to the mismanagement and failure of the Art Unions, rendered the success of such an effort hopeless. We earnestly trust, however, that the water colour exhibitions will not be suffered altogether to cease. We believe the Society, although in abeyance, has never been dissolved; and we would urge on the consideration of those connected with its management the propriety of its resuscitation. Circumstances in this country seem tending to improvement; and it is to be hoped a more liberal spirit will manifest itself amongst our artists. On the part of the public there is an unmistakeable desire to support a water-colour exhibition; in fact the exhibition was always very fairly supported. Water-colour painting comes more within the means of the great mass of the picture-loving public, not being usually so enormously priced as oil paintings; they are also more suited to the genius of the British people, their most remarkable characteristics being domesticity; therefore do they incline particularly to representations of familiar objects and every-day scenes. They like to surround themselves with what contributes to this feeling. Lofty and extensive apartments are quite antagonistic to ideas of comfort in our climate. The large productions to which oil painting is best suited, are completely out of place in most of our habitations; but even the largest subjects in water-colours are quite in accordance with the average size of our rooms. The Dutch people, and of course their painters, had this very attribute of the love of things household and domestic, but it was vulgarly manifested; their painters thought only of giving a literal representation of nature—very often a disgusting one; refinement and ideality took no part in their combinations. Herein do our artists most especially differ; they seek, in giving us natural truth, to let it elucidate a sentiment that speaks to the better part of our nature. A well constituted mind is always impressed with pleasurable emotions, when amongst the trees and fields on a bright day—away from money-getting and bricks and mortar. Amongst the beautiful works of nature, a feeling

of admiration and love towards the Great Author who made all so excellent, will steal over those even who are but little susceptible of such ideas. Who has not felt the more than usual flatness of the aspect of a town home, on returning from the country? The common saying, "God made the country, and man made the town," is an evidence of the universality of this feeling; and more poetry is contained in that pithy sentence, than in twenty of the namby-pamby drawing room mock sentimentalities, which weekly inundate us from the music publishers—"Will you love me then as now?"—"Yes, dearest, then I'll love you more!" *et hoc genus omnia*. A truthful representation of nature is also calculated to vivify this feeling, though necessarily not to the same extent. Painting speaks an universal language; and the household which contains a few pictures will be in every sense bettered.

There is a remarkable analogy between the literature and the art of a people. Shakespeare and Dickens are excellent exponents of British taste; and the style of Eugene Sue and Dumas is no less foreign to us, than in accordance with the French people. Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe attempted to introduce it, but the exotic found nothing congenial. "To each species of work here below should be left its own proper sky, its own shelter, and its own sun." Hitherto all committees of taste in this empire, of whatsoever kind or constitution, have invariably acted directly antagonistic to this principle. They have been always striving against nature—endeavouring to force a taste and liking for that which is unsuited not alone to our people, but to the genius of our artists. Hogarth was the first to throw off the absurd shackles imposed on art, and boldly followed nature in preference to its dictum; but he was deficient in elegance and refinement; a vulgarity, often even a coarseness, was evident in his conceptions; although some allowance must no doubt be made for the difference in manners and habits of modern society compared with the times of Hogarth. He was undoubtedly the leader of the British school. Allan Cunningham bears the following testimony to his genius:—"As a *painter*," says Walpole, "Hogarth has slender merit." What is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very

being with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woful reflection—to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring. Hogarth has done all this; and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will show us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet. But there seems a disposition to limit the former to those who have been formed under some peculiar course of study, and produced works in the fashion of such and such great masters. This I take to be mere pedantry, and that as well might all men be excluded from the rank of poets, who have not composed epics, dramas, odes, or elegies, according to the rules of the Greeks.”

An Art Union, established for the development of water colour painting in Ireland, would be decidedly popular, occupying itself exclusively with this mission, and eschewing engravings, which have hitherto engrossed the largest portion of Art Union funds, besides being a departure from the original Art Union principle. The Royal Irish Art Union “dies, and makes no sign!” Perhaps the Council of the “National Art Union” may take the above hint.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Letters to John Bull on the State of his Landed Property. By Sir E. B. LYTTON. London, 1851. Seventh Edition.

In the present day, when the *cacoethes scribendi* has obtained such an ascendancy, that people who have no hope of being read at the public expense, and who are satisfied to pay a few pounds to see themselves in print, hasten to give vent to their feelings and their vanity in innumerable pamphlets on every subject, from singing for the million to the land tenure question, a short publication worth reading, like that before us, is truly a *rara avis*. The name of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, one not less distinguished in the world of literature, than in the great field of instruction in

the condition of the lower classes in England, is a sufficient guarantee of the style and tone of the present pamphlet. But the reader will find a plain, practical common sense running through its pages, which many would not expect from the author of the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." The subject of these letters, as the reader may surmise, is the working of "Free Trade;" the injustice to one class which must, and the danger to all which may, follow, as the natural consequence of such a transition. We have not been in the field early enough to have engaged on one side or the other—to publish ourselves Protectionists or Free Traders—or to have taken part in the struggle. Upon this subject we have never before offered an opinion, and, as we have already proclaimed, that attached to no one creed or party, we should always consider impartially any questions which might engage our attention, and advocate those measures which might seem to us as conducive to the interests of the empire, and productive of the greatest good to the greatest number. For this reason—and were it for naught else—we do think our recommendation entitled to some consideration; and to every man who has at heart the interests, perhaps the existence, of his country, we do most earnestly recommend the perusal of these letters. And let not the most violent Free Trader, horrified at the name of Protection, close our pages, or neglect our request, with the sensible, and by no means unusual remark—"Oh, we have done with all that humbug now—we are not going to retrograde, and starve our people, and ruin the great sources of England's wealth and power—her manufactures—for the sake of those vampires the landlords." We should hope that there are few men of sense and education, whether Protectionist or Free Trader, or aught else, so wedded to their opinion as to refuse to hear a word upon the subject. If the question were one which admitted of little or no discussion, as a matter of courtesy we would ask attention to what would fall from the pen of such a man as the writer of this pamphlet; but when it is one on the decision of which such mighty interests depend, and one on which wise and able legislators, and profound and experienced statesmen, have differed so widely, surely that man must be either a knave or a fool who would disregard the precept, *Audi alteram partem*, or rather "hear the golden mean which will divide the burthen fairly, and be a triumph to neither or both." The settlement of the question, which the worthy baronet proposes and advocates, is one which strikes us as strict justice, and at the same time calculated to save the country from considerable danger, as well as distress, viz. :—a moderate fixed duty on foreign corn. Though it may be in England at least that the manufacturing interest is of much greater importance than the agricultural, it does not therefore follow that the agriculturists are to be sacrificed to the manufacturers, especially as the prosperity of the former is in no way incompatible with the stability of the latter. If the question were, one or other must fall—which shall we sacrifice? it would be quite a different matter; but when no necessity of this kind exists, it seems to us

impolitic, as well as unjust, that one should be unduly depressed, or rather ruined, for the undue exaltation of the other. Neither is it the operative who would be losers if some slight Protection were given to our farmers, and a slight consequent increase in the price of bread stuffs were the result; and for this reason, the wages received by workmen will always bear a proportion to the prices of the necessities of life, and if the prices of bread, &c., be raised, so must the wages of the operative; it would consequently be out the pockets of the great manufacturer that the difference which would save our agricultural interest should come.

We must be all aware of the colossal fortunes made and making by our great mill and factory proprietors, and we can not think it fair or just that the interests of so great—aye, and after all perhaps, the most important—class should be sacrificed, that our manufacturers may acquire fortunes of European celebrity. How much less dispute must there be of the necessity of Protection for Ireland—a country almost entirely agricultural, and destitute of manufactures.

Politicians know what the value of a good cry is, either to go to the country, or to raise an agitation; they know also what it is really worth. Church and State, King and Constitution, Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and the Charter, and many such, have stood party men in good need. Now of all the cries that we ever yet heard, or heard of, we have no hesitation in saying, without intending any disrespect to Free Trade, or Free Traders, that “the big loaf” is the most effectual, as well as the most fallacious. But we are delaying too long from our pamphlet.

The first of these letters is signed “A Labourer, though a Landlord,” and the reason the writer gives for taking to himself such a title, and credit for sincerity, we shall allow himself to tell:—

“On the other hand, my dear John, while I believe that my land, which is free from all mortgage, is not of that kind on which the severest loss is likely to be incurred, so, health permitting, I have, as a labourer, a resource that all landlords do not enjoy; and if my rents should fall, no corn law will affect my pen and my brain; I can work—I am used to it. Moreover, dear John, you are too fine-hearted a fellow not to own that avarice is rarely the most cogent motive in the ambition of public men. It is something to see myself separated—not by my own change of opinions, but by theirs—from the party with which in public I have acted, and the men whom in private I have known or loved; and on this, as on all matters when conviction is strong and earnest, whatever divides the opinion estranges the friendship. It is something, for many years, and those spreading over the prime of manhood, to have stood alone and excluded from the noble field of action—parliamentary life.”

Sir Edward first proceeds to combat the notion, that such a declaration in favour of Free Trade is conclusive, and such a step irrevocable, and to shew the mistake of confounding a fiscal arrangement, such as the enacting or repealing corn laws with changes in the constitution, that it is the very nature of such questions to be experimental. Protection sprung into

existence coterminous with the first dawning of civilization of England, during the reign of Edward IV. Many reasons combined—neglect, want of method, &c., to render such protection almost a nullity, until the revolution of 1688, when for the first time it was vigorously enforced, and under its fostering hand Britain made mighty strides in commerce and manufacture. The nation, after some time, determined to make an experiment of Free Trade, and accordingly, in 1733, a law was passed which admitted wheat at a nominal duty of 6*d.*, whenever the home price attained or exceeded 48*s.* per quarter. They got tired of this, and in 1791, having made their experiment, and being dissatisfied with a duty of 24*s.* 6*d.*, was placed on corn, while the home produce was under 50*s.*, and this at a period when the people, if they had been tickled with the idea of the big loaf, were very likely to insist on it.

Our attention is next called to some of the contradictory statements as to the effects of Free Trade on wages and rents made by some of its warmest and ablest supporters.

"On the necessity of lowering wages, aye, and not in agricultural districts, but in manufacturing towns; on the necessity of lowering them, in order to compete with the foreigner, Mr. Villiers rests half his case. And yet, what says his fellow political economist, Colonel Torrens? Exactly the contrary: 'The true cause of low wages is high food, for then mechanical power is brought more and more in competition with human labour, and the operative will be employed at wages reduced to the slavery point.'

"The repeal of the corn laws must lower the wages," says Mr. Villiers, "It must raise them," says Colonel Torrens. Every fact, real or supposed, adduced by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, tended to shew the necessity of conforming to the low wages of the continent. And again, Mr. James Wilson, who has a kind word, and coaxing lure for every class, feels the Manchester Chamber of Commerce with this knock down prediction—"We are, therefore, of opinion, that in the event of Free Trade in corn, the price of labour in this country would rather be increased than diminished."—17, 18.

That there is something radically wrong in the system of Protection is a delusion that no inconsiderable number labour under: that the contrary is the fact, we have but to refer to history to prove. From the earliest ages, whose annals we have recorded, we find that those states of greatest wealth and importance, not from their territorial possessions or military spirit, but from the industry of their inhabitants, and the enterprise of their merchants, rose into power and maintained their position under a system of most rigid protection. Of this system and its advantages, Venice, which for five centuries occupied the first, almost the sole position in navigation, trade, and manufactures, presents the truest and most perfect example. We do not refer to Venice or to Genoa to hold them, and their systems of extreme Protection, up for our example and imitation, but merely to show, from history at least, that there is nothing essentially rotten or injurious about protection.

"I argue not," he says, "in exclusive favor of Protection; I say simply: that those who attribute all advantages to the opposite system have not facts sufficient to render their theory indisputable; that in all the commercial states in the history of the world, the policy of protection has been admitted—more or less stringent, according to the expediency of the state; that the duration of commercial eminence in the most restrictive of all modern states, Venice, was more than double that of the most liberal of all modern states, Holland; that England has grown up into the greatest commercial commonwealth now existing, under systems of protection; that under systems of protection the rivals she has to encounter in America, in Germany, in France, flourish and increase; that even our cotton manufacture, "that hardy child of Free Trade," was shown, before a Committee of the House of Commons, to have increased in the years between 1812 and 1826, in the ratio of only 270 per cent.; while the cotton manufacture of France, "that sickly offspring of Protection," had increased in the ratio of 310 per cent—and this in spite of French duties, the most really injudicious, on raw cotton and iron." 23.

Can anything be fairer, more reasonable, than the following? Is there anything in it that any sensible, any *honest* man, can refuse to listen to?—honest, we repeat; for men acting in bodies attempt to shirk the individual responsibility of their acts, and do not hesitate for one moment in doing collectively, that which, as individuals, they would blush even to have been accused of; and that act of turning on the wretched agriculturists, and in contempt of all previous policy, and reckless of pledges as of consequences, leaving without even a ray of protection those who but the moment before were decently clad, we cannot but esteem as eminently dishonest:—

"I subscribe to the expediency of opening our ports, of greatly increasing our regular importation of corn; and all that I ask of the manufacturer is this—fit the farmer for the competition that you force on him; and gaining a great deal, concede a little in return. You say that you find, in Christianity itself, a sanction for the maxim to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. There is another maxim to which the sanction of Christianity is more generally conceded—'As you would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.' Your friend, Mr. M'Culloch, in speaking of the cotton trade, and in seeking to calm any excess of imprudent compassion which might be excited by the sufferings of the children employed in the factories, uses these very sensible and conciliatory expressions: 'The subsistence of 1,400,000 people is not to be endangered on slight grounds. The abuses even of such a business must be cautiously dealt with, lest in eradicating them we stake or disorder the whole fabric.'

"I concede this proposition in favor of the British manufacturers of cotton, and I claim that concession in favor of the British producers of corn." 36.

Sir Edward next calls our attention to the manner in which the pledges which were made by two prime ministers, Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, were fulfilled. Lord John, in his letter to the Queen, in 1846, states that it was the intention of the great conservative adherents to extend some relief to the occupiers of land, at the same time that he had resolved, by a gradual diminution of duties on importation of corn, to have left the British farmer unprotected, to compete with his untaxed and climate-favored foreign rivals. In

the same letter Lord John expresses, that his own intention was, at the same time with the opening of the ports, "*to have accompanied this proposal with large measures of relief* to the occupiers of land." And how were these pledges redeemed? and what were the burdens taken off the backs of the unfortunate landholders? Why (were not the subject too serious a one—one which is a matter of life and death—it might provoke our laughter), by a reduction on bricks and timber. There is a passage quoted from a speech of Sir Robert Peel's in 1839, which, in the present day of progress, practical men may deem of little importance, but which shows the question under a peculiar light, and one not unworthy of serious consideration; for after all, no man could be ever more truly practical or alive to the spirit of the times, than was that great minister:

"We should not forget, amid all these presages of complete happiness, that it is under the influence of protection to agriculture, continued for two hundred years, that the fen has been drained, the wild heath reclaimed, the health of a whole people improved, their life prolonged—and all this not at the expense of manufacturing prosperity, but concurrently with its wonderful advancement."

How absurd, how insulting, to talk to the ruined landholders of the reduction in bricks and timber, while they have the poor rate thus unfairly pressing on them!

"For you say that the old proportions of property are altered—that the manufacturing wealth increases in a ratio far beyond that of the agricultural; and yet this thus increasing wealth escapes comparatively free from the support of the very population that it forces forth to produce it! It takes the sinews of the human being from childhood to decay, and then throws the human machine, when it breaks under its use, upon the alms of that very property to which that human machine has yielded no return, and towards the war against which it has been used as an instrument. Glance at this instance from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Lords (on the burdens of land). A farmer was examined, and speaks thus: 'The poor rates on Mr. Heathcoat's factory, in this parish, have averaged £41 0s. 9d. a year, for the last seven years; on the farm occupied by myself, £58 2s.; so that I have paid £17 1s. 3d. a year more than Mr. Heathcoat. My rental is £300 a year, and the profits you can imagine; Mr. Heathcoat's profits are reputed to be £40,000 a year.'" 49.

But this very principle of a moderate fixed duty the most eminent amongst the Free Traders concede; and as we might expect from any men not thoroughly blinded in their anxiety for cheap food for the masses, they do not become oblivious of everything save their proposed end.

"Hear, first, Mr. Ricardo—no friend to the land-owner. You will see that he advocates the policy of the fixed duty—contends for its justice—and even intimates his concession to a duty of 10s.—double that which Lord Stanley in these times has suggested.

"The growers of corn are subject to some of these peculiar taxes—such as tithes, a portion of the poor rates, and perhaps one or two other taxes—

all of which tend to raise the price of corn and other raw produce equal to these peculiar burdens. In the degree, then, to which these taxes raise the price of corn, a duty should be imposed on its importation. . . . If importation was allowed, an undue encouragement would be given to the importation of foreign corn, unless the foreign commodity were subject to the same duty, equal to tithes or any other exclusive tax, as that imposed on the home grower."

"Thus says Mr. Ricardo. Hear next Mr. Poulett Thomson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, speaking against the corn laws, in 1834—

"He concluded that a fixed duty of from 8s. to 10s. the quarter, under which foreign corn could at all times come into the market of this country at a moderate price, would have prevented this occurrent fluctuation, and the consequent loss. . . . He would not dispute that the land-owners had a claim to a certain degree of protection, &c. . . . Mr. Ricardo proposed the adoption of a certain fixed duty as being a full and sufficient compensation to the landowners—let them adopt that plan. By the adoption of such a plan as that of a fixed duty, there was no doubt that the revenue would be a gainer, and he would not object to appropriate the amount of duty thus received towards affording that relief to the land-owners to which they should prove themselves entitled."

"But you say, whatever these eminent men may have thought thus of a fixed duty, in 1846 they would have been for the total repeal now enforced on us. Yet surely, if there be one person who may guide us as to their probable opinion, had they been spared to us in 1846, it is the great living disciple and elucidator of Adam Smith and Ricardo, the most learned and profound of all our surviving masters in the Free Trade school, of this science of political economy. Thus says Mr. McCulloch, writing in 1849, *three years after the enactment, but before the serious distress that has befallen the agriculturist* :—

"At the same time, we are ready to admit, that *we should have preferred* seeing this question settled by imposing a low fixed duty of 5s., 6s. or 7s. a quarter on wheat, and other grain in proportion, accompanied by a proportionate drawback. . . . *And it must be borne in mind that the distress of the agriculturists never fails to re-act on the other classes when the former are involved in difficulties*; the demands for the products of the looms and of our colonial possessions are proportionably diminished, so that the market is glutted with manufactured goods, sugar, &c., as well as with corn. It is, indeed, uniformly found, that the injury that is thus inflicted on the manufacturing and trading part of the community, very much exceeds all that they gain by the temporary fall in the price of raw produce. It is plainly therefore, a capital mistake, to suppose that the duty and drawback now referred to, would be advantageous only to the agriculturists; they would redound quite as much to the advantage of the other classes."—53, 54.

The author cautions us against placing too much dependence on the regulations sought to be enforced, or the changes proposed by the trading or manufacturing interest; and in support of his argument that they are to be regarded with jealousy, he quotes from the father of political economy. He also cites him to show (if indeed we required any authority beyond the dictates of common sense and reason to inform us) that a change so sudden as that which has taken place from a high protection to an absolute entire freedom from duty, is one which, even if called for, which we deny, was one to be effected with great care and deliberation.

The interest of the dealers in any particular branch of trade and manufacture is always in some degree different from, and even opposite to that of the public. The proposal of any new law or regulation of commerce which comes from this order, ought always to be listened to with great precaution, and ought never to be adopted till after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous, but with the most suspicious attention.—Adam Smith, c. XI., *Wealth of Nations*, 98.

Thirdly—Mark this! even where neither of these cases may apply, Adam Smith states, “that when by previous high duty or prohibition, employment has been extended to a great multitude of hands, humanity may in this case require that the freedom of trade should be restored only by slow gradation, and with a good deal of reserve and circumspection.—Book IV., c. XI, 96.

What can be juster or more moderate than this concluding appeal to the country?

“I own that the benefit to the agriculturist in a moderate fixed duty would be small in comparison to the loss he has sustained, and the risks he must encounter; but, in consenting to that compromise, through the mediation of the chief to whom he has entrusted his cause, he shows that he will accept what can least interfere with the experimental policy you have begun, and that he has due consideration to the exports of the manufacturer—the price of bread to all classes, small it may be in actual pecuniary relief to the agriculturist, but, large indeed to him, and to society, in diminishing the fear with which he anticipates the future, and softening the spirit with which he confronts the present, reconciling class to class, smoothing obstacles to progressive legislation, lessening dangers in those crises in which progress tends to decay.”

We have not noticed this pamphlet, or seemed to give it much attention in its bearing on Ireland, but it is wholly unnecessary to consider the abstract principle as affecting one country rather than the other. If the agriculturists succeed in obtaining that which they are entitled to *ex debito justitiæ* a moderate fixed duty on foreign corn, a *fortiori* must the benefits of such a provision be extended to Ireland, a country, as we have already said, almost destitute of manufactures. Our limited space has but enabled us to call attention to this publication, and instead of reviewing the question at that length which it deserves, and we should wish to give, merely to bring it under the notice of our readers, as we have found it but little known even amongst the reading classes in this country.

Puseyism and the Prayer Book, by the Rev. E. Tighe Gregory, D. D., &c. Edward Howell, Liverpool, 1851.

Dr. Gregory has collected, and published under the above title, a series of letters published by him from time to time in several of the daily papers.

When we consider the nature of the several topics discussed, “Puseyism and the Prayer Book,” “Royal Supremacy,” the “Papal Aggression,” and several other matters of the highest importance, we must say, that if Dr. Gregory’s pamphlet fails in attracting public attention, it cannot be from

want of interest in the subject discussed by him. We have our doubts, however, whether it was worth Dr. Gregory's while, to collect together, in the above form, letters which, however well deserving a space in a daily paper, are in our minds unsuited for republication.

With some of his sentiments we, however, cordially agree. We have long thought (as we conceive every one who approaches the subject with an unbiassed mind will also think) that the Book of Common Prayer requires revision, and that there are many passages in it, which, however they may be explained and construed, yet, when taken in the sense which the words literally bear, are calculated to mislead, and seem to establish opinions which, we think, are not founded in scripture.

"Would it not be well," writes Dr. Gregory, "that the devotional directory of the Established Church were so thoroughly purged, that no resting-place could be found for the book-worms whose tiny but persevering nibbling has so seriously damaged the sacred volume—that the consciences of the spiritually-minded should no longer suffer offence—the weak find a justification for wavering—the tractarian be furnished with specious pretences, by the endurance in our Prayer Book of aught that might be considered as anti-Protestant, obsolete, or unauthorized?"

Dr. Gregory advocates the assembling of a convocation for this purpose, and cites the example of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, as having successfully carried out this object in their ritual; we cannot enter in this short notice upon the question of "Convocation," it embraces too many considerations to discuss even in the shortest and most cursory manner; its history, its power, or the objects for which it was originally instituted; but however we may differ with the learned gentleman in the advisability of re-establishing "convocation," we cannot dissent from the sentiment expressed in the following words:

"I concede to others the same mental privileges I claim for myself; and dare not, in the hearing of the only searcher of all hearts, denounce or impugn the sincerity of any: each to his own master standeth or falleth."

With reference to the "Gorham Controversy," Mr. Gregory writes:

"That on a recent occasion the judges were not exclusively ecclesiastics, must, I should apprehend, be a source of much satisfaction to every free-born Briton, who revolts at the rod of despotism being wielded by the proud and unscrupulous over the humble and conscientious."

It is quite clear from the above passage, that the learned doctor is not at issue with the bishops of Exeter and London on this point; but we think that the words "proud and unscrupulous" go a little too far: we are happy to think that the vast majority of "ecclesiastics" are far from deserving the character given to them in the above passage: we will conclude by giving an extract which exhibits Dr. Gregory's view on the "Papal Aggression:"

"Without entering into the question of whether the recognition" (of territorial titles in Ireland) "was advisable or otherwise, it yet admits of

none, that its withdrawal would be ungracious, and is uncalled for in Ireland, under no altered circumstances connected therewith; and thinking men would pause before seeking the repeal of enactments met by their legitimate opposition previous to passing the legislature, but to which time has subsequently given its sanction."

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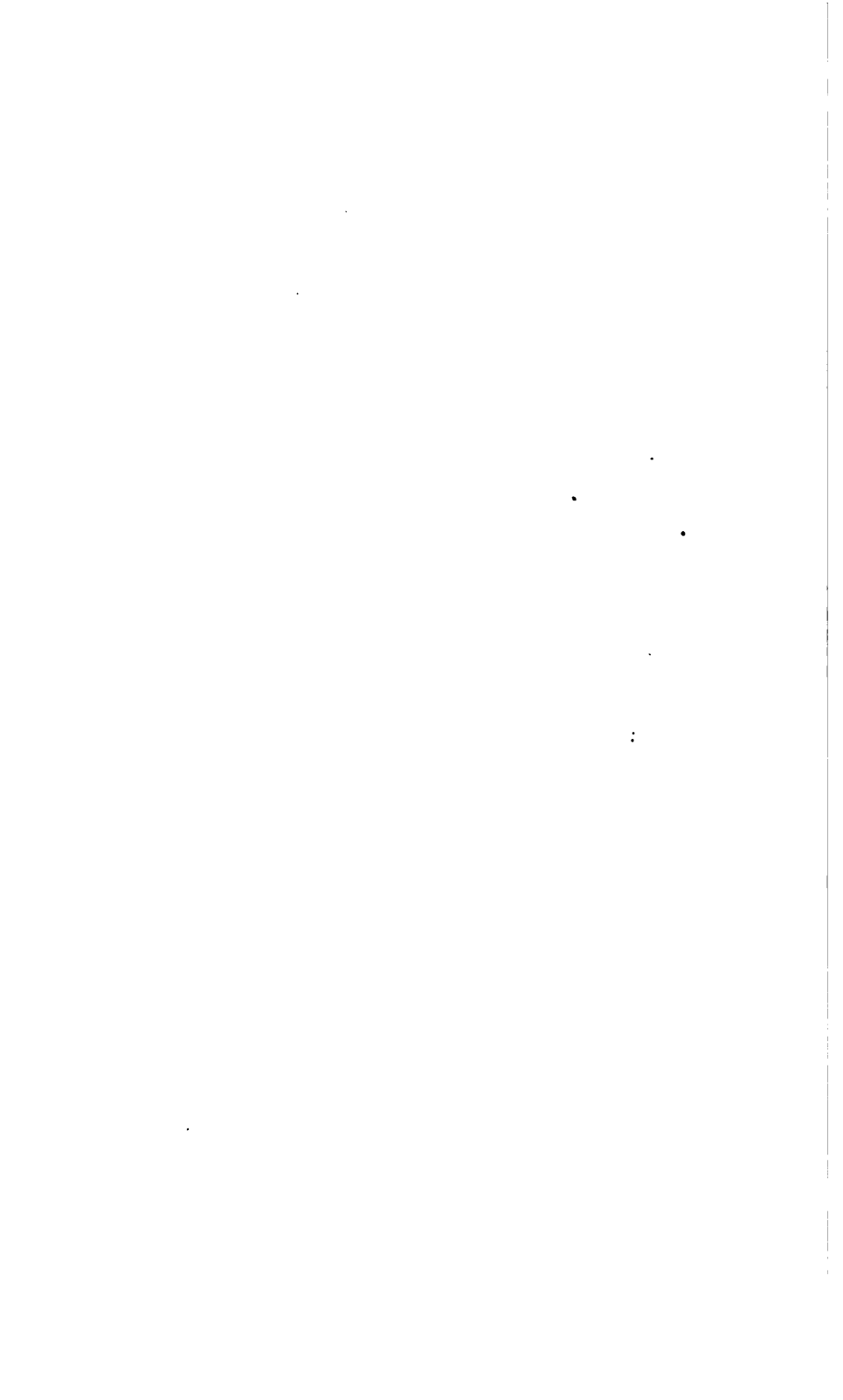
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IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—POETICAL LITERATURE OF THE PAST
HALF-CENTURY.

Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past Half-Century, in Six Lectures, delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association.
By D. M. Moir. (DELTA.) William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1851.

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”
Tennyson.

It is one of the brotherhood—*Delta*, of that ilk—that marshals in array the high-priests of genius in this latter time, the poets of the last half-century, a period, we may observe, which has been as fruitful in appreciation as prodigal of genius. The ablest critics have walked in the train of the greatest poets—Byron had his Jeffrey, Wordsworth his Wilson. An immense region of literature has been devoted to that very task, which but the other day has occupied the lecturer now under review; and, perhaps the greatest difficulty which presented itself to him in the fulfilment of that task must have been, to compress into the compass of a little volume a subject, which had wooed and won the exuberant diffuseness of a half-century of criticism.

In the early pages of this book Mr. Moir observes,

“The literature of an age is the reflection of its existing modes of thought, etherialised and refined in the alembic of genius. * * It may also be admitted that the intellectual character of an era must ever be, in a great measure, moulded and *modified by contemporaneous exigencies.*”

It may be too much to say that the polity and the literature of an age are exchangeable terms; but that they are referable to a common measure we may be permitted to predicate.

"All mortal thoughts confess a common home."

There is a point of junction wherein all the ways of life find their termination. Individual and national character, religion, political institutions, literature, the arts, science, and social manners, act and re-act upon each other. Any given event, expression of thought, or impulse of passion, has manifold sources, manifold issues, numerous representatives. Thus it is that Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Byron meet and embrace, in spite of intervening time, and distance of place, and difference of circumstance, upon the common ground and trying-place of the French Revolution.

"Coming events cast their shadows before;" events accomplished have their shadows, too—in another direction. The dawn precedes the day; the day is remembered in the twilight; the literature of an age may be the precursor and *prophet* of a great event, may be, too, its *historian*. And of this latter character much of the poetry of the last half-century has been. We think that Mr. Moir has not given sufficient prominence to the influence which the political convulsions of France in the last century unquestionably exercised on our literature; and we shall call upon Hazlitt to supply the deficiency. "Mr. Wordsworth," says this distinguished writer, "is at the head of that which has been denominated the Lake School of Poetry. * * This school of poetry had its origin in the French Revolution, or rather in those sentiments and opinions which produced that Revolution. * * Our poetical literature had, towards the close of the last century, degenerated into the most trite, insipid, and mechanical of all things in the hands of the followers of Pope, and the old French school of poetry. * * The change in the *belles lettres* was as complete, and to many persons as startling, as the change of politics with which it went hand in hand. * * According to the prevailing notions, all was to be natural and new. Nothing that was established was to be tolerated. All the commonplace figures of poetry were discarded; a classical allusion was looked upon as a piece of antiquated foppery. * * The object was to

reduce all things to an absolute level; and a singularly affected and outrageous simplicity prevailed in style and sentiment. * * The paradox they" [the Lakers] "set out with was, that all things by nature are equally fit subjects for poetry; or, that if there is any preference to be given, those that are the meanest and most unpromising are the best, as they leave the greatest scope for the unbounded stores of thought and fancy in the writer's own mind. * * They were for bringing back poetry to its primitive simplicity and state of nature, as he" [Rousseau] "was for bringing society back to the savage state." Nor is a word of all this a whit the less true, because the Jacobinism, the levelling spirit of the *poet* Wordsworth, were confined to his *style* and choice of *subjects*, and are not found to pervade the political opinions and religious sentiments of the *man* Wordsworth. The explosion in France reverberated through all the fields of human power, and knowledge, and sentiment, and through every recess of society. The Polity of Paris was echoed by the Poetry of Westmoreland, and Peter Bell was another name for Jourdain Tile-Beard. *A bas les Aristocrates*—down with Damon! Nor did Wordsworth stand alone—"nous sommes tous Dépresménils!" Crabbe—(the Crabbe of the second era—for in his earlier time, ere his poetical *civism* had blossomed, he was an aristocrat who might have supped at Parnassus with Pope)—Byron—Moore—Coleridge—Shelley—and all the great poets of the past half-century, were *concitoyens* in the Republic of Letters. All hail to the "regenerated!" *

And the subject, seen from another point of view, assumes fresh importance; for, is it not so written, "the *seeing* eye, and the *hearing* ear?"—And did not the mighty event to which we have just drawn attention educate the "eye" and "ear" of society to "see" and to "hear"—that is, to understand and appreciate—the glory and the melody of that verse, a great portion of which would have been unintelligible to the generation succeeding that which had "made poetry a mere mechanic art," were it not that new modes of thinking

* Is it necessary to observe, that reflections upon historical events in their connection with literature, cannot reasonably be held to imply sympathy with violence? We have no wish to see a guillotine in College Green; but then—the Past is past, and our own for every purpose.

and new phases of manners, accompanying, or immediately following political changes, had prepared the way for a new literature?

Go behind the year '89, and pass back from the Jacobins to the Jacobites, and "tea-cup times of hood and hoop." A young nobleman of Nottinghamshire requests Lady Mary Wortley Montague to introduce him to Pope—"he—a—himself 'cultivates the Muses,'" and to get up some dish-of-tea-business for that end. "Manuscripts hopefully submitted for the correction—it is hoped the approval—of—a—the—favorite guest of Apollo, and the tuneful pine," (and that lot generally.) How the "note of interrogation" (so called, because of his crookedness and other qualities, by a "wag"—an animal now extinct, like the red deer, save in remote parts of Ireland), how the note of interrogation does wriggle, and humph, and become doubly a note of interrogation! "Pr'ythee, my lord, do you call this verse? Methinks it is but sorry thought, in unwonted words." He has got hold of *Childe Harold*, and does not know what to make of "*the stars that are the poetry of heaven.*" He shovels over to another bundle of paper—" "*The mind, the'*—ah!—'*music*'—yes, it is music—'*breathing*'"—here he himself becomes breathless with horror—" "*from her face.*" *Respite finem.* The tea and flirtation over, Lady Mary's fan put up to rest, poor thing, and the young poet's MSS. swept clean out of sight with the tea-cups, the end of it is, that our Nottinghamshire Viscount, who, not content with his family pedigree, "*claimed kindred*" with the "*stars*," establishes his claim to kindred with *another* heavenly body, and gets to know something of the sanitory (or insanitory) side of the Court of Chancery. Alack! the readers of Debreth shall never read Don Juan. Then, there's our friend, Coleridge. Let us get Horace Walpole to give him letters of marque to Gray. To be sure, you might as well ask Gibbon to dinner, "to meet Carlyle." However, here we are, the "*iron sleet of arrowy shower*," and "*the bird that made the breeze to blow.*" "Pray, sir, be seated," says the iron sleet, "I hope my worthy, and esteemed friend at Strawberry Hill is in the enjoyment of good health and a serene mind—the '*mens sana in corpore sano.*' Are you an enthusiast for the Classics? Ah!—hah!—humph!

*' At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name !'*

An albatross? A *bird*, my good sir, do you say? And—and—what's this?

*' I guess 'twas frightful, there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly !'*

Nay, our brisk beaux would not think it so 'frightful' to encounter a fair damsel." Mr. Gray "feareth that a spirit is talking to him." He proceeds,

*" ' I fear thee and thy glittering eye
And thy skinny hand so brown.'*

"My case exactly," he groans to himself, "shut up here with a lunatic with a 'glittering eye.' My dear sir," he adds aloud, "I have myself been censured by worthy gentlemen, who, perhaps justly, prefer what is correct to what is striking, for having given too free a rein to the Pegasus of fancy, *but*," &c. &c. In brief, neither Coleridge nor the Ancient Mariner shall ever come to be of that company, of whom the former might say as truly as the latter,

*" We were the first, that ever burst
Into that silent sea."*

We shall take leave of this branch of the subject by a quotation from Mr. Moir having reference thereto:—

"While the materials for verse cannot well exist in abundance in the Cimmerian chaos of primal barbarism, * * scarcely more affluent will they be found in the zenith of that luxury which states and peoples generally attain immediately before their decline, and final overthrow and extinction. There is a middle space between light and darkness, a twilight with its receding stars and its rising sun, a table-land separating the confines of barbarism and refinement, which appears to be that best adapted for most things—for intellectual enterprise and exercise, as well as for the development of the imaginative faculty; for there the arabesque pageantry of night, and the shadows of darkness have not yet disappeared, and the dawn is fringing the orient clouds with gold. Picturesqueness is the attribute which renders this particular aspect of man the best adapted for representing him in a poetical light. His actions appear in it more

impulsive, and less involved; and, from the alternations of light and shade, with a more aerial perspective, the world is in it rendered a fitter theatre alike for 'the painter's pencil and the poet's pen.' This was the very state of things existing at the commencement of the present century; and with it a new grand epoch of the world's history was to begin. A band of giant intellects, as in the days of Elizabeth, was again to illumine the foot-hardened and cloud-shadowed pathways of literature and science. Old feelings were to be set aside, old customs to be abrogated, old manners to pass into oblivion; and out of bloodshed and confusion, and revolutions civil and religious, a new order of things was to arise—gloomy, ghastly, deplorable, and hopeless, according to some, but according to the sun-bright hopes of more ardent spirits, freighted with

——— 'a progeny of golden years,
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.'

Far, as yet, have these Elysian dreams been from perfect fulfilment; yet have we every reason to plume ourselves, when we regard what has been done for literature by Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Crabbe, Coleridge, Wilson, Campbell, Southey, and their compeers."

The following is *Delta's* liberal and just review of the merits of Wordsworth:—

"With much "(continues Mr. Moir, commenting on Coleridge's opinion of Wordsworth, which we do not quote), "with much, nay, with almost all of this I am quite disposed to agree; but then it applies only to Wordsworth's better manner, and to his most successful compositions. His peculiar faults, which are left untouched by Coleridge, are quite as obvious as his peculiar beauties. Alike in his later as in his earlier poems, Wordsworth is not seldom verbose and exaggerated, to a degree that verges on bombast and Ancient Pistol, occasionally simple to a silliness that reminds of Shallow and Slender. * * No really great poet resembles Wordsworth in tedious prolixity, save Spencer. In their happier moods, they each flash upon us with the crimson light of setting suns, or with the 'innocent brightness of the new-born day'; but withal, and with reverence for their manifold excellencies be it spoken, they are not unfrequently garrulous, spin long yarns, and consequently must submit to be often read only in extract by the less enthusiastic. Yet, with all his exaggeration of tone, cumbrous machinery, over-minuteness of detail, occasionally trite baldness, and disregard of proportion in the relations of objects—his perverse blending of the little with the great, and his not seldom mistaking the simply silly for the severely simple—Wordsworth is a 'prevailing poet,' and must be ever regarded as a great one, for his high and manifold merits. Next to Scott, who stands alone, and above all, and equal at least to Byron, Wilson, and Coleridge, he was the most original minded man of his age. Approxi-

ming to the holy Scriptures themselves, his writings have a simplicity of thought, and a singleness of purpose, which we vainly look for elsewhere; and after perusing a fashionable, clever, trumpery work of the day, redolent of the scented vices and quibbling artifices of society, we turn to the pictures and moralisings of Wordsworth, like the 'captive long in city pent' to the green woods and the blue skies, to the waterfalls and to the mountains, to the scenes of primitive bliss and patriarchal simplicity.

"From 1798 until 1818, when Professor Wilson flashed on it (Wordsworth's poetry) the light of his critical genius, it might be said to have remained a book sealed, to whose cipher there was no key. To him, therefore, the world in a great measure owes the *sesame* to the occult treasure, and Wordsworth the happiness of knowing, in his declining years, that he had not over-estimated his powers—that his name was enrolled amongst the immortals. The subject has since that time, been the one most prolific of discussion in our contemporary literary annals; and has been ably handled by Jeffrey, Gifford, Southey, Lockhart, Hazlitt, Savage Landor, Sterling, De Quincey, and fifty other able pens."

We cannot but advert to the false criticism that claims for Scott (in the above extract) the character of "the most original minded man of his age." We indignantly deny it. That Scott was original, in the same sense that Spencer was original, we of course know well enough; but he was anything in the world *but* the "most original minded man of his age" (that is, of the nineteenth century, or the earlier portion of it). *Non meus hic sermo*. We are about to prove the direct reverse of the position laid down by Mr. Moir, and how?—by his own lips! No, not by *induction* from anything that may fall from him in the course of his evidence, but by his own direct testimony. Come, Mr. Moir, kiss the book, turn your face to the jury, and speak up:

"Common to every human heart, there is a certain class of emotions, the expression of which 'turn as they leave the lips to song;' and hence the primitive form of poetry in the ballad. It is also to be remarked, that throughout all countries the themes of these ballads are the same—'Ladye love, and war, renown, and knightly worth.' So large a portion even of the poetry of Homer takes this shape, that it has been seized upon as a leading feature in the controversy regarding the unity of the authorship of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, * * and many of these separate gems of narrative were by Dr. Maginn—who at the same time repudiated the heresy—disjoined from the context, and translated under the title of 'Homeric Ballads.' Mr. Macaulay thinks it highly probable that the traditionary legends of primitive Rome

also existed in the same popular form, and hence their re-appearance, under his plastic touch, in the 'Ancient Lays.' It has been the same from 'Zembla to the line;' for amongst others Davis, in his 'Researches,' mentions those of the Chinese; * * * Percy, Ellis, and Ritson, the English; Hailes, Scott, Motherwell, and Robert Chambers, the Scottish. * * * To them Scotland in some measure owes its greatest poet, in so far at least as determining the bent of his genius was concerned; for it was while listening with rapt ear to the stirring or plaintive minstrelsy of the border districts, that the fire of song awakened in the young heart of Walter Scott; and his first great appearance was in presenting these traditionary stores in a collected form to the world, accompanied by imitations of their style and manner so accurate and striking, as at once to prove the close study he had given them, and the depth of that impression which the originals had made on his feelings and fancy * * * *At this shrine Scott kindled the torch of his genius. and set himself in earnest to work out scenes of interest and images of beauty and of power, from the warblings of scalds, and bards, and troubadours, and minnesingers—in short, from the vast mass of materials which were open to him in the hitherto almost unappropriated and rich vast quarry of the feudal system; and the first grand result came forth in the Lay of the last Minstrel.*"

Our politest thanks are surely due to Mr. Moir: has not his own clear pen relieved us from critical labour on the topic? And we shall call an additional witness, whose evidence in reference to this point would be found conclusive, even if Mr. Moir himself were not forthcoming. The critic, who so truthfully said of Shakespeare "that he was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men"—Hazlitt—thus speaks of Scott:—"He has no excellences of a lofty or recondite kind, which lie beyond the reach of an ordinary capacity to find out, but he has all the good qualities which all the world agree to understand. His style is clear, flowing, and transparent: his sentiments, of which his style is an easy and natural medium, are common to him with his readers. *He has none of Mr. Wordsworth's idiosyncrasy.* * * The force of his mind is picturesque rather than moral. *He gives more of the features of nature, than of the soul of passion.* * * *He is very inferior to Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, to Wordsworth in profound sentiment.*" Are we not justified in thinking that "intense passion, delightful fancy, and profound sentiment," are more essential to a poet, for whom it is pretended that he is "*the most original minded man of his age,*" than "all the good

qualities which all the world agree to understand, a style clear, flowing, and transparent, and sentiments common to him with his readers?" We shall hear Hazlitt further:—"The reader," says he, "rises up from the purusal" [of Scott's poetry] "with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. A great mind" (and, we presume, a "most original minded man") "is one that moulds the minds of others. *Mr. Scott has put the Border Minstrelsy and scattered traditions of his country into easy animated verse. Mr. Wordsworth,*" thinks Hazlitt, "*is the most original poet now living. He is the reverse of Walter Scott in his defects and excellencies. * * His poetry is not external but internal; it does not depend upon tradition, or story, or old song; he furnishes it from his own mind, and is his own subject.*" You were saying something, my Lord Jeffrey? Anent the *Lady of the Lake*, we believe? "We consider this," says Jeffrey, speaking of the poem, "as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance.

* * This is a *romance*, therefore, composed by a *minstrel of the present day.*"

The following is *Delta's* accurate portrait of Coleridge:—

"We must now turn to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, in almost every respect save genius, was the counterpart of Wordsworth. The latter steadfastly pursued his purposes, and, with a coolness of determination, formed his plans and worked them out, scorning the obstacles before him; or dauntlessly grappling with them, persevering through good and bad report, until he overcame them. * * Not so his equal, and probably, at one time, superior in genius—Coleridge—who started in the race like a Flying Childers, and yet, infirm of purpose, drew up ere the race was half run. Take Coleridge at thirty, and no poet of any age or country had done what he had; while, at the same time, those who knew him best felt that these things were but as the 'morning giving promise of a glorious day.' All concur in declaring that his published writings at that period—original and wild and wonderful as they might seem—conveyed no adequate idea of his capabilities, of the periscopic knowledge and gigantic faculties of the man,

* * *The seeming daybreak turned out but an aurora borealis. Titanic in its dimensions, his statue was to prove only a Torso.*"

A large section of Mr. Moir's Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of the industry of all poets, has been, of course, devoted to the

gradually amalgamating in language, customs, and social institutions, and the rough angles of distinctive character have been steadily and rapidly disappearing, more especially within the last twenty-five years, yet this process has not hitherto been so complete, but that Scotland and Ireland still continue, although at more broken intervals, to pour forth snatches of their own native minstrelies. * * Not less distinct in their native character are the ballads and songs of modern Ireland. The best of these—and many of them are full of spirit, wild grace, and passionate beauty—have proceeded from the pens of Thomas Davis, Gerald Griffin, John Banim, T. J. Callanan, Samuel Ferguson, William Maginn, Clarence Mangan, Edward Walsh, Samuel Lover, and John Anster" (*Faust-Anster*), "and we have besides touching specimens by Mrs. Tighe, the Honourable Mrs. Price Blackwood, and Mrs. Downing."

As we may not find our way to Scotland (indeed, if we went over the water at all, we should be very apt to get *crystalized* on the way, just at present, and so eat oaten cake never), we would suggest to some friend of Mr. Macarthy, the propriety of forwarding a copy of that gentleman's poems to Mr. Moir's publisher, as the latter worthy will, we hope, bring out a second edition. We have not space, we fear, for a quotation:—his famous bells have chimed in the ears and hearts of all Paddy-Land.

You may rest assured that Campbell occupies a prominent place in Mr. Moir's Lectures.

"No poet ever made a more brilliant entrée than Thomas Campbell did, in the 'Pleasures of Hope,' written at twenty-one. In fact, it was regarded as a marvel of genius, and at once deservedly placed its author among the immortals. * * With a daring hand the young poet essayed every string of the lyre, and they each responded in tones of sublimity, or of beauty and pathos. The poem was evidently the product of fine genius and intense labour; for nothing so uniformly fine, so sustained in excellence, was ever produced without intense labour; yet so exquisite is the art, that the words seem to have dropped into their places, and the melody, 'like one sweetly played in tune,' flows on apparently without effort, now wailing through the depths of tenderness, and now rising into the cloud-lands of imagination with the roll of thunder. * * When we look on the 'Pleasures of Hope' as a work achieved while the author yet stood on the threshold of manhood, it is almost impossible to speak of it in terms of exaggerated praise; and whether taking it in parts, or as a whole, I do not think I overrate its merits, in preferring it to any didactic poem of equal length in the British language. No poet at such an age ever produced such an exquisite specimen of poetical mastery—that is, of fine conception

and of high art combined. * * No ungraceful expressions, no trite observations, no hackneyed similes, no unnatural sentiments, no metaphysical scepticisms, break in to mar the delightful reverie. The heart is lapped in Elysium, the rugged is softened down, and the repulsive hid from view; nature is mantled in the enchanting hues of the poet's imagination, and life seems but a tender tale set to music."

Of Byron our author speaks thus:

"Up to the time at which this lecture commences, the writings of Wordsworth had been more talked of than read; the fame of Coleridge was limited to a small circle of affectionate admirers; the star of Campbell was still in the ascendant—the cynosure of eyes with the select; Crabbe was quietly but industriously cultivating his own homely peculiar field; while the tide of popularity flowed triumphantly along with Scott, whose fresh, free song all the aspiring young bards imitated like a forest of mocking birds. Open their tomes where you listed, let it have been at page one or page one hundred, there were nothing but moss-trooper and marauder—baron bold and gay ladye—hound in leash and hawk in hood—bastion huge and grey chapelle—henchmen and servitors—slashed sleeves and Spanish boots—steel-barred aventayles and nodding morions—'guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder.' The chivalrous epics of Scott are indeed glorious things—full of vivacity, energy, variety, and nature—and will endure while a monument of human genius remains; but their thousand and one imitations have vanished—as I before mentioned—like the clouds of yesterday. When the mighty master himself, instead of satiating the public, took to another field, that of prose, and left poetry to younger men, arose the Oriental dynasty, under the prime viziership of Lord Byron; and down went William of Deloraine, and Wat of Buccleuch, before Hassan and Selim, Conrad and Medora, the Jereed men and the Janissaries, and all the white-turbaned, wide-trouserred, hyacinthine-tressed, pearl-cinctured, gazelle-eyed, opium-chewing, loving, and hating sons and daughters of Mahomet. Every puny rhymester called the moon *Phingari*; daggers, *yataghans*; drummers, *tambourgis*; tobacco-pipes, *chibouques*, and women, *howris*. It was up with the crescent, and down with the cross; and, in as far as scribbling at least went, every poet was a detester of port and pork, and a renegade from all things Christian. Nay, even something like the personal appearance of Childe Harold was aspired to; and each beardless bardling, whether baker's, butcher's, or barber's apprentice, had his hair cut and his shirt-collar turned down *à la Byron*. Midshipmen perseveringly strove to look Conrad-like and misanthropic; lawyer's clerks affected the most melancholious mood; and half-pay ensigns, contemptuous of county police, or the public safety—

———"With the left heel insidiously aside,
Provoked the caper that they seemed to chide;"

and on hacks, hired by the hour, adventured imitations of Mazeppa at a hand-gallop along the king's highway. The premature appearance of George Gordon, Lord Byron, a minor, and his crushing of Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review*, are matters too well known to need any thing here beyond mere allusion; and '*The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,' his satire in 'retort courteous,' may be passed over—vigorous, and venomous, as it was—in an equally summary manner. Even in the early volume, however, mixed up with much crudeness and juvenility, there were undoubted sparkles of that genius which afterwards astonished the world; and in the maturer satire—rash, ill-judged, and presumptuous as it was, indications of an ardent temperament and masculine intellect. But these glimpses were heliocal; the true morning of Byron's genius manifested itself in *Childe Harold*—a work of transcendent power and beauty, rich in its descriptions, passionate in its tones, majestic in its aspirings, sublime in its very doubts—which at once stamped his reputation as a great and prevailing poet. Its effect was electric—its success was instantaneously recognised. The star of his popularity shot with a burst to the zenith; and, as he himself expresses it, 'I got up one fine morning and found myself famous.'

"The poetry of Byron may be divided into three great sections; each pretty distinctly different from the other, in regard alike to subject and to manner. The first, commencing with the opening cantos of *Childe Harold*, includes the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, and some minor pieces. The second comprehends the siege of Corinth and *Parisina*, Mazeppa, the concluding cantos of *Childe Harold*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, the *Lament of Tasso*, and *Manfred*. The third, starting with *Beppo*, and comparatively dozing or prosing through the *Tragedies and Mysteries*, characteristically terminated with *Don Juan*. In all the works of the first section, we have the history of an individual mind, as regarded in different phases—for *Harold*, the *Giaour*, *Selim*, *Conrad*, and *Lara* are all and each the same person placed in some novel and romantic situation. Not widely different are the renegade *Alp*, or the reckless *Mazeppa*, or the guilty *Hugo*. But the compositions in which the three last-named characters occur indicate a transition state between those before mentioned and those which were to follow. Up to this period all the works of Lord Byron were characterised by passionate energy, by indomitable self-will, by point and antithesis—by emphatic sarcasm, and by brief but beautiful descriptive touches of men and nature. With much quite his own, we had much to remind us of Burns, of Scott, and of Crabbe; occasionally also of Campbell, but certainly nothing, not a vestige of the Lake school. The composition of the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and of the *Prisoner of Chillon*, however, opened up a new era in his mental history—evidently brought about by the writings of Wordsworth, Wilson, and Coleridge. He began to substitute contemplation for action, and the softer affections of humanity for its sterner and darker passions. We had now a keener

sensibility to the charms of nature—a love of stars and flowers, and lakes and mountains, and descriptions which were formerly dashed off in general outline, were now filled up with elaboration, and graced with all the minuteness of picturesque detail.

“ ‘ Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker’s foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language clearer than the tone
Of his land’s tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature’s pages, glossed by sunbeams on the lake.’ ”

“ It is here and elsewhere that we observe the brooding influence of the pantheism of Wordsworth—the poet seeming to feel his existence, less as an individual of a particular species, than as a portion of an eternal spirit, animating and pervading all things within the dominion of nature.”

The reader will have remarked that Mr. Moir traces to Wordsworth a considerable influence on Byron’s poetry; and, in connection with this topic, we will venture to quote the following passage from the Essays of Mr. Macaulay:—“ Though always sneering at Mr. Wordsworth, he [Byron] was yet, though perhaps unconsciously, *the interpreter between Mr. Wordsworth and the multitude*. In the Lyrical Ballads and the Excursion, Mr. Wordsworth appeared as the high-priest of a worship, of which nature was the idol. No poems have ever indicated a more exquisite perception of the beauty of the outer world, or a more passionate love and reverence for that beauty. Yet, they were not popular; and it is not likely that they ever will be popular as the poetry of Sir Walter Scott is popular. The feeling which pervaded them was too deep for general sympathy. Their style was often too mysterious for general comprehension. They made a few *esoteric* disciples, and many scoffers. *Lord Byron founded what may be termed an exoteric Lake school*; and all the readers of verse in England, we might say in Europe, hastened to sit at his feet. *What Mr. Wordsworth had said like a recluse, Lord Byron said like a man of the world*, with less profound feeling, but with more perspicuity, energy, and conciseness. *We would refer our readers to the last two cantos of Childe Harold, and to Manfred, in proof of these observations.*”

We have nothing to add upon the subject, but we shall take this opportunity of correcting the clumsy error into which Mr. Moir has fallen in attributing to Byron the expression, "I got up one fine morning, &c." For our part, we wish the sayings of great men to be repeated as *they* said them. There is a delicate chastity of exactness in matters of this sort, which, we think, cannot be too strictly preserved. Now, in Moore's *Life of Byron*, we find that Byron's own words did not allude to meteorological observations, but were simply to this effect—"I awoke one morning, and found myself famous." With respect to Mr. Moir's vulgar edition of the poet's well-known "*Io Triumphe*," we have only to say, that "Wan fine mornin'" is the exordium of all the tribe of Teagues, and Larrys, and Phelims, whom we meet in the pages of Cockney tourists, garrulous about *luggins*, merry or melancholy, Leprechaunish or Bansheeish.

"Who killed John Keats?" Let us see *Delta's* epitaph on him:

"Crude, unequal, extravagant, nay, absurd as he sometimes is—for there is scarcely an isolated page in *ENDYMION* to which one or more of those harsh epithets may not in some degree be justly applied—yet, on the other hand, it would be difficult to point out any twenty lines in sequence unredeemed by some happy turn of thought, some bright image, or some eloquent expression. That all this was the result of imaginative wealth and youthful inexperience is demonstrated by the last poems John Keats was permitted to give the world, and which were as rich, but much more select in imagery, purer in taste, and more fastidious in diction, as well as more felicitous and artistic. He had found out that, in order to keep interest alive, it was necessary to deal less with the shadowy, the remote, and the abstract; and that without losing in dignity, he might descend more to the thoughts and feelings—nay, even to the ways, and habits, and language of actual life. From the pure mythological of *Endymion*, he attempted a blending of the real with the supernatural in *Lamia*, and exactly with the degree of success which might, in the management of such elements, have been expected from him. *Isabella* or *the Pot of Basil*, his version of Boccaccio's exquisite little story, is much less questionable. We have, therein, character and incident, as well as description; and to these, the last is made subordinate. We there also see, for the first time, that *instead of playing with his theme, he has set himself in earnest to grapple with it*. The composition is more elaborate, and we have a selection of thoughts and images instead of the indiscriminate pouring forth of all. * * In this poem he wonderfully triumphed over his earlier besetting frailties—want of precision and carelessness of style, and exhibited such rapid strides

of improvement, as enable us to form some probable estimate of what his genius might have achieved, had he been destined to reach maturer years. * * In his earlier poems Keats was too extramundane—too fond of the visionary. His fancy and feelings rioted in a sort of sun-coloured cloud-land, where all was gorgeous and glowing, rose-tinctured, or thunderous; but ever most indistinct, and often incomprehensible, save when regarded as dream-like imaginings—the morning reveries of a young enthusiast. His genius, however, was gradually coming under the control of judgment; his powers of conception and of expression were alike maturing; and his heart was day by day expanding to the genial influences of healthy simple nature. A large portion of what he has left behind is crude, un concocted, and unsatisfactory, exhibiting rather poetical materials than poetical superstructure; but his happier strains indicate the presence of a great poet in something more than embryo. Which of our acknowledged magnates, if cut off at the same age, would have left so much really excellent? Altogether, whether we regard his short fevered life, or the quality of his genius, John Keats was assuredly one of the most remarkable men in the range of our poetical literature; nor, while taste and sensibility remain in the world, can ever his prediction of his own fate be verified, when he dictated his epitaph as that of one ‘whose name was written in water.’”

We fully and cordially agree with *Delta's* general estimate of poor John Keats, “the greatest of all our poets who have died in early youth.” His genius was, indeed, in its main features, as peculiar as his incredible fate, for which latter we have the authority of Byron's cock-robin elegy. Keats was an idolator of the Beautiful, and his ardent Faith endowed even inanimate creation with life, nay more, with a kind of womanly life. In one of his miscellaneous poems he thus addresses the moon:

“Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!”

To the same planet he exclaims:

“Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life—

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes.”

His pregnant soul would fain invest all things with a subtle spirit of life vibrating in harmony with his own. If the characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry was pan-theistic, that of Keats was pan-erotic. “His opening line” [of *Endymion*], says Mr. Moir, “‘*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever*,’ is the key-note to the whole body of his poetry.”

Of the great, but truly unfortunate Shelley, Mr. Moir gives us the following portrait :

"He is assuredly the most ethereal of all our poets, alike in imagery and language ; his imagery dealing principally with elemental nature, while his language, in delicate tenuity, seems almost fitted to describe dissolving views, as they 'come like shadows, so depart.'

"Even now he is principally remembered by his lesser works, his *Sensitive Plant*, his *Skylark*, his *Cloud*, &c.

" * " A much higher place has been claimed for the great mass of his verse than it seems to me to be at all entitled to. Gorgeous, graceful, and subtle qualities it indeed invariably possesses ; and no one can be more ready to admit them than I am ; but he had only a section of the essential properties necessary to constitute a master in the art. The finest poetry is that (whatever critical coteries may assert to the contrary, and it is exactly the same with painting and sculpture) which is most patent to the general understanding, and hence to the approval or disapproval of the common sense of mankind. We have only to try the productions of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Dryden, of Gray and Collins, Scott, Burns, Campbell, and Byron, indeed of any truly great writer whatever, in any language, by this standard, to be convinced that such must be the case. Verse that will not stand being read aloud before a jury of common-sense men is—and you may rely upon the test—wanting in some great essential quality. It is here that the bulk of the poetry of Shelley—and not of him only, but of most of those who have succeeded him in his track as poets—is, when weighed in the balance, found wanting. And why ? Because these writers have left the highways of truth and nature, and, seeking the bye-lanes, have there, mistaking the uncommon for the valuable, bowed down to the idols of affectation and false taste. * " Shelley was undoubtedly a man of genius, of very high genius, but of a peculiar and unhealthy kind. It is needless to disguise the fact, and it accounts for all—his mind was diseased : he never knew, even from boyhood, what it was to breathe the atmosphere of healthy life, to have the *mens sana in corpore sano*. His sensibilities were over acute ; his morality was thoroughly morbid ; his metaphysical speculations allegorical, incongruous, incomprehensible—alike baseless and objectless. The suns and systems of his universe were mere *nebulae* ; his continents were a chaos of dead matter ; his oceans 'a world of waters, and without a shore.' For the law of gravitation—that law which was to preserve the planets in their courses—he substituted some undemonstrable dreamlike reflection of a dream, which he termed intellectual beauty. Life, according to him, was a phantasmagorical pictured vision, mere colours on the sun-set clouds ; and earth a globe hung on nothing—self-governing, yet, strange to say, without laws. It is gratuitous absurdity to call his mystical speculations a search after truth ; they are no such thing ; and are as little worth the attention of reasoning and responsible man as

the heterogeneous reveries of a night-mare. They are a mere flaring up in the face of all that Revelation mercifully disclosed, and all that sober reason has confirmed. Shelley's faith was a pure psychological negation, and cannot be confuted, simply because it asserts nothing; and under the childish idea that all the crime, guilt, and misery of the world have resulted from—what?—not the depravity of individuals, but from the very means, civil and ecclesiastical, by which these, in all nations, have been at least attempted to be controlled. He seemed to take an insane delight in selecting, for poetical illustration, subjects utterly loathsome and repulsive; and which religion and morality, the virtuous and the pure, the whole natural heart and spirit of upright man, either rise up in rebellion against, or shrink back from instinctively, and with horror."

As far as mere brilliancy and power of genius are concerned, Shelley might have ranked with our greatest poets, or at least have been of their company; but his poetical supremacy has been too fatally challenged by his irreligious insanity, and the Paradise of English rhyme, beholding its Michael in Milton, sees in Shelley its Lucifer.

The following stanza in the *Revolt of Islam* contains within its brief compass a biography of Shelley, and a review of his works:

"To own all sympathies, and outrage none,
And, in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,
Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
To sit and smile with joy, or, not alone,
To kiss salt tears from the warm cheek of woe,
To live, as if to love and live were one"—

Well, why do you pause? Finish the stanza—

"This is not faith or law, nor those who bow
To thrones on Heaven or Earth such destiny may know."

There is the whole secret—the nutshell cracked, and laid open. His poetry was of the poets, his philosophy of the fools. "He is principally remembered by his lesser works," says Mr. Moir. As a mere matter of fact, this is so; but those who have ever met with an edition of Shelley's works other than such as the Albums supply, will "principally remember" the *Revolt of Islam*. With all its faults of obscurity and prolixity, it not only breathes a spirit of exalted feeling, but contains numerous passages of practical power sufficient to satisfy even a "jury of common-sense men."

Who comes this way with laurelled brow and "bugle-horn," his "comrades" of verse following him at a discreet distance, as is meet? Of him may we say—of his spiritual self—in his own silver accents:

"Never did creature pass,
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass."

A man truly who hath "uttered rhyme and reason." Way for the laureate! Through all his better poetry runs a rich, deep vein of wisdom, its great characteristic in our opinion; but it has another. "No humour like Irish humour," says *Pendennis*. Notwithstanding our prepossessions, we are not blind to the fact that Tennyson has a humour all his own, delicate and quaint. Of his two characteristics combined here is an example:

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

To him, indeed, above all men, is it given, like his own "cruel little Lillian," to be

"So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple."

The exquisitely delicate humour of the following character, (the poem is entitled "A Character,") would drive a punster mad:—

"With a half-glance upon the sky
At night, he said, 'The wanderings
Of this most intricate universe
Teach me the nothingness of things.'
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.
He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then, looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin, and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful."

Was it from this picture Dickens got his Pecksniff? The latter, compared to the former, reminds us of those caricatures we sometimes see in *Punch*, "after" some works of the great masters, which they profess to parody.

Of the Princess (viewed as a whole) we entertain no enthusiastic admiration. We have never been in love with a strong-minded woman. But the whole poem is worth reading for its glorious ending, from which we cannot but quote a few lines:—

“ For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse : could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were alain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like to difference :
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;

Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words ;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit, side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men.”

Not less in beauty and wisdom are the two poems he entitles, “ *You ask me why, though ill at ease,*” and “ *Love thou thy land.*” He is not free from the perverse madness which was the characteristic of the Lakers in their less happy moments of inspiration, and because the great poets Coleridge and Wordsworth sometimes wrote prose and published it as verse, and doggrel, and would have it that it was poetry, Tennyson will do so too, as we shall presently see. He sings to an owl thus:

“ I would mock thy chaunt anew ;
But I cannot mimic it ;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a leughened loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo—o—o.”

That to be “ simple,” or familiar, it is not necessary to be “ silly,” the following lines will show. It is of Olivia the *Talking Oak* thus discourseth:—

“ But as for her, she staid at home,
 And on the roof she went,
 And down the way you use to come
 She looked with discontent.
 She left the novel half uncut
 Upon the rose-wood shelf;
 She left the new piano shut;
 She could not please herself.”

We shall hear Mr. Moir felicitating the laureate:

“ Mixed up with many of the elements used by Wordsworth, Hunt, Keats, and Shelley, poetry about twenty years ago began to assume something like a new form of manifestation in the verse of Alfred Tennyson—a man of fine and original, but of capricious and wayward genius. With a delightful manner of his own—one more so this age knoweth not—Tennyson seems strangely destitute of self-reliance. Let it not be supposed for one moment that I am not deeply alive to the excellencies of Alfred Tennyson as a poet, for I regard him in some points standing at this moment at the very head of our poetical literature. But he is much more apt to be copied in his errors than in his excellencies; and what I maintain is that, *although a great artist, he is a very unequal one*. Possessed of a rich and rare genius, he is, in a certain walk, and that his own—the imaginative, the quaintly graphic, and the picturesque—unquestionably a master. Above all, his poetry possesses, in an eminent degree, one of the highest attributes—suggestiveness; and there he will even stand the severe test of old Longinus, who enunciates in his tenth section, that ‘we may pronounce that sublime, beautiful, and true, which permanently pleases, and which *takes generally with all sorts of men*.’ The laurel crown of England ‘which Dryden and divine Spenser wore,’ has, by the recent lamented decease of the great Poet of the Lakes, been transferred to the more youthful brow of Alfred Tennyson.

“ ‘He won it well, and may he wear it long.’ ”

“ *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the past half-century*”—Yes, such is the title of the work. Foreign, as well as native poetical literature? No, no—*English* poetical literature, merely. Then, why is there made no mention of Longfellow? Why, because he is a foreigner, and that would be to notice foreign—It would be no such thing! We care not a farthing upon what clod of earth a man may have been born. Genius is your true citizen of the world. We care not what may be the fashion of the political state under whose rule Longfellow may live. *English* is a big word, and will stretch farther even than the limits of the Empire on which, ’tis

said, the sun never sets; for *the* people of the New World are an *English*-speaking people, and Longfellow has written *English* poetry, and is a name in *English* literature, as much as though he were a subject of her Majesty. Was not Terence an African born? And yet we never think of his skin, though we read his poetry. But it is objected, *he* lived under Roman rule, *Civis Romanus erat*, whereas Mr. Longfellow——It really matters not. Had it even been otherwise, he should be accounted by us as much a Roman poet as Virgil; for the common bond of *language* made them countrymen and fellow-citizens in the land of genius. America may send us foreign corn; but she cannot send us foreign literature. "I am an English poet," cries Shakspeare from the banks of Avon. "So are we," say Moore and Scott, by the Liffey, or the Tweed. "And I, too," rejoins Longfellow from the New World shore of the Atlantic. His beautiful poem, "Evangeline," though disfigured by that fatal affectation, loved of Southey and not unloved even of Coleridge, attempting to cramp the feet of modern language in the sandals of ancient prosody, is redeemed by a tale of surpassing interest, treated with true poetic feeling.

"Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
'Gabriel! O my beloved!'

Still stands the forest primeval; but, far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

Well, what is it? Why don't you go on?

"Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn."

Reader, it is even so—and our "merry comrades," the imps that

"thick men's ink," are screaming to us for M.S.S.—yell upon yell! Mighty is their hunger for all things plume of goose hath touched. We shall soon bid adieu to our braw John Highlandman, but we shall first quote what Professor Wilson says of him:

"Of Moir," says glorious Christopher, "our own 'delightful Delta,' as we love to call him—and the epithet now by right appertains to his name—we shall now say simply this, that he has produced many original pieces which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest compositions; some of them are beautiful in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the simplest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea-coast or inland, is always truly Scottish; and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now 'shine well where they stand' or lie, as component or characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes. Let others labour away at long poems, and for their pains get neglect or oblivion; Moir is seen as he is in many short ones, which the Scottish Muses 'may not willingly let die.' And that must be a pleasant thought when it touches the heart of the mildest and most modest of men, as he sits by his family fire, beside those most dear to him, after a day past in smoothing, by his skill, the bed and the brow of pain, in restoring sickness to health, in alleviating sufferings that cannot be cured, or in mitigating the pangs of death."

We can conceive an author making a lasting reputation as the writer of a standard book on the subject treated by Delta. A man who could bring to the task knowledge, experience, susceptibility, discernment—a head—a heart—and a practised pen—might "awake one morning, and find himself famous." The subject is well worthy of all the energies of criticism the most learned, candid, and exalted. We cannot bring ourselves to think that Mr. Moir has done with it all that might be done, but he has accomplished that which a gifted man might be proud to have attempted. It is now of record—this appendix to the poetical literature of the last half century; and most useful and delightful will it be, by many a pleasant fireside and in many a snug study, to turn from the pages of the poets to those of their eloquent critic. We would wish to

speak of Mr. Moir's "booke" in the terms in which the Editors of Shakspeare's "booke" discoursed thereof, some two hundred years ago, in followynge wyse, in their "Preface of the Players:"

"To the great variety of Readers,

From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, and you will stand for your priviledges, wee know; to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines may be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your five shillings worth, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy." Mr. Moir's "Booke" is a portrait gallery—portable—a great point—for the little volume will not tire the delicatest hand of lady-reader by the evening fire, and is beautifully brought out. The vol. or the hand—which? Both! The likenesses are for the most part good, the colouring always fine, and you may refresh your eye with rare glimpses of back-ground, unobtrusive and appropriate. Therein you will encounter Byron's fierce and melancholy and tender glance, as of the eagle regarding his mate; and the calm eye of Wordsworth, as of an angel watching; and the great Minstrel's hale and vigorous look; and the "glittering eye" of the "Ancient" one; and the elegant presence of the Courtier of Hope; and Rogers gazing on Ginevra's fleshless arm; and Shelley with his draggled Lucifer-plumes; and the Irish boy with "tear-drop bright'ning to a smile;" and Southey, "on the banks of Sella," in his hand the bridle of the riderless *Orelia*; and Felicia, and her band of sisters, "Beauty making beautiful old rhyme;" and the lesser spirits of the time—of all that time—of all these fifty years—the first moiety of the as yet greatest product of the Ages, the NINETEENTH CENTURY! How proudly rose that wave of Time—with what a sparkle and glory on its crest! What a world-heard hymn in its long boom, that swelled to thunder in its advance, and then died gradually away in the delicate music of its receding years!

And for this *coming* wave that has just raised its head—*This* half-century—what of it? Who is there can prophesy thereof?

There is much room for doubt and for fear—progression has been continuous, but unequally so—we begin to feel old—the Future will crave for change—and, finally, “Society is a standing miracle,” at all periods, but especially now. Our Time—the day with us—and the day *after* it—are very critical. True, Material Civilization exalteth her horn, and at this very hour holds her levee in that “house,” whence she had better “throw no stones.” But where may we see any sure hope for that civilization of the heart and of the mind, to which the material arts are but handmaids? At home the path of progress is perilous—abroad Liberty has become a reproach. The continental peoples have failed to establish such free institutions as Christianity can afford to keep house with. And, with all this, we know that Liberty is to genius, what light is to the plant,

“For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
’Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.”

The political and social complexion of our time will surely colour the literature of this next half century, whose great men and poets are yet invisible to our eyes. We look forth into the future, and we cry, Where are the Deliverers?—for all great minds *deliver* the world from some bondage of intellect, of fact, or of heart—

Sister Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?*

ART. II.—SHEIL.

FIFTEEN years ago we sat beside the man who is the subject of this memoir, and heard him, addressing the citizens of Waterford, and referring to the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, say, “I was born on the banks of your river, I left it a boy and a slave, I returned to it a man and a freeman, and may I in death sleep calmly by its murmuring waters.” Whilst we recall these words now the orator is again before us, and the shrill voice swells upon the ear, the eloquence of the tongue supplying the defect of

* Whilst the above review was being printed, we received the melancholy account of Dr. Moir’s death. He was a poet of a high order, and well deserved all the praise given him by Professor Wilson. His last poem, entitled, “The Death of Selim,” appeared in Blackwood for July, 1851.

vocal power; we see the small slight form quivering with energy, and the quick bright eye is flashing with all the light of genius—but the man has passed away for ever. He was one formed for the time in which he lived, a time which marked its epochs by great struggles for human liberty—by great mental disentrailments, by immortal triumphs, by ameliorations in the condition of the people, which constituted the honour, and made the glory of the age. We are not of that class who seek to depreciate the present by over-praising the past; in truth, our pleasures of memory are but those sorrowful recollections of the past which the great healer, Time, has spiritualized. Well, yet grievingly, do we remember the men of Sheil's era—many of them were our dear and valued friends—and as we recall the memory of Mackintosh, of Horner, of Sydney Smith, of Peel, of O'Connell, of Sir Walter, of Campbell, of Bentham, of poor Maginn, and pleasant, grumbling, good-natured Theodore Hook, and grieve that the memory of them is all that now remains, we feel with Jeremy Taylor, "Thus, death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits produces disorders, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister to death; and you can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones."

Richard Lalor Sheil was born at Belleveu, in the county Kilkenny, the residence of his father, Edward Sheil, on the 16th of August, 1791. Edward Sheil had speculated in Cadiz as a merchant, and had acquired a rather large fortune, which he invested in the purchase of the Belleveu property, and soon after he had become a landed proprietor, he married a Miss Catherine MacCarthy, of Spring House, in the county of Tipperary. Sheil's early instruction was received from a French priest, the Abbé de Grimeau, who was forced to quit his country during the violence of the first revolution, and having arrived safely in Ireland, was received into Mr. Sheil's family as private tutor to his son. Shortly after the treaty of Amiens, this Abbé returned to his native Languedoc, and young Sheil was sent to a school at Kensington, established by the

son of the celebrated Prince de Broglio, and in which instruction was given by the Jesuits, who then called themselves *Les Pères de la Foi*. Here Sheil was placed under the care and tuition of a Genoese named Molinari, and upon this tutor's being ordered by his superior to proceed to Siberia, and if possible make his way into China as a missionary, Sheil was removed to Stonyhurst, the College of the Jesuits in Lancashire. Stonyhurst was once the property of the Sherbourne family, and passed afterwards into the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk; eventually it was purchased by Mr. Weld of Ludlow Castle, who had been educated by the Jesuits at St. Omer's, and they having been forced to fly from their schools at Leige and Bruges, were at last welcomed by their old pupil to Stonyhurst. Here they were permitted to stay during his life, and at his death (he had been for some time an ecclesiastic, although having a large family) he devised the mansion-house, with a large tract of land, to his old masters. Sheil continued some years at Stonyhurst, and of his life there, of his teachers, and of the Jesuits, so far as he himself knew them, he ever spoke and wrote in terms of deep and sincere regard. We like a man who can look back with pleasure on his school days, and who can recall the traits and manners of those who taught, and those who learned with him; it is a pleasant healthy state of heart and mind, and though, as old times come back upon us, we find, it is true, that many of our hopes, some of our highest day dreams, and most towering mind-built castles, are but airy nothings, yet we love the old recollections because they sprang from pure sources, and had, as Campbell says,

"Least the taint of earthly clod,
Were freshest from the hand of God."

We liked to hear Sheil, the man long inured to all the cares and cankers of a jarring political life, recalling the memories of his schoolmates and of his teachers. It made him in our minds a better man, and showed us, that however *blasé* the politician might be, still that all true feeling was not obliterated. Let him who doubts the power of our schoolboy joys and recollections to outlive our youth, even to continue fresh as in our schoolboy days, read Stanley's Life of Arnold, and he will there find, in that beautiful and graceful tribute from a pupil in the record of a good man's life,

the dignity of the teacher's calling, and the gratitude men cherish for a worthy preceptor, who made the schoolboy time a bright era in existence.

After leaving Stonyhurst, Sheil entered Trinity College, Dublin, where, we need scarcely add, his attention was devoted to classical reading; indeed, we have seldom, if ever, found a man of Sheil's peculiar cast of genius able to study with pleasure, or perhaps even capable of appreciating, the mathematical sciences. In the College Historical Society, of which we was a member, Sheil was not a very frequent speaker; and when he did address the society, his efforts were not considered of a very high order, either for argument or eloquence. The fact is, that to draw forth his powers, Sheil required a subject in which his feelings were deeply and genuinely interested. Every man who prepares his addresses with that care and elaboration which Sheil bestowed on his speeches, requires a subject which interests not only during the conception of the ideas, but also to the full completion of the composition. He could not excel in the Historical Society; the stage was there certainly; quick and able speakers were opposed to him; but it was a mimic stage, and the speakers were but actors. In the Catholic Association it was entirely another scene: there all was real, and the eloquence, the genius, the power of the orator, raised him above all defects of voice, of stature, and of gesture. In the Society the Rev. James Maghee was his chief rival, and most certainly his superior as an orator and a debater.

Having kept his terms in Lincoln's Inn, Sheil was called to the Irish Bar in Hilary Term, 1814; but his father having by unfortunate speculations lost a large portion of his property, Sheil was unwilling to press upon him for the money requisite to pay the charges on his call, and he accordingly tried his genius for dramatic composition, and produced his first tragedy, entitled "*Adelaide, or the Emigrants*," which he dedicated to Miss O'Neill, and applied to her the lines of Voltaire—

"L'illusion cette reine des cœurs
Marche à ta suite, inspire les alarmes,
Le sentiment, les regrets, les douleurs,
Et le plaisir de reprendre des larmes."

Indeed, all his tragedies appear to have been written for Miss O'Neill; and he seems, in describing the charms of his heroines, to have had before him the peculiar beauties which distinguished the great actress. In the tragedy just referred to, the following lines are found, and they exhibit a very beautiful specimen of word-painting—a perfect portrait:—

“Those fair blue eyes,
Where shines a soul most pensive and most loving,
Her soft variety of winning ways,—
And all the tender witchery of her smiles,
That charm each sterner grief, her studious care
In all the offices of sweet affection,
Would render the world enamoured.”

And in “Evadne” there is a very fine picture of Miss O'Neill, in all the glory of her beauty. “Adelaide” was well received, chiefly indeed owing to the acting of Miss O'Neill, who played the heroine. Although there are fine poetic passages in the tragedy, it is not a work of high or even second-rate merit. In 1816, Sheil married a Miss O'Halloran, a niece of the late Sir William M'Mahon, Master of the Rolls, and this match was one looked on as prudent, owing to the connection with Sir William; but Sheil appears to have profited little by it. Sir Walter Scott used to say, “There is no admiration for me like that of an admiring attorney;” but the simple fact is, that no sooner does a lawyer let the world see that he is addicted to flirtation with the Muses, than the attorneys at once consider him unfaithful to Themis; the novels of Justinian are the only novels the would-be lawyer should know. Sheil had not the wisdom of Sir William Blackstone, and did not, like him, bid good-bye to his books when called; so he bore an empty bag, and to supply the want of money he again turned his attention to dramatic composition, and produced, first, the tragedy of “Bellamira, or the Fall of Tunia,” and secondly, “The Apostate.” These tragedies were successful, but entirely owing to the acting, the composition is not superior to that of “Adelaide;” but, as if resolved to show the world what he really could do, with time and care, Sheil produced, in 1819, the well-known tragedy of “Evadne, or the Statue,” which he dedicated to Thomas Moore. The tragedy is founded on

Shirley's "Traytor," and in the preface Sheil thought it necessary to explain this circumstance, and excused himself by stating, that "No one contests the originality of Douglas, because Home took his plot from an old ballad, and even profited by the *Mirope* of Voltaire. Rowe's 'Fair Penitent' is a still stronger case: that fine tragedy is modelled on Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry.' Otway and Southerne rarely invented their plots." If he were writing now he might add, that Burges modelled his "Riches," and Sir E. B. Lytton his "Money," on Massinger's "City Madame." We do not, for our parts, think "Evadne" worthy all the laudation it has received. We remember well the bewitching acting of Miss O'Neill; Macready was *Ludovico*, Young, *Colonna*, and Charles Kemble, *Vicentio*. With this cast no doubt there are few tragedies producible that *could* fail, but we do not consider "Evadne" as poetical, as powerful in interest, or as effective in its situations, as "the Wife," or "Virginus," of Sheridan Knowles, the "Gisippus" of Gerald Griffin, or Charles Kean's purchased play, "The Wife's Secret." The best scene in the entire of "Evadne" is in the fifth act, the Statue scene. *Colonna*, in revenge for the insult offered to his sister's honour by the king, resolves to kill him, though his (*Colonna's*) guest. He comes through the gallery of statues to the door of the king's chamber; *Evadne* is concealed behind one of the statues, but advances to address her brother.

[*COLONNA advances towards the chamber-door.*

COL. I will do it!

[*He pushes the door, and finds, from his agitated condition, it is difficult to move.*

I can scarce move the door—it will not yield—

It seems as if some mighty hand were laid

Against it to repel me.

(*Voice exclaims*) Hold!

COL. (*Starting*) It was only

My thought informed the air with voice around me—

Why should I feel as if I walked in guilt

And trod to common murder—he shall die!

Come then, enraging thought, into my breast

And turn it into iron!

(*Voice*) Hold!

COL. It shot
 With keen reality into mine ear.
 A figure in the shadow of the moon,
 Moves slowly in my sight, and now appears
 Like a fair spirit of the midnight hour!
 What art thou?

EVADNE advances from behind the statues.

EVAD. Heaven does not alone employ
 The holy creatures of another world,
 As heralds of its merciful behests:
 But can make angels of the things of earth,
 And use them in its purest minist'rings.
 My brother!

COL. How, my sister! is it meet
 You watch the foot-fall of my midnight tread?
 Come you across my purpose?

EVAD. From my chamber
 That to the great hall leads, I did behold you,
 In dreadful converse with Ludovico.—
 Your looks at the banquet did unto my fears
 Forebode no blessed issue, for your smiles
 Seemed veils of death, and underneath your brows
 I saw the silent furies—Oh, Colonna,—
 Thank Heaven, the safety of Vicentio
 Has given me power to watch your dangerous steps!
 What would you do?

COL. Methinks it ill pertains
 To woman's humbler nature to pursue
 The steps of man, and pry into his purpose.
 Get thee to rest.

EVAD. Is that high front, Colonna,
 One to write Cain upon?—Alas, Colonna,
 I did behold you with Ludovico,
 By yonder moon, and I as soon had seen thee
 Commune with the great foe of mankind—
 What wouldst thou do?

COL. Murder!

EVAD. What else, Colonna,
 Couldst thou have learned from Ludovico?

COL. In yonder chamber lies the king—I go
 To stab him to the heart?

EVAD. 'Tis nobly done!
 I will not call him king—but guest, Colonna—
 Remember, you have called him here—remember

You have pledged him in your father's golden cup ;
Have broken bread with him—the man, Colonna,—

COL. Who dares to set a price upon my life—
What think'st thou 'twas ?

EVAD. I think there's nought too dear
To buy Colonna's life.

COL. 'Twas a vast price
He asked me then—you were to pay it too—
It was my Evadne's honour.

EVAD. Ha !

COL. He gives my life upon condition—Oh, my sister !
I am ashamed to tell thee what he asked.

EVAD. What ! did he ?—

COL. Thou dost understand me now ?—
Now—if thou wilt, abide thee here, Evadne,
Where thou mayest hear his groan.

[*Going in.*]

EVAD. Forbear, Colonna !
For Heaven's sake, stay—this was the price he asked thee !
He asked thee for thy life ?—*thy* life ?—but, no—
Vicentio lives, and—

COL. (*Aside*) How is this ? She seems
To bear too much of woman in her heart ;
She trembles—yet she does not shrink—her cheek
Is not inflamed with anger, and her eye
Darts not the lightning !—

EVAD. Oh ! my dearest brother,
Let not this hand, this pure, this white fair hand,
Be blotted o'er with blood.

COL. Why, is it possible,
She has ta'en the sinful wish into her heart ?
By Heaven, her pride is dazzled at the thought
Of having this same purple villain kneel,
And bend his crown before her—She's a woman !
Evadne !

EVAD. Well ?

COL. The king expects me to
Conduct you to his chamber—Shall I do so ?

EVAD. I prithee, be not angry at my prayer—
But bid him come to me.

COL. What ! bid him come to thee ?

EVAD. And leave me with him here.

COL. What ! leave thee with him ?

EVAD. Yes—I implore it of thee—prithee, Colonna,
Conduct my sovereign here.

COL. Yes—I will try her—
 I know not what she means, but, hitherto,
 I deemed her virtuous.—If she fall, she dies.—
 I'll here conceal myself, and if in word
 She give consent, I'll rush upon them both
 And strike one heart thro' the other.

EVAD. Send him to me.

COL. There's a wild purpose in her solemn eye—
 I know not if 'tis sin, but I will make
 A terrible experiment.—What, ho!
 My liege, I bear fulfilment of my promise—
 Colonna bears Evadne to your arms!

We admit this scene is very beautiful and very poetical, but we think it cannot be for a moment compared with the interview between *Virginius* and *Lucius*,* or that heart-rending one before *Appius*;† or with the scene amongst the tombs in "*Gisippus*;" or the scene in "*The Wife's Secret*," in which *Evylin* discovers the supposed lover of his wife; or that scene in the same play, where, with all the majesty of innocence, on finding itself suspected, the wife cries, still half forgiving,

"I did not think I could so nearly hate thee."

We believe that *Sheil* had not the true spirit of a tragic poet. *Dramas* he might write, but the poetry of tragedy was beyond the limit of his genius. One advantage he certainly did derive from his tragedies, they filled his pockets; for all his dramatic works he received the sum of £2500. It was generally supposed that he assisted *Banim* in the composition and construction of the once much admired play, "*Damon and Pythias*." Notwithstanding his success as a dramatist, the clients were still very few, and being anxious to extend his literary fame, he, in conjunction with the present Mr. Commissioner *Curran*, commenced those much talked of, but little known, "*Sketches of the Irish Bar*," which appeared from time to time, for a period of about seven years, in the pages of "*The New Monthly Magazine*." Amongst these sketches we may mention as particularly worthy of notice, those of *O'Connell*, *Sergeant* (now *Chief Justice*) *Blackburne*, the late *Chief Justice*

* *Virginius*, Act 3, Scene 5.

† *Ibid.* Act 4, Scene 1.

Doherty, the late Lord Norbury, the late Sir M. O'Loughlin, Leslie Foster, the Clonmel Assizes, and the Farewell of the Bar to Lord Manners. Whilst writing these sketches, Sheil was the welcome guest of the literary society of Dublin. Our city was not then, as now, the capital of a nation falling off 2,000,000 in its population in ten years. In the hall of the Four Courts other topics of conversation were started than the last slaughter in the Kilrush Union, or the last legal robbery perpetrated by way of sale in the Incumbered Estates Court. Lady Morgan held her pleasant reunions, and talked of every thing, from Kant's philosophy to O'Connell's last speech. We had sufficient taste to support the National Theatre; we had an unbounded reliance in the potato crop. Richard Cobden was grinding the full labour from his white slaves, and free trade was a bugbear in Manchester; poor rates were unknown; and men had heartease enough to permit their enjoying the sunshine of life.

In such a state of society as this, the unemployed members of the Bar were, as might be expected, devoted to literature. The hall and library of the Four Courts were the places in which Doherty delighted to set his hearers in a roar. Gould and O'Connell flashed their humour and wit, to the delight of their companions; and Sheil resolved that he would catch the inspiration of the moment, and chronicle the best sayings and every day doings of the pleasant life about him. Thomas Campbell was then the chief literary support of the *New Monthly*. Well do we remember the laughing eye, the spruce dress, and half dandy, half *déagé* air of the poet; the mind within was, in his case, well denoted by the dress of the outward man; and when he received from his friend Sheil the first "Sketches of the Irish Bar," his entire approbation was given to them, and we think most justly. Dashing, off-hand and clever, they display all the vivacity and power of language which render the writings of Jules Janin so delightful, but are divested of his occasional froth and flippancy. We give first an extract from the paper on the "Calamities of the Bar;" and although more than a quarter of a century has passed by since it was written, yet how often during these years has the melancholy tale told in the extract been enacted, how often may it not be enacted by some from amongst those 1,380 members who now compose the Irish Bar!

"The life of an eminent lawyer may be thus rapidly sketched. He is called without any other property than those talents which have not in general a descendable quality. For some years he remains unemployed; at last gets a brief, creeps into the partialities of a solicitor, and sets up a bag and wife together. Irish morality does not permit the introduction into the chambers of a barrister of those moveable objects of unwedded endearments, which Lord Thurlow used to recommend to the juvenile members of the profession; and marriage, that perpetual blister, is prescribed as the only effectual sanative for the turbulent passions of the Irish bar. In the spirit of imprudence, which is often mistaken for romance, our young counsellor enters with some dowerless beauty into an indissoluble copartnership of the heart. A pretty pauper is almost sure to be a prodigal. "Live like yourself," is soon my lady's word. Shall Mrs. O'Brallaghan, the wife of a mere attorney, provokingly display her amorphous ankle, as she ascends the crimson steps of her carriage, with all the airs of fashionable impertinence; and is the wife of a counsellor in full practice, though she may have 'ridden double' at her aunt Deborah's, to be unprovided with that ordinary convenience of persons of condition? After a faint show of resistance, the conjugal injunction is obeyed. But is it in an obscure street that the coachman is to bring his clattering horses to an instantaneous stand? Is he to draw up in an alley, and to wheel in a *cul de sac*? And then there is such a bargain to be had of a house in Merriion-square. A house in Merriion-square is accordingly purchased, and a bond, with warrant of attorney for confessing judgment thereon, is passed for the fine. The lady discovers a taste in furniture, and the profits of four circuits are made oblations to *virtu*. The counsellor is raised to the dignity of King's Counsel, and his lady is initiated into the splendours of the Viceregal court. She is now thrown into the eddies of fashionable life; and in order to afford evidence of her domestic propensities, she issues cards to half the town, with an intimation that she is at home? She has all this time been prolific to the full extent of Hibernian fecundity. The counsellor's sons swagger it with the choicest spirits of Kildare-street; and the young ladies are accomplished in all the multifarious departments of musical and literary affectation. Quadrilles and waltzes shake the illuminated chambers with a perpetual concussion. The passenger is arrested in nocturnal progress by the crowd of brilliant vehicles before the door, while the blaze of light streaming from the windows, and the sound of the harp and the tabour, and the din of extravagance, intimate the joyaunce that is going on within. But where is the counsellor all this while? He sits in a sequestered chamber, like a hermit in the forest of Comus, and pursues his midnight labours by the light of a solitary taper, scarcely hearing the din of pleasure that rolls above his head. The wasteful pleasures of the drawing-room, and the patient drudgery of the library, go on for years. The counsellor is at the top of the forensic, and his lady stands at the summit of the fashion-

able world. Death at length knocks at the door. He is seized by a sudden illness. The loud knock of the judges peals upon his ear, but the double tap of the attorney is heard no more. He makes an unavailing effort to attend the courts, but is hurried back to his home, and laid in his bed. His eyes now begin to open to the realities of his condition. In the loneliness and silence of the sick man's chamber a train of reflections presents itself to his mind, which his former state of professional occupancy had tended to exclude. He takes a death-bed survey of his circumstances; looks upon the future; and by the light of that melancholy lamp that burns beside him, and throws its shadowing gleams upon his features, he sees himself, at the close of a most prosperous life, without a groat. The sense of his own folly, and the anticipated destitution of his family, settle at his heart. He has not adopted even the simple and cheap expedient of insuring his life, or by some miserable negligence has let the insurance drop. From the source of his best affections, and of his purest pleasures, he drinks that potion—that aqua Tophana of the mind, which renders all expedients of art without avail. Despair sits ministering beside him with her poisoned chalice, and bids defiance to Crampton. The hour of agony is at hand, when the loud and heartless voice of official insolence echoes from chamber to chamber; and, after a brief interval, the event of which the unhappy man had but too prescient a surmise is announced, the sheriff's officers have got in, and his Majesty's writ of *fiari facias* is in the progress of execution; the sanctuaries of death are violated by the peremptory ministers of the law, and the blanket and the silk gown are seized together; and this is the conclusion of a life of opulence and of distinction, and let me add, of folly as well as fame. After having charmed his country by his eloquence and enlightened it by his erudition, he breathes his last sigh amidst the tears of his children, the reproaches of his creditors, and a bailiff's jests."

Of the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sheil wrote fairly and justly, allowing, of course, something for difference of politics. We give

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKBURNE.

"He was called to the bar about the time that the celebrated John Philpot Curran was made Master of the Rolls." A meeting of the bar was held for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Curran a congratulatory address. When this assembly had been convened, and after some of the most eminent persons in the profession had delivered their opinions, a young gentleman drew upon himself the general attention by coming deliberately forward and opposing the motion, to afford a tribute of respect to

* He was called in Trinity Term, 1805; Curran was raised to the bench in 1806.

a man whose genius had reflected so much honor upon his country, and in whose speeches passages are to be found which rival the master-pieces of eloquence in ancient language. It would not have been extraordinary if some hoary pleader, actuated by political prejudices, operating upon a naturally narrow mind, which had undergone still greater contraction in the inferior departments of the profession, had opposed the tribute which it was intended to offer to the most renowned advocate at the bar; but it excited no little surprise, that a man who was not old enough to have personally mingled with the ferocious contests of the civil war, (during which Mr. Curran had displayed an intrepidity which excited the animosities of the successful party,) and whose mind ought to have been susceptible of the impressions which the eloquence of Mr. Curran was so well calculated to produce upon the young and sensitive, should have tendered himself as a volunteer to the faction of which that great speaker was the antagonist, and had earned his best honours in their hate. The boldness of this proceeding was quite sufficient to attract notice. Every eye was fixed on this juvenile and unknown dissident from the great body of the bar. They saw a formal and considerate-looking person, with a gravity far beyond his years, advance with perfect coolness and self-possession; and while they condemned the feelings by which he was instigated, they could not but perceive that he had qualifications which were calculated to raise him to great eminence in his profession. His enunciation was perfect; every tone was mellow and musical, and the cadences which marked his flowing and unelaborated sentences, manifested the finest sense of harmony, and a peculiarly rhythmical elocution. To these external qualities was added an easy, round, graceful, and unstudied gesture. Although he took the side upon which many angry and vindictive passions were marshalled, yet he betrayed none of the violence of political detestation. He was throughout calm, sober, and subdued, and displayed that clearness in statement, and that faculty for methodical exposition, which have since so much contributed to his great success in his profession. It was painful to see Mr. Blackburne exhibiting at the same time so much ability and so little sense of the transcendent merits of the celebrated person whose laurels he endeavoured to blight. This step was the subject, I have heard, of general comment. It was considered a decided intimation of the course in politics which the young gentleman intended to take, and his promotion under a Tory ministry was generally expected."

The paper on Mr. Sergeant Blackburne is remarkable as containing one of the finest efforts of Sheil's pen, the description of the "Burning of the Sheas," as given to the reader in the sketch, and also as containing the same facts described oratorically. We subjoin both passages; but we think it right to explain first the facts of the case. The Sheas were middle-men, and their tenant was a

farmer named William Gorman. He was ejected by the Sheas for nonpayment of rent, and in revenge for the ejectment he resolved to murder them. He joined the gang of a notorious criminal named Maher, and it was resolved that no time should be lost in consummating vengeance. A woman of most abandoned life, Mary Kelly, discovered the plot, but through terror and through callousness, did not divulge the horrible secret. Upon the night of the murder, being unable to rest through anxiety of mind, she stole forth to the house where Maher and his hellish gang were deliberating, and overheard all their plans. She hid herself amongst some brambles, and saw the murderers pass. She knew eight of them; they carried lighted turf, which they breathed upon from time to time, and kept it burning. She saw them advance to the house of the Sheas, and soon the roof was in flames. She heard the groans and shrieks of the victims, and the yells and whoops and savage laughter of the murderers; but soon all was still. As Sheil writes,

"All was now over—the roof had fallen in, and the ruins of the cottage were become a sepulchre. Gorman and Maher, with their associates, left the scene of their atrocities, and returned by the same path by which they had arrived. Another eye, however, besides that of God, was upon them. They passed a second time near the place where Mary Kelly lay concealed: again she cowered at their approach, and, as they went by, had a second opportunity of identifying them. Here a circumstance took place which is, perhaps, more utterly detestable than any other which I have yet recorded. The conversation of the murderers turned upon the doings of the night, and William Gorman amused the party by mimicking the groans of the dying, and mocking the agonies which he had inflicted. . . ."

"For sixteen months no information whatever was communicated to Government. Mary Kelly was still silent, and did not dare to reproach Maher with the murder of Catherine Mullaly, for whose life she had made a stipulation.* She did not even venture to look in the face of the murderer, although, when he visited her house, which he continued to do, she could not help shuddering at his presence. Still the deeds which she had seen were inlaid and burned in dreadful colours in her mind. The recollection of the frightful spectacle never left her. She became almost incapable of sleep; and, haunted by images of horror, used in the dead of night to rise from her bed, and wander over the lonely glen in which she

* When she first discovered that the Sheas were to be murdered, she had extorted a promise from Maher that their servant, and her cousin, Catherine Mullaly, should not be harmed. She was burned with the others.

had seen such sights; and although one would have supposed that she would have instinctively fled from the spot, she felt herself drawn by a kind of attraction to the ruins of the Shea's habitation, where she was accustomed to remain till the morning broke, and then return, wild and wan, to her home. She stated, when examined in private previous to the trial in which she gave her evidence, that she was pursued by the spectre of her unfortunate kinswoman, and that whenever she lay down on her bed she thought of the 'burning,' and felt as if Catherine Mullaly was lying beside her, holding her child, 'as black as a coal, in her arms.' At length her conscience got the better of her apprehensions, and in confession she revealed her secret to a priest, who prevailed upon her to give information, which, after a struggle, she communicated to Captain Despard, a justice of the peace for the county of Tipperary."

The description of the tortures of the conscience-racked School-master, in the "Mysteries of Paris," has been often cited as an example of very powerful writing; we think the record of remorse just given is far more touching and real—both are true. We know nothing to equal this terrible phantom—"She was pursued by the spectre of her unfortunate kinswoman, and that whenever she lay down in her bed, she thought of the 'burning,' and felt as if Catherine Mullaly was lying beside her, holding her child, as black as a coal, in her arms." The reader will now be able to understand the following extracts:—

THE BURNING OF THE SHEAS.

"Upon the morning of the 20th of November, 1821, the remains of the house of Patrick Shea, a respectable farmer, who held a considerable quantity of land at the foot of the mountain of Slievenamon, exhibited an appalling spectacle. It had been consumed by fire on the preceding night, and a large concourse of people (the intelligence of the conflagration having been rapidly diffused through the neighbouring glens) assembled to look upon the ruins. Of the thatched roof, which had first received the fire, a few smoking rafters were all that remained. The walls had given way, and stood gaping in rents, through which, on approaching them, the eye caught a glimpse of the dreadful effects of the devouring element. The door was burned to its hinges; and on arriving at the threshold, as awful a scene offered itself to the spectator, as is recorded in the annals of terror. The bodies of sixteen human beings of both sexes lay together in a mass of corpses. The door having been closed when the flames broke out, the inhabitants precipitated themselves towards it, and, in all likelihood, mutually counteracted their efforts to burst into the open air. The house being a small one, every individual in it had an opportunity of rushing

towards the entrance, where they were gathered by hope, and perished in despair. Here they lay piled upon each other. Those who were uppermost were burned to the bones, while the wretches who were stretched beneath them, were partially consumed. One of the spectators, the uncle of a young woman, Catherine Mullaly, who perished in the flames, described the scene with a terrible particularity. With an expression of horror which six years had not effaced, he said, when examined as a witness, that the melted flesh ran from the heap of carcasses in black streams along the floor. But terrible as this sight must have been, there was another still more appalling. The young woman whom I have already mentioned, Catherine Mullaly, resided in the house, and had been not very long before married. She had advanced a considerable period in pregnancy, and her child, which was born in the flames in a premature labour, made the eighteenth victim. I shall never forget the answer given by her uncle at the trial, when he was asked how many had perished, he answered that there was seventeen; but that if the child that was dropped (that was his phrase) in the fire was counted, the whole would make eighteen. His unfortunate niece was delivered of her offspring in the midst of the flames. She was not found among the mass of carcasses at the door. There were sixteen wretches assembled there, but, on advancing further into the house, in a corner of the room, lay the body of this unhappy young creature, and the condition in which her child was discovered, accounted for her separation from the group of the dead. A tub of water lay on the ground beside her. In it she had placed the infant of which she had been just delivered while the fires were raging around her, in the hope of preserving it; and in preserving its limbs she had succeeded, for the body was perfect with the exception of the head, which was held above the water, and which was burned away. Near this tub she was found, with the skeleton of the arm with which she had held her child hanging over it. It will be supposed that the whole of this spectacle excited a feeling of dismay among the spectators; but they were actuated by a variety of sentiments. Most of them had learned caution and silence, which are among the characteristics of the Irish peasantry, and whatever were then their feelings, deemed it advisable to gaze on without a comment; and there were not wanting individuals who, folding their arms, and looking on the awful retribution, whispered sternly to each other, 'that William Gorman was at last revenged.'

This is the calm, clear statement of the case, clothed, it is true, in beautiful language; we shall now find the same facts thundered on the ears of the listening peasantry, in all the power of oratory, and all the grace of eloquent diction.

"The recollection of what I have seen and heard during the present assizes, is enough to freeze the blood. Well might Judge Burton, who is

a good and tender-hearted man—well might he say, with tears in his eyes, that he had not in the course of his judicial experience beheld so frightful a mass of enormities as the calendar presented. How deep a stain have those misdeeds left upon the character of your country, and what efforts should not be made by every man of ordinary humanity, to arrest the progress of villany, which is rolling in a torrent of blood, and bearing down all the restraints of law, morality, and religion before it. Look, for example, at the murder of the Sheas, and tell me if there be any thing in the records of horror, by which that accursed deed has been excelled! The unborn child, the little innocent who had never lifted its sinless hands, or breathed the air of heaven—the little child in its mother's womb—I do not wonder that the tears which flow down the cheeks of many a rude face about me, should bear attestation to your horror of that detestable atrocity. But I am wrong in saying that the child who perished in the flames was not born. Its mother was delivered in the midst of the flames. Merciful God! Born in fire! sent into the world in the midst of a furnace! transferred from the womb to the flames that raged round the agonies of an expiring mother! There are other mothers who hear me. This vast assemblage contains women, doomed by the primeval malediction to the groans of childbirth, which cannot be suppressed on the bed of down, into which the rack of maternal agony still finds its way. But say, you who know it best, you who are of the same sex as Catherine Mullaly, what must have been the throes with which she brought forth her unfortunate offspring, and felt her infant consumed by the fires with which she was surrounded! We can but lift up our hands to the God of Justice, and ask him, why has he invested us with the same form as the demons who perpetrated that unexampled murder! And why did they commit it?—by virtue of a horrible league by which they were associated together, not only against their enemy, but against human nature and the God who made it!—for they were bound together—they were sworn in the name of their Creator, and they invoked Heaven to sanctify a deed which they were confederated to perpetrate by a sacrament of Hell!"

Who is there, after reading these passages, can deny that Sheil was the Morales of orators?

We are happy to perceive that in the sketch of Sergeant Blackburne, full justice is done to the great legal learning, the remarkable power of condensation, and consummate ability of the man. We recollect it was a disputed point whether Blackburne or the late Chief Justice Pennefather was the better general lawyer—and the opinion of the majority was in favour of the latter. However, the lawyer can be no longer thought of, and if Sheil were writing his sketch now, we are sure he would feel satisfaction in acknowledging Black-

burne to be a judge who confers honor on his country, and lustre on his noble profession, and dignity upon the bench, and whose learning secures deep and profound reverence for the decisions of that highest court of law, of which he is the fitting Chief.

As a specimen of Sheil's lighter style, we subjoin the following sketch of

CHIEF JUSTICE NORBURY'S STUDY.

"In the centre of the room lies a heap of old papers, covered with dust, mingled with political pamphlets, written some forty years ago, together with an odd volume of 'The Irish Parliamentary Debates,' recording the speeches of Mr. Sergeant Toler." On the shelves, which are half empty and exhibit a most 'beggarly account,' there are some forty moth-eaten law books, and by their side appear odd volumes of 'Peregrine Pickle,' and 'Roderick Random,' with the 'Newgate Calendar' complete. A couple of worn-out saddles, with rusty stirrups, hung from the top of one of the bookcases, which are enveloped with cobwebs; and a long line of veteran boots, of mouldy leather, are arrayed on the opposite side of the room. King William's Picture stands over the chimney-piece, with prints of Eclipse and other celebrated racers, from which his Lordship's politics and other predilections may be collected."

So much for his lordship's study. Now for

THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE DAYS OF CHIEF JUSTICE NORBURY.

"His performances at Nisi Prius were greatly preferable, in the decline of the Dublin stage, to any theatrical exhibition; and as he drew exceedingly full houses, Mr. Jones began to look at him with some jealousy, and is said to have been advised by Mr. Sergeant Goold, who had a share of £3,565 5s. 9½d. in Crow-street theatre, to file a bill for an injunction

* As a specimen of Lord Norbury's (then Mr. Solicitor-General Toler) parliamentary eloquence, we give the following attack on Mr. Ponsonby: "What was it come to, that in the Irish House of Commons they should listen to one of their own members degrading the character of an Irish gentleman by language which was fitted but for hallowing a mob? Had he heard a man uttering out of these doors such language as that by which the honourable gentleman had violated the decorum of parliament, he would have seized the ruffian by the throat, and dragged him to the dust! What were the House made of, who could listen in patience to such abominable sentiments?—sentiments, thank God! which were acknowledged by no class of men in this country; except the execrable and infamous nest of traitors, who were known by the name of United Irishmen, who sat brooding in Belfast over their discontents and treasons, and from whose publications he could trace word by word every expression the honourable gentleman had used."—*Irish Parliamentary Debates*, Feb. 22nd, 1797.

Ponsonby stated that the only reply he should make to the honourable member was, that he would not laugh at him.

against the Chief Justice, for an infringement of his patent. Lord Norbury was at the head of an excellent company. The spirit of the judge extended itself naturally enough to the counsel; and men who were grave and considerate every where else, threw off all soberness and propriety, and became infected with the habits of the venerable manager of the court, the moment they entered the Common Pleas. His principal performers were Messrs. Grady, Wallace, O'Connell, and Goold, who instituted a sort of rivalry in uproar, and played against each other. With such a judge, and such auxiliaries to co-operate with him, some idea may be formed of the attractions which were held out to that numerous class who have no fixed occupation, and by whom, in the hope of laughing hunger away, the Four Courts are frequented in Dublin. Long before Lord Norbury took his seat, the galleries were densely filled with faces strangely expressive of idleness, haggardness, and humour. At about eleven his lordship's registrar, Mr. Peter Jackson, used to slide in, with an official leer; and a little after, Lord Norbury entered, with a grotesque waddle, and having bowed to the Bar, cast his eyes round the court. * * * While the jury were swearing, he nodded familiarly to most of them, occasionally observing, 'A most respectable man.' * * * The junior counsel having opened the pleadings, Lord Norbury generally exclaimed, 'A very promising young man! Jackson, what is that young gentleman's name?' 'Mr. ———, my lord.' 'What! of the County Cork? I knew it by his air, sir. You are a gentleman of very high pretensions, and I protest I have never heard the many counts stated in a more dignified manner in all my life. I hope I shall find you, like the paper before me, a Daily Freeman in my court.' Having despatched the junior, whom he was sure to make the luckless but not inappropriate victim of his encomiums, he suffered the leading counsel to proceed. As he was considered to have a strong bias towards the plaintiff, experimental attorneys brought in the Common Pleas the very worst and most discreditable adventures in litigation. The statement of the case, therefore, generally disclosed some paltry ground of action, which, however, did not prevent his lordship exclaiming in the outset, 'A very important action indeed! If you make out your facts in evidence, Mr. Wallace, there will be serious matter for the jury.' The evidence was then produced; and the witnesses often consisted of wretches vomited out of stews and cellars, whose emaciated and discoloured countenances showed their want and depravity; while their watchful and working eyes intimated that mixture of sagacity and humour by which the lower orders of Irish attestators are distinguished. They generally appeared in coats and breeches, the external decency of which, as they were hired for the occasion, was ludicrously contrasted with the ragged and filthy shirts, which Mr. Henry Dean Grady, who was well acquainted with 'the inner man' of an Irish witness, though not without repeated injunctions to unbutton, at last compelled them to disclose. The cross-examina-

tions of this gentleman were admirable pieces of the most serviceable and dexterous extravagance. He was the Scarron of the bar; and few of the most practised and skilful of the horde of perjurers whom he was employed to encounter, could successfully withstand the exceedingly droll and comical scrutiny through which he forced them to pass. He had a sort of 'Hail fellow, well met!' manner with every varlet, which enabled him to get into his heart and core, until he had completely turned him inside out, and excited such a spirit of mirth, that the knave whom he was uncovering could not help joining in the merriment which the detection of his villany had produced. Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warmed, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into a complete chaos, was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Goold upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witnesses, the counsel, the parties, and the audience, were engaged in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury predominated. At length, however, his lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like Æolus in his cavern, (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model,) he shouted his stormy subjects into peace. These scenes repeatedly occurred during the trial, until at last both parties had closed, and a new exhibition took place. This was Lord Norbury's monologue, commonly called a charge. He usually began by pronouncing the loftiest encomiums upon the party in the action against whom he intended to advise the jury to give their verdict. For this the audience were well prepared; and accordingly, after he had stated that the defendant was one of the most honorable men alive, and that he knew his father, and loved him, he suddenly came with a most singular emphasis, which he accompanied with a strange shake of his wig, to the fatal 'but,' which made the audience, who were in expectation of it, burst into a fit of laughter, while he proceeded to charge, as he almost uniformly did, in the plaintiff's favour. He then entered more deeply, as he said, into the case, and, flinging his judicial robe half aside, and sometimes casting off his wig, started from his seat, and threw off a wild harangue, in which neither law, method, nor argument could be discovered. It ge-

nerally consisted of narratives connected with the history of his early life, which it was impossible to associate with the subject—of jests from Joe Miller, mixed with jokes of his own manufacture, and of sarcastic allusions to any of the counsel who had endeavoured to check him during the trial. He was exceedingly fond of quotations from Milton and Shakspeare, which, however out of place, were exceedingly well delivered, and evinced an excellent enunciation. At the conclusion of his charge he made some efforts to call the attention of the jury to any leading incident which particularly struck him, but what he meant it was not very easy to conjecture; and when he sat down, the whole performance exhibited a mind which resembled a whirlpool of mud, in which law, facts, arguments, and evidence were lost in unfathomable confusion."

The late Sir Michael O'Loughlin was one of Sheil's nearest friends, and the following extract is not to be considered as either overstrained or farcical. It does not place the professional position of O'Loughlin in too flattering a light. Attorneys were just as anxious to secure his assistance in court, or chamber, or in office, as is here represented.

O'LOUGHLIN AT COURT.

"'Counsellor O'Loughlin, my motion is on in the Rolls!'—'Oh! Counsellor, I'm ruined for the want of you in the Common Pleas!'—'For God's sake, Counsellor, step up for a moment to Master Townshend's office!'—'Counsellor, what *will* I do without you in the King's Bench!'—'Counsellor O'Loughlin, Mr. O'Grady is carrying all before him in the Court of Exchequer!'—Such were the simultaneous exclamations, which, upon entering the Hall of the Four Courts, at the beginning of last term, I heard from a crowd of attorneys, who surrounded a little gentleman, attired in a wig and gown, and were clamorously contending for his professional services, which they had respectively retained, and to which, from the strenuousness of their adjurations, they seemed to attach the utmost value. Mr. O'Loughlin stood in some suspense in the midst of this riotous competition. While he was deliberating to which of the earnest applicants for his attendance he would addict himself, I had an opportunity to take notes of him. He had, at first view, a very juvenile aspect. His figure was light—his stature low, but his form compact, and symmetrically put together. His complexion was fresh and healthy, and intimated a wise acquaintance with the morning sun, more than a familiarity with the less salubrious glimmerings of the midnight lamp. His hair was of sanded hue, like that of his Danish forefathers, from whom his name, which in Gaelic signifies Denmark, as well as his physiognomy, intimates his descent. Although, at first, he appeared to have just passed the boundaries of boyhood, yet, upon a closer inspection, all symptoms of puerility disappeared.

His head is large, and, from the breadth and altitude of the forehead, denotes a more than ordinary quantity of that valuable pulp, with the abundance of which the intellectual power is said to be in measure. His large eyes, of deep blue, although not enlightened by the flashings of constitutional vivacity, carry a more professional expression, and bespeak caution, sagacity, and slyness, while his mouth exhibits a steadfast kindliness of nature, and a tranquillity of temper, mixed with some love of ridicule, and, although perfectly free from malevolence, a lurking tendency to derision. An enormous bag, pregnant with briefs, was thrown over his shoulder. To this prodigious wallet of litigation on his back, his person presented a curious contrast. At the moment I surveyed him, he was surrounded by an aggregate meeting of attorneys, each of whom claimed a title paramount to 'the Counsellor,' and vehemently enforced their respective rights to his exclusive appropriation. He seemed to be at a loss to determine to which of these amiable expostulants his predilections ought to be given. I thought that he chiefly hesitated between Mr. Richard Scott, the protector of the subject in Ennis, and Mr. Edward Hickman, the patron of the crown upon the Connaught circuit. Ned, a loyalist of the brightest water, had hold of him by one shoulder, while Dick, a patriot of the first magnitude, laid his grasp upon the other. Between their rival attractions Mr. O'Loughlin stood, with a look which, so far from intimating that either of 'the two charmers' should be 'away,' expressed regret at his inability to apportion himself between these fascinating disputants for his favours. Mr. Scott, whose face was inflamed with anxiety for one of his numerous clients, exhibited great vehemence and emotion. His meteoric hair stood up, his quick and eager eye was on fire, the indentations upon his forehead were filled with perspiration, and the whole of his strongly Celtic visage was moved by that honourable earnestness, which arises from a solicitude for the interest of those who entrust their fortunes to his care. Ned Hickman, whose countenance never relinquishes the expression of fineness and drollery for which it is remarkable, excepting when laid down for an air of profound reverence for the Attorney-General, was amusingly opposed to Mr. Scott; for Ned holds all emotions to be vulgar, and, on account of its gentility, hath addicted himself to self-control. Mr. O'Loughlin, as I have intimated, seemed for some time to waver between them, but at length Mr. Hickman, by virtue of a whisper, accompanied by a look of official sagacity (for he is one of the crown solicitors), prevailed, and was carrying Mr. O'Loughlin off in triumph, when a deep and rumbling sound was heard to issue from the Court of Exchequer, and shortly after, there was seen descending its steps, a form of prodigious altitude and dimensions, in whose masses of corpulency, which were piled up to an amazing height, I recognized no less eminent a person than Bumbo Green. He came like an ambulating hill. This enormous heap of animation approached to put in his claim to Mr. O'Loughlin. Bumbo had an action, which was to be

tried before Chief Baron O'Grady, against the proprietors of the mail-coach to Ennis, for not having provided a vehicle large enough to contain him. Mr. O'Loughlin was to state his case. Bumbo had espied the capture which Ned Hickman had made of his favourite counsel. It was easy to perceive, from the expression of resolute severity which sat upon his vast and angry visage, that he was determined not to acquiesce in this unwarrantable proceeding. As he advanced, Ned Hickman stood appalled, and, conscious of the futility of remonstrance, let loose the hold which he had upon the counsellor, while the latter, with that involuntary and somewhat reluctant but inevitable submission, which is instinctively paid to great by little men, obeyed the nod of his enormous employer, and, with the homage which the Attorney-General for Lilliput might be supposed to entertain for a solicitor from Brobdignag, passively yielded to the dominion, and followed into the Exchequer the gigantic waddle of Bumbo Green." *

In the mean time, whilst these sketches were in the course of publication, the Roman Catholics of Ireland had, through the energy of O'Connell, formed themselves into committees, and boards, and societies, and at length into the Catholic Association. Here it was that the public life of Sheil really commenced. Upon the Veto question he had opposed O'Connell, but, finding the opinions of the great mass of his fellow Catholics did not coincide with his own upon this subject, he yielded to the public view, and became a supporter of the entire policy of the Catholic body. From his entrance as member of the Association, to the day on which he moved its dissolution, Sheil was, next to O'Connell, the chief leader and first orator amongst his

* We have given these extracts from the "Sketches of the Irish Bar," as we believe they exhibit that peculiar talent in which Sheil so much excelled, great power of description, whether of individual character or of human nature taken in the mass. The sketches are little read, in fact, not known by the present generation. We understand that Mr. Colburn is about to republish them, and we most sincerely hope so. The sketches of Lord Manners, the Farewell to Lord Manners, the Clonmel Assizes, the Clare Election, Bellew, Doherty, Pennefather, (O'Connell we think is not Sheil's,) North, Norbury, &c. &c., these are well worth making known to the present race of Irishmen. The republication would, we are sure, pay well, and besides it would form a graceful testimonial to the memory of the author, far more so than busts or statues. The age of statues appears to have passed away, at least in Ireland—although, indeed, we have heard that a statue is to be erected to the late Mr. Thomas Davis, who was formerly connected with the seditious or rebellion inciting portion of the Dublin newspaper press. Statues were formerly reserved for the wise and great: we like to be singular in Ireland, and take for our motto the *converse* of Propertius' line,

"*Omaia non pariter rerum omnibus apta.*"

co-religionists. The gigantic energy, the indomitable resolution, and ready, rough humour, the popular eloquence of O'Connell, could not be approached by Sheil; but for a fierce fiery energy, for epigrams that stung like scorpions, for antithetical, scathing passages, for bright, glittering imagery, for bursts of eloquent rhetoric, which for the time whirled the minds of his audience almost beyond the control of reason, no Irishman, save Grattan, ever equalled Sheil. Doherty could sneer, and sneer terribly; O'Connell could abuse, and abuse with all the heartiness of a baffled shrew; John Wilson Croker could, in the compass of a printed page, display all the unmitigated virulence of a theological disputant, and all the coarse violence of a detected bungling scholar, but none of them could, like Sheil, hurl sarcasm on an opponent, which, whilst it annihilated its victim, was appreciated in its full force by all, from the highest to the lowest in the land. His pathos though deep was not genuine, it was not the pathos of O'Connell, nor the pathos of Curran. Their's was the pathos of the heart, by one touch of nature bringing back upon the memory, all the joys and sorrows which had elevated or depressed the hearers, in such moments as the orators described. Sheil was pathetic as an actor—a great actor. He could not make pathos; he could, with the materials before him, ready to his purpose, conjure up scenes so heart-rending, that the conclusion of his address was, in some sense, to the feelings a relief. Nothing was exaggerated, the facts were supplied, he placed them before his audience vividly, and strongly, and terribly; it was tasteful, well managed melodrama, rather than tragedy: he was, in truth, as we have written, the Morales of orators.

There was yet another quality, or element of oratory, which he possessed in a very high degree, namely, strong power of ridicule. O'Connell possessed this power, but it was coarse, often low; Doherty possessed it, and used it well and ably; Whiteside, when judicious, is no mean master of the art; but Sheil combined the beauty of language, and all the eloquence of a classical orator, in his passages of irony and ridicule.

The Association continued its meetings, the Catholics thronged to swell its ranks, and O'Connell and Sheil were the idols of the hour. Upon the death of the Duke of York, Sheil made that speech

which has been so much applauded and so much condemned; in our minds, nothing but the extraordinary state to which party feeling had mounted, could at all extenuate so foul a specimen of unmitigated savagery. The attack of the orator was not forgotten; and upon the occasion of his speech on the memory of Wolfe Tone, the government pounced upon him as a victim. He was arrested, and bailed by O'Connell and the late Chief Baron Wolfe. Plunket was Attorney-General, and Sheil resolved to defend himself by quoting passages from speeches of Plunket's, much more seditious and violent than that for which the prosecution was instituted. The day of trial came on, and though Sheil was anxious for the struggle, his counsel, O'Connell, Robert Holmes, and the present Mr. Justice Perrin, raised legal objections against a trial at the particular period; their application for delay was granted, and in the interval between that time and the next term Lord Liverpool died suddenly, Canning became premier, and the prosecution was abandoned.

On the 24th of October, 1828, the great meeting, of which so much has been said and written, was held on Penenden Heath. It was a meeting got up by Lord Winchelsea, as the head of the "Cumberland Brunswickers," or more properly, the English Orangemen. However, men of all parties attended; the Liberals led by Lord Darnley and Lord Camden, the Radicals headed by Henry Hunt and Cobbett. Sheil appeared, and made one of his best speeches, but owing to the noise and shouting, which are sure to prevail where three parties contend for the advancement of their own views, little of the speech reached the ears of the audience; however, this was of no consequence to Sheil, as he had sent the full report to the newspapers in the morning. The effect of the address upon the minds of those most capable of judging it, was satisfactory, even flattering, to the orator. Jeremy Bentham wrote in terms of admiration of it, and expressed great regret at not being able, owing to ill health, to attend a dinner given to Sheil.

Some short time after the meeting Sheil returned to Ireland, and the government having resolved to grant Emancipation, when Parliament re-assembled on the 6th of February, 1829, it was advised, in the speech from the throne, that "a final, equitable, and satis-

factory adjustment of the Catholic claims," should be fully carried out. Those who ruled the Catholic Association considered that after this passage in the royal speech, the continued action of the body might serve but to delay the changes recommended, and embarrass the government. It was accordingly determined to break up the Association. Sheil moved its dissolution, and the motion was carried unanimously.

During all these years spent by Sheil in agitating for Emancipation, his business as a lawyer had been slowly but steadily, increasing. He was a good Equity draftsman, he was a very popular *Nisi Prius* advocate, but like other very good advocates, he required a junior well up in all the many points of law that may arise in the course of a trial. On his own circuit, the Leinster, he could not be considered equal to Hatchel, or Doherty, or Brewster. As a court lawyer we do not find his name appearing very often in the pages of "The Law Recorder;" but after Doherty had been appointed Solicitor-General, and still more, after he had been raised to the bench in 1830, we did certainly perceive a very marked improvement in Sheil's general business. It was a strange circumstance, that although he knew very little law, yet, that on points of practice few men excelled him; we doubt if M'Donagh, or Armstrong, or Meagher would be considered his superiors. This—for such a man as Sheil—odd branch of legal learning, arose, doubtlessly, from his natural tenacity of memory, rendered still more quick and retentive by his long continued habit of never trusting to extempore speeches. We think Sheil would have been, not a great lawyer, but a great well-feed advocate, had he continued at the bar. Those who remember him at the profession in regular practice, can fully appreciate the distinction we draw; those who recollect only his *speech* for, not his defence of, John O'Connell in the State Trials, can form no idea whatever of his peculiar merits and faults. One of his last forensic efforts—indeed one of the most brilliant jury speeches we have ever heard—was made by Sheil about twenty-two or twenty-three years ago, at the Waterford assizes. It was in an action for slander. Sheil was for the plaintiff. The case was *Anthony v. Evans*. The plaintiff and defendant were women. We are not aware that the speech has ever been reported, except in the news-

papers of the time, but for beauty and grace of language, for argument and ingenuity, we have heard few addresses surpass it. Those who were so fortunate as to hear Butt's speech in that Irish "*cause célèbre*," *Tate v. Rawson*, can form a very fair estimate of the great merit of Sheil's address, when we state that his appeal was fully as able and as eloquent in the former as Butt's in the latter case.

Upon the 13th of July, 1830, Sheil was called to the Inner Bar, and received his silk gown on the same day as the present Master Litton, Mr. Bessonnet, now Assistant-Barrister for the County Waterford, and the late Mr. Commissioner Farrell.

In 1830, upon the change in the Ministry, the Marquis of Anglesea was sent to Ireland as Viceroy. Sheil was then in London, and the Marquis having expressed a wish to see him, he waited on his lordship, who offered, if he wished to enter parliament, to secure his return for Milborne Port. Sheil gladly accepted the offer, and in March, 1831, he took his seat for the borough, and made his first speech on the 21st of the same month, on the second reading of the Reform Bill. We never liked this speech; it is in bad taste; and though showing in many parts the man of genius, it is unworthy of that fame which he afterwards won in the house. We have heard and read many accounts of this speech, the best, by far the best sketch, of the man and the speech, is from the ever-glorious pen of Christopher North. In "*Blackwood's Magazine*" for August, 1831, there appeared, in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," a sketch of the quality, personal and mental, of most of the new men in the House of Commons. "Tickler" is supposed to have been present at the debates on the Reform Bill, and on returning to Edinburgh gives the following account of Sheil's first appearance as a senator.

"NORTH.

"Did you hear Sheil?

"TICKLER.

"I did—he is a very clever one too—but not so effective as Macaulay. I dare say he may be the abler man, take him all in all, of the two; but his oratory is in worse taste, and, at any rate, too Irish to be quite the thing *yonder*. The House, however, gave him a most gracious hearing, and I for one was much edified.

"NORTH.

"The thing looked very well in the report. How does he look himself?"

"TICKLER.

"He's another of your little fellows—but not in the least like either Lord Johnny, or Jeffrey, or Macaulay. A more insignificant person as to the bodily organ, I never set spectacles on. Small of the smallest in stature, shabby of the shabbiest in attire, fidgety and tailor-like in gesture, in gait shambling and jerking—with an invisible nose, huge nostrils, a cheeseey complexion, and a Jewish chin. You would say it was impossible that any thing worth hearing should come from such an abortion. Nor do the first notes redeem him. His voice is as hoarse as a deal board, except when it is as piercing as the rasp of a gimlet; and of all the brogues I have ever heard, he is the most abominable—quite of the sunk area school. But never mind—wait a little—and this vile machinery will do wonders.

"NORTH.

"We can wait. Fill your glass.

"TICKLER.

"To make some amends for her carelessness to all other external affairs, Nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget every thing else about him; and although it would be impossible to conceive any thing more absurdly ungraceful than his action—sharp, sudden jolt and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps—all set to a running discord of grunts and screams—yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all this too, and give yourself up to what I always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius.

"NORTH.

"Even his poetry shewed something of the real fire."

And then Tickler goes on to compare him with Grant, the late Lord Denman, Sir James Graham, Hobhouse, O'Connell—in fact, prefers him to all the new batch but Macaulay.

After the passing of the Reform Bill, O'Connell started the first agitation for Repeal, Sheil joined the O'Connell party, and having, after the death of his first wife, married, in the year 1830, the widow of Edmond Power, Esq. of Gurteen, in the county Waterford, but possessing estates in the county Tipperary, he was, on the dissolution of parliament in 1832, through this connection, elected Member for the latter county, with the Hon. Cornelius O'Callaghan, eldest son of Lord Lismore. He entered parliament a Repealer, and

appeared resolved to spare neither Whig nor Tory. His fierce and rankling onslaughts were too galling to be forgotten or forgiven; and during the Irish agitation against the Coercion Bill, Mr. M. D. Hill stated, at a meeting assembled in Hull, that the Act was advised and urged on in private by some members who were most active in opposition in the House. A portion of the press fixed upon Sheil as the member to whom Hill had alluded. Sheil indignantly denied the charge, and demanded a committee of inquiry. Then arose the once well-known cry, "WHO IS THE TRAITOR?" The Whigs—many of them, at all events—opposed the appointment of the committee; however, owing to the exertions of Peel and Sir Henry Hardinge, it was at last nominated. Hill, finding he was unable to prove the charge, offered an apology; the committee reported the accusation against Sheil as groundless, and he came forth from the inquiry with a stainless reputation.

In the year 1834, the question of Repeal was brought before the House, and after a debate of six nights was of course negatived. Sheil then saw the utter inutility of the agitation; and O'Connell, having resolved to let the subject rest for a time, when he again raised the cry, Sheil refused to aid the movement.

We have heard it said, and we have read it—who has not?—that for this refusal Sheil was a renegade, a betrayer of his country, a rat, a trimmer. But why? Is the soldier of liberty, who meets the enslaver upon the shore, and hand to hand, and foot to foot, contests the fight, and

"Beats the tyrant backward home,"

to be branded as a traitor, because he is unwilling to join in the wild schemes of his compatriots, whom by his former exertions he has freed? Sheil gave time, and thought, and study—all the aid of his eloquence, and every force of his powerful genius, to the cause of Emancipation, and helped most, next to O'Connell, to win that cause. He gave the same help of his eloquence and his genius to the first struggle for Repeal—he saw the cause was hopeless—then, and not till then, did he forsake it. When O'Connell again raised the call for Repeal, Sheil, as we have stated, refused to join him. He saw the band of stout and brawling patriots, who had, in 1834,

formed the hope of trusting Ireland, scattered or silent, buried in office or disguised in titles. He saw Andrew Lynch, who *had been* Repeal Member for Galway, an English Master in Chancery; he saw Nicholas Fitzsimon, who *had been* Repeal Member for the King's County, a paid police magistrate; he saw Carew O'Dwyer, who *had been* Repeal Member for Drogheda, made Filacer of the Exchequer; he saw Morgan O'Connell, who *had been* Repeal Member for Meath, in some official situation; he saw David Roche, who *had been* Repeal Member for Limerick, luxuriating in a baronetcy; he saw Henry Winston Barron, who *had been* Repeal Member for Waterford, graced with the like title; he saw Christopher Fitzsimon, who *had been* Repeal Member for the County Dublin, made Clerk of the Hanaper; he saw Cork and Carlow returning Whigs and rejecting Repealers; he saw Dublin and Mallow and Waterford doing likewise; he saw Cashel of the Kings and Spenser's "*fayre Clonmelle*," handed over to the Government, that the Irish law officers of the Crown might be pitchforked into Parliament as their representatives. Sheil saw all this; and as time passed on, he saw, too, that men by paying five pounds to the Repeal Association, and stultifying the whole course of their political lives, were smuggled into the House as Repealers. Knowing these things, is he to be called a traitor because he would not rush blindly and join "the rabble rout," in seeking the attainment of what he so well called "a splendid phantom." But did O'Connell, in the wildness of his power, when for very wantonness he was reviling and nicknaming his opponents, ever speak one word of Sheil that was not respectful and kind. Would O'Connell have suffered "a traitor" to defend his son in the State Trials? Would "a traitor" have referred, at these same trials, to the old struggles which he and O'Connell had made for what they considered the good of Ireland? Would the "traitor" have been permitted to represent Dungarvan unopposed?

But why should we waste time upon the refutation of the slander? Better, a thousand times better, be the traitor such as Sheil, than of that band of patriots who obeyed, during his life, O'Connell's every nod, but who, when the grave had closed upon their master, deserted the cause for the support of which they were returned, and came rushing in ravenous hordes upon the Minister, hovering round the Treasury bench, swooping for place.

That O'Connell thought Repeal a feasible measure we do not deny; and why?—he knew Peel well. In 1836, the late Doctor Arnold wrote thus to Archbishop Whately, "Peel has an idea about currency, and a distinct impression about it, and, therefore, on that point I would trust him for not yielding to *clamour*; but about most matters, the Church especially, he seems to have no idea, and, therefore, I could not trust him for giving it all up to-morrow, *if the clamour were loud enough*."* Arnold made this discovery in 1836; O'Connell had discovered, years before, that there was no possible principle which Peel would not surrender, no conceivable policy which he would not forsake, no party, however strong, which he would not desert, "*if the clamour were loud enough*." On this weakness O'Connell worked in 1828, and he clamoured Peel into the Emancipation grant; on this weakness he meant to work for obtaining Repeal. He knew he could wring it from the palsied hands of the tottering Whigs; he hoped to wrest it from the Tories through Peel's deficiency in genuine pluck. He saw that Cobden, with a charlatanic trickery and an unblushing impudence, worthy of a Holloway or a Perry, inveigled by false statistics the unthinking masses to support the cry for the repeal of the Corn Laws; he saw this same Cobden, though a blunderer almost equal in acute misapprehension to Mrs. Malaprop or Sir Boyle Roach,† drive Peel into a foul and base desertion of his principles, and his country, and his supporters: could O'Connell, a giant, conscious of his own power, think himself unable to raise "a clamour loud enough" to strike terror in the mind of slippery, Cobden-conquered Peel?

And yet, assuming the strongest case against Sheil, assuming that O'Connell believed the obtainment of Repeal a possibility, and

* Stanley's Life of Arnold, vol. 2, p. 57.

† When Cobden first came into the House, bearing the Manchester and Birmingham stamp of approbation as an orator, he tried on one or two occasions to astonish his hearers, but they considered his eloquence, as Beau Tibbs did the large dishes of meat, "country all over." We remember he said, in describing the, as he called them, evil results of the Corn Laws, that more mischief had been done by them, than could have been experienced, "If a demon had actually risen in the Thames, with an Act of Parliament in his hand." For a very few from the very many blunders of the Brummagem economists, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II, pages 265 and 266.

we think that from the facts and arguments above stated, counting on Peel's unfixedness of principle, and calculating on the patent weakness of the Whigs, he might very reasonably have considered the measure a feasible one, still he never, never, bitter though he was to all other non-repealers, uttered one word of slight or reproach to the name, the honour, or the fame of Richard Sheil.

In the early part of 1835, Lord Melbourne came into office, and from this period to the year 1841, Sheil's Parliamentary life was one brilliant success. William the Fourth was not inclined to advance Sheil's prospects; in fact, Lord Melbourne made no secret of the matter—but, at the accession of Queen Victoria, all obstacles were removed, and Sheil received those rewards to which his genius, and his merits entitled him. During these six years no question tending to the general interest of the kingdom was unaided, or unsupported by him; on Irish subjects he was foremost of the first. He held the office of Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital for a year, and in 1839 was appointed Vice-president of the Board of Trade.† He held this office for two years, and on the resignation of Sir George Grey, in 1841, he was made Judge Advocate General. We have often felt astonishment at the absurdity of those, who find fault with Sheil for having accepted office. That malignant Rump of the Repeal Association, the Young Ireland faction, have ever made it a ground of calumny against him; but we think that whether the party in power be Whig or Tory, the more Irishmen in office, so much the better for the prosperity of our country.

In 1841, upon the dissolution of Parliament, Sheil was returned for Dungarvan. During Peel's rule—a rule which comprised within its space more disaster to England, and more annihilation of Irish interests, than that of any other minister worthy of the title statesman—Sheil was ever powerful in exposing the errors, the indecision, and the cowardice which distinguished, in so unenviable a degree, the policy of the government. On the 8th of April, 1842, Sheil made his great speech against the Income Tax. Peel considered the effect to be so powerful on the house, that he was unwilling to trust the reply to Stanley, and attempted, himself, to

* He was the first Catholic raised to the Privy Council in England for centuries.

answer Sheil's eloquence and argument. Of Sheil's genius as a statesman we know, and can know nothing. In truth, Irishmen of Sheil's politics have little opportunity of showing their ability in statescraft. The Colonies, the Exchequer,* and the Home Department appear formed for the sole object of enabling Lord John Russell's connections to luxuriate in office, at the expense, and to the great detriment of the nation.

That Sheil's services to the Liberal party were great, has never been denied, and to assert that his services to Ireland were not equally great, is a slanderous falsehood. For all those years during which Peel held office, the advantage of the kingdom, and the real good of his country, were the chief objects of Sheil's care. When Peel, having forsaken the principles he had held through life, and having played the renegade to his party, retired from office, bearing with him the contempt of the nation and the approval of Birmingham, Sheil was nominated to the Mastership of the Mint; after this appointment he did not often take part in the debates. His health was very much shaken by his former close attention, and he was harassed by continued attacks of gout. Colchicum soon lost, as it ever does, its effect as a sedative, and rest became the chief remedy. In the early part of the present year Sheil was appointed Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany. He died at Florence, of a sudden attack of gout, on Sunday, the 25th of May, and was interred on Wednesday, the 28th, in the Church of San Michele. He has left no family; his son, by his first wife, died some few years ago. The committee of management of Glasnevin Cemetery proposed to Sheil's friends to place his remains beside those of O'Connell; the offer was not accepted, as Mrs. Sheil wished that his grave might be where she could in death sleep beside him. When we look around on the unmarked, untrophied graves of those who were once the idols or the benefactors of the Irish people, we feel satisfaction at knowing that Sheil's last

* We never hear or read a "budget speech" of Sir Charles Wood's, but we think it a pity he should be placed in a position requiring common powers of speech or any clearness of understanding; he would make a most capital model sinecurist, quite equal to that old French placeman of whom Madame de Sévigné writes, "*Il exerçait très bien sa charge quand il n'avoit rien à faire.*"

resting-place will not afford another example, of the applicability to that portion of the Irish people calling itself "Liberal," of Pope's bitter line,

"The unwilling gratitude of base mankind."

In private life few men were more lovable than Sheil. He never forgot a friend or a favour. To the man struggling upward he was ever kind. He never denied merit where it was deserved. We remember well how kindly he spoke of the able speech made by Mr. Maguire, who opposed him at his last election for Dungarvan. Even all the lying and slander, uttered against himself, by the rhetorical idiots forming the Young Ireland impracticables, did not bind his lips, or prevent his giving to some of them the credit which they deserved, whilst he lamented their ingenuous trust in those men who traded on their talents, luring them by praise to ruin. Sheil's humour was genial, more like the quiet jesting of pleasant Charles Lamb, mingled with a little Irish fun, than that of any other we have known. His stories of Irish life, of old adventures when a literary man in London, and when working for Emancipation, remained fixed for ever in the mind. In fact, the recollection of a friendly evening spent with him always brought a smile to the thinker's lips. Sheil was one of those men, that if met by a friend in New Zealand or California, that friend would turn the conversation, not on the strange, new, striking world around, but to the pleasant nights spent in the far-off land of home, where they "heard the chimes at midnight," and could cry with Shallow, "Oh! the days that we have seen!"

We do not say of Sheil, "*De mortuus.*" We think it a coward's motto, or the last begging petition of a scoundrel. Of Sheil's early life and writings we have shown the reader some memorials and specimens, almost forgotten or unknown; in them there is nothing to regret, or wish undone or unwritten; of his later life there is every thing to feel proud.

ART. III.—THE HISTORIC LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

Publications of the Irish Archaeological Society, founded A.D. 1840, for the printing of the Genealogical, Ecclesiastical, Bardic, Topographical, and Historical Remains of Ireland: 14 vols. 4to. Dublin: 1841—50.*

A few Continental authors have, within the present century, effected a complete change in the style of writing history: eschewing the dull volumes of tedious compilers, they have had recourse to the works of the old contemporary chroniclers, by a careful collation of which, with legal and official documents, they have succeeded in producing an animated and life-like picture of the manners and customs of former ages; "in a complete narrative, exhausting texts, assembling scattered details, collecting even to the slightest indications of facts and of characters, and from all these forming one body, into which science and art unite to breathe the breath of life."†

The writers, to whom we are indebted for this new school of historic literature, are Augustin Thierry and his brother Amédée, Michaud, Sismondi, Guizot and Barante. Scarcely inferior to any of these great names, in depth of research and powers of narration, Macaulay, much as he habitually allows his political prejudices to obscure his judgment, may be regarded as their English representative.

The way was prepared for these attractive writers by the historic antiquarians and the publishing associations which, on the Continent and in England and Scotland, have been and still continue labouring to rescue the works of the old chroniclers from the dust and neglect of centuries. But for the exertions of these literary pioneers‡ the

* The full titles of these works, together with the names of the editors, &c. will be found in the notes to the present paper.

† *Récits des temps Mérovingiens.*

‡ We may mention the following great national historical collections to show how much Ireland is behind the rest of Europe in the cultivation of native history: André Du Chesne, "*Historiæ Francorum Scriptores cœtanei, ab gentis origine usque ad Phillipi IV. tempora.*" 5 volumes, folio, 1636—49. "*Historiæ Normannorum Scriptores Antiqui, res ab illis gestas explicantes, ab ann 838 ad ann 1220.*" folio, 1619. Martin Bouquet, "*Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France, &c., accom-*

most diligent author would scarcely be able, in the period of a single life, to bring together the materials necessary for the proper illustration of even one important era, and the history of Europe would consequently still remain arid and repulsive as the driest and most uninteresting annals.

In France, the efforts of the publishing associations are ably seconded by the government, while in England and Scotland, the general appreciation of national historic researches, among the educated classes, has ever afforded ample and substantial encouragement to the literary antiquarian.

Far different has, hitherto, been the case in Ireland, subjected, almost ever since the invention of printing, to perpetual civil war and religious persecutions, little time was there to be found for the cultivation of letters. Another no less potent cause acted against the study of Irish literature, this was the miscalculating policy which formerly dictated the eradication of the old Celtic language of the country; a short-sighted attempt, condemned equally by the enlightened Bedell and the philosophic Boyle, at a time when it was most warmly pursued by its fanatical advocates; and which only served to make the natives cling with a fiercer and more desperate

pagné de sommaires, de tables et de notes" (continué par Haudiquier, Precieux, Clement, Poirier, et Brial). 1738—1832, 19 volumes. "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la fondation de la Monarchie Française Jusqu'au xiiième siècle; avec une introduction, des suppléments, des notices et des notes, par M. Guizot," 1823—27, 29 volumes, 8vo. "Collection complète des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France, depuis le règne de Philippe Auguste jusqu'au commencement du xviiième siècle, avec des notices sur chaque auteur et des observations sur chaque ouvrage, par M. Petitot," 53 vols. 8vo. 1819—27. "Collection de Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France, depuis l'avènement de Henri IV. jusqu'à la paix de Paris, conclue en 1763, avec des notices sur chaque auteur et des observations par Petitot et Montmerqué," (second series,) 79 vols. 8vo. 1820—29. "Collection de Mémoires relatifs à la Révolution Française, avec des notices sur leurs auteurs et des éclaircissements historiques par Berville et Barrière," 56 vols. 8vo. 1820—1826. The above are noticed, as they seldom appear in our country, and show how much superior is the historical literature of France to that of Great Britain. Of the other national collections we shall only mention Lud. Ant. Muratori's "Antiquitates Italicae medii ævi, post declinationem Romani imperii ad ann 1500," 6 vols. folio, 1738—42; "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores præcipui ab anno æræ Christianæ D ad MD," 29 vols. folio, 1723—51; "Annali d'Italia dell'era volgare, sino all 1750," 17 vols. folio, 1753—6; and J. Langebek's "Scriptores rerum Danicarum medii ævi," 7 vols. folio, 1772—92.

tenacity* to the old tongue of their fathers, in which their dearest and most ennobling recollections and traditions were enshrined.

There are, even in the present day, many estimable persons in Ireland of opinion that the publication of historic works tends to revive old prejudices and to awake bad feelings; had this idea prevailed among the more enlightened of other countries, literature would not now have to boast of the works of Scott, of Lamartine,

* The attachment of the Irish to their native language is very remarkable: we learn from a manuscript cited by Dr. Leland, sometime Fellow of the University of Dublin, that when, in former times, any of the clans were unable to withstand the hostile powers of the invaders, they used to claim the assistance of their neighbouring tribes, "for the sake of the old tongue of the Gaels of Erin;" an argument which never failed to elicit the desired reinforcements. It is a curious historical fact, that the Irish troops, who principally contributed to save the town of Louvain, in 1635, from the vigorous assault of the great French army under Marshals Chatillon and De Brezé, were, in that fearful contest, marshalled and commanded in the military terms which the language of their country supplied. A Latin writer of the seventeenth century, who was conversant with most of the European tongues, tells us that the Irish language "surpasseth in gravity the Spanish, in elegance the Italian, in colloquial charms the French, it equals, if it does not surpass, the German itself in inspiring terror. From the lips of the Irish preacher it is a bolt to arrest the evil-doer in the career of guilt, and to allure by its soft and insinuating tones to the paths of virtue. The witticism, the jest, and the epigram it expresses briefly; and, in the hands of the poet, it is so pliant and flexible, that the '*Uraiceacht na n-eigean*,' or '*Precepts of the Poets*,' lays down rules for more than a hundred different kinds of metre; so that in the opinion of men who are well acquainted with several languages, Irish poetry does not yield, either in variety, construction, or polish of its metres, to the poetry of any nation in Europe. Spenser himself corroborates this opinion, when he says: 'I have caused divers of Irish poems to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention; they are sprinkled with some pretty flowers of natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness to them.'" "To maintain for themselves the manners and traditions of their fathers," says the great French historian, "against the efforts of the invaders, the Irish made for themselves monuments which neither steel nor fire could destroy; they had recourse to the art of singing, in which they gloried in excelling, and which in the times of independence had been their pride and pleasure. The bards and minstrels became the keepers of the records of the nation. Wandering from village to village, they carried to every hearth memoirs of ancient Erin; they studied to render them agreeable to all tastes and all ages; they had war songs for the men, love ditties for the women, and marvellous tales for the children of the mansion. Every house preserved two harps ever ready for travellers, and he who could best celebrate the liberty of former times, the glory of patriots, and the grandeur of their cause, was rewarded by a more lavish hospitality. The kings of England endeavoured more than once to strike a blow at Ireland in this last refuge of its regrets and hopes; the wandering poets were persecuted, banished, delivered up to tortures and death; but violence only served to irritate indomitable wills: the art of

and of Manzoni. Such an argument, moreover, strikes at the dissemination of TRUTH, and has, we know by sad examples, led, in Continental countries, to results most disastrous to the liberties of mankind. It is an incontrovertible fact, that political animosities have, in all nations, been designedly engendered and fostered by the propagation of historic falsehoods, which are ever ready to usurp the place unoccupied by truth. The contemplation of the

singing and of poetry had its martyrs like religion; and the remembrances, the destruction of which was desired, were increased by the feeling of how much they cost them to preserve."

In allusion to those penal times we find the following lines in a late anonymous writer:—

"Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on earth,
And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock, birth;
Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on mountain fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, *fervently*—to learn;
Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music twined,
A fount of Irish sobe or smiles in every note enshrined;
And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith of old."

The native poets delighted to revile

—"the stranger's tongue upborne by law,
Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw,"

and found endless pleasure in eulogizing their own language. As an illustration of this we may quote the following lines from one of the poems of Denis O'Mahony the Blind, a Munster bard of the last century:—

"*As ieachaí ba bhlasa, ba aneasda, ba fíor-íomhítha,
Ba oílte, ba aile, ba thapadh a m-brígh b'í ghuib;
Ba sheaighle, ba shnaighleaine racaireachd gaois-laolithe,
Ní h-ionan 's glafairneach mhallaighle ar bh-fíor-naímhde.*"

"Unlike the jargon of our foreign foe,
On raptur'd ear it pours its copious flow;
Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish'd tongue,
That learned sage o'er spoke or poet sung."

Mr. Christopher Anderson, a learned Scotch author, in his recently published work on the "Native Irish," labours to prove that the neglect of the Irish language has been alike injurious to the progress of English and that of general knowledge. Speaking of the natives he says, "the Irish is still the language of their hearts, and even of the best part of their understanding. In it they still continue to express their joy or sorrow; for this is the language which is associated with their earliest recollections. In it their mothers hushed them to rest in the days of their infancy; and in youth, if they loved music, they were charmed with the numbers of the 'Culan,' or of 'Erin go brath.'" Bopp, Grimm, Dieffenbach, and other profound German philologists, have borne testimony to the special importance of the Irish language, as being the richest in its vocabulary and grammatical forms, at the same time that it possesses the most ancient and numerous records, of the nature of histories, laws, and poems; and we may add, that the number of vocables in the Irish language exceeds 50,000.

history of our ancestors, their misfortunes, their virtues, their errors and their crimes, cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on us, their descendants, inasmuch as one of the great masters of the human mind has told us that "history is philosophy, teaching by example." Despite all obstacles, it is, however, pleasing to recollect, that even in the worst times a few men were to be found who, under most discouraging circumstances, at considerable personal sacrifices, and actuated solely by a love of their country's literature, essayed and achieved much for the preservation of our historic documents: the names of Ussher, Ware, Colgan, Fleming, and Ward must ever be remembered with gratitude as the first who, by their elegant Latin treatises, rendered the ancient history of Ireland familiar to the learned of Europe. Since the seventeenth century the study of Irish literature has never been entirely neglected, but notwithstanding all the efforts of individuals, the greatest and most important monuments of the early history of the country are still unpublished and inaccessible. A short view of these documents will give an idea of the obstacles which still continue to oppose the production of a *true* "History of Ireland."

From the earliest period of which we have any account, to the commencement of the seventeenth century, the native Irish, or Gaels, were governed by a peculiar written code, known as the *Brehon laws*. These laws are referred to by Venerable Bede, by the ante-Danish poets, by Cenfaelad in the seventh century, by Probus in the tenth, by Tighernach in the eleventh, and by the Magnates Hiberniæ in the fourteenth century. Placed in the extremity of Europe, secluded from the rest of the world, unconquered, unmixed, and never affected by the concussions of the fall of the Roman Empire, the Irish must have possessed primeval institutions, which these documents are best calculated to unfold.* Many copies of these laws are still preserved in our public libraries, and are in general accompanied by elaborate glosses and commentaries, written for the most part by the Irish jurists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The contents of the *Brehon* laws still remaining to us† "are very

* Bibliotheca Mæcta Stouensis.

† Suggestions with a view to the Transcription and Publication of the MSS. of the *Brehon Laws*, now in the Libraries of the British Museum,

various, and may be found to have important bearings upon the existing condition of society in Ireland. Some relate to offences against person and property; and regulate in the most minute manner, the fines to be paid by the offenders, as well as the compensations to be received by the injured parties, or their representatives. Others prescribe the prices to be paid for work done, or articles purchased. A very interesting class of laws lays down the privileges attaching to persons in the different ranks of society. Others have reference to the distribution and transfer of land. It must be apparent that documents of such a nature are of great importance; not only as illustrating the customs and character of the ancient Irish, but even as throwing light upon the earliest and most obscure part of European history. As the Celtic nations retired westward before the pressure of new colonizing swarms, they carried with them into the British islands much of their primitive language and usages. The former remains to this day. It is therefore unreasonable to deny the probability of their having also preserved such remnants of the latter, as might serve to supply the philosophic historian with valuable materials. It ought to be added, that the study of comparative philology would be promoted in no ordinary way by the publication of the ancient Irish laws. They are written in a dialect almost as different from the vernacular Irish of the present day, as Anglo-Saxon is from English.* They

the University of Oxford, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin. 12mo. London: 1851.

* The name of *Brehon* is cognate with the Celtic noun *Breath* or *Breach*, which signifies a judicial decision. The language of those laws is so peculiar and so long obsolete, that there are but two scholars to be found capable of deciphering and translating them, with accuracy and precision: it is scarcely necessary to say, that we refer to Dr. John O'Donovan and Mr. Eugene Curry. The latter gentleman, whose examination before the Parliamentary Committee of Public Libraries, in 1849, excited so much interest in England relative to the ancient literature of Ireland, has amassed an immense amount of collateral illustrative matter, for the elucidation of the laws of the Brehons, and has also compiled extensive and invaluable glossaries of the most unusual and obscure terms with which they abound. Although Mr. Curry has not hitherto taken a prominent public part in the Irish literary world, those who are competent to form a judgment, coincide in pronouncing him the most erudite Celtic palæographer ever produced by Ireland, not even excepting Mac Firis, the O'Clerigha, or the O'Maoil-chonaires. His critical knowledge of the older and more obscure dialects of the country, is perfectly unequalled and unprecedented. There is scarcely an important Irish manuscript in Great Britain or Ireland, or in the rich

abound, too, in technical terms and titles of persons, which are obviously among the most unvarying parts of a language. From no source could the scholar engaged in analyzing the Celtic languages, and determining their relation to the other branches of

Library of the Dukes of Burgundy, which he has not examined, collated, or transcribed, and in every Irish historical work of consequence, produced within the last quarter of a century, we find the authors expressing their numerous obligations to him for invaluable Celtic information, of which he is the sole depository. The critical and analytical Catalogues which he has compiled of the Gaelic manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy, and of those in the British Museum, would alone entitle him to a high literary position. He has lately completed his examination and collation of the Betham manuscripts, added to our National Collection through the exertions of the Rev. Charles Graves; to the public subscription for which we are proud to state, that the Right Hon. B. L. Guinness, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was one of the most munificent contributors; thus opening a new era in our civic annals, and giving an example, which will, we trust, not be lost on his successors in office. Mr. Curry is now engaged in collating the fragments of the ancient *Brehon* laws, preserved in the English manuscript collections; and we trust that he will soon proceed to press with his treatises on the "History of the Boromean Tribute," and the "Account of the Fir-Bolgic, or Belgic Colony in Ireland"—two documents of the greatest importance in illustrating the earlier portions of our annals. When we recollect the uncertainty of human life, and how much the records of Ireland have suffered at various periods by accidents, and consider that, as in the case of the Escorial, a fire of a few minutes' duration in one of our manuscript collections, might effectually destroy the entire historical monuments of an important era, we cannot avoid expressing our deep anxiety, that public steps should be taken for the prompt publication of our ancient annals and literary remains, while they are yet in a state of safety, and while the scholars are amongst us, whose departure from the stage of life would leave the older Celtic records of Ireland a blank for ever. "The losses of history, indeed," says Gibbon, "are irretrievable; when the productions of fancy or science have been swept away, new poets may invent, and new philosophers may reason; but, if the inscription of a single fact be once obliterated, it cannot be restored by the united efforts of genius and industry. The consideration of our past losses should invite the present age to cherish and perpetuate the valuable relics which have escaped." This is truly a national question, and demands the attention of our educated classes. The literary men of Europe look to Ireland for the ancient monuments of her Celtic language; and we shall stand eternally disgraced in the republic of letters, if we make not a strenuous effort to supply them with what they have so long and so earnestly demanded. "Il est temps," says Adolphe Pictet, one of the latest and most distinguished French philologists, "de trancher enfin cette question: l'ancienneté de ces idiomes, le nombre et l'importance historique de leurs monuments écrits, presque inconnus encore, le fait qu'ils renferment une partie des origines de la langue Française; tout se réunit pour réveiller l'intérêt sur ces curieux débris de la primitive Europe. En attendant des travaux plus complets sur leur histoire, travaux qui ne peuvent être entrepris avec succès que par les savants nationaux, on peut, au moyen des matériaux existants les rattacher à leur véritable souche, qui est, sans contredit, Indo-Européenne."

the Indo-European family, derive more abundant or precious materials."

The manifest injustice with which Ireland was treated by the late "Record Commission," which effected the publication of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh laws, leaving the Irish legal records almost untouched, is to be attributed to our own apathy, as we believe that no proper public remonstrance was ever made against this neglect of the Commissioners. We are, however, glad to find, that at length the publication of these ancient Irish laws is about to be made a literary question, of not only National but European importance, and feel confident that the Imperial Government,* however parsimonious in its allowances to the literary institutions of Ireland, will not hesitate to undertake the preservation of the laws of the *Brehons*; when their publication is recommended by such scholars as Guizot, Pictet, Bunsen, and Hallam. The Anglo-Norman legal records of Ireland have hitherto fared scarcely better than the *Brehon* laws. There are upwards of twelve hundred legislative enactments, which have never yet been published,† and consequently do not appear in the defective and inaccurate printed editions of the Irish Statutes. The great body of the rolls, inquisitions, and other official documents, most important as illustrations of history, are still reposing in their dusty and almost inaccessible repositories; whence they are scarcely ever drawn, save when it is found necessary to consult them, for the purpose of deciding questions relative to property, or disputed titles.

Such is the condition of our legal antiquities, which Gibbon calls

* The national resources of France and Germany have long since effected the publication of the Salic law and of the Codes of the Riparian Franks, the Burgundians, and the Visigoths; more recently, the Danish government furnished the means of publishing the Icelandic laws, documents remarkably similar in their nature to the ancient laws of Ireland. The government of Great Britain is at present contributing to the excavations at Nineveh, to the neglect of their own national monuments. This fact forcibly recalls what Pliny says in his epistle to Gallus: "*Ad quæ noscenda iter ingredi, transmittere mare solemus, ea sub oculis posita negligimus; seu quia ita natura comparatum, ut proximorum incuriosi, longinqua sectemur. Quacunque de causa, permulta in urbe nostra, juxtaque urbem, non oculis modo, sed ne auribus quidem novimus. Quæ si tulisset Achaia, Ægyptus, Asia, aliæ quælibet miraculorum ferax commendatrixque terra, audita, perlecta, lustratataque haberemus.*"—C. Plinii Cæcilii Secundi Epist. lib. viii.

† Lynch's "Prescriptive Baronies of Ireland;" London: 1835.

"the most instructive portion of a country's history;" and in this inaccessible and disgraceful state will they continue, until proper representations shame our Government into their publication. With the exception of official records, brief Latin annals, chartularies of religious houses, and that strange collection of romantic historic-fiction called the "*Book of Howth*,"* the Anglo-Norman settlers in the Pale and the large towns of Ireland, left but few literary remains. Many state papers, original letters, diaries, and accounts of important transactions, written in English and Latin, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, relating to the history of Ireland, are still preserved in the manuscript collections of Great Britain. The large numbers of ancient manuscripts in the Irish language which have come down to us, cannot fail to excite surprise, when we reflect on the quantities of such works which must have been destroyed by the revolutions of centuries, and the innumerable accidents to which literary monuments are exposed. Their preservation is, however, satisfactorily accounted for, by the jealous and sedulous care with which the old Irish guarded their written documents.

An antiquarian† of the seventeenth century, whose knowledge of Celtic literature has never been surpassed, tells us that in ancient times, "every district in Ireland had its Bard, and its *Brehon* or Judge; and the genealogies were so accurately entered in their books, that he who refuses credit to them, may equally deny faith in his father or grandfather, since our fathers and grandfathers were our witnesses, each generation committing them to the care of their successors." "Neither was there any order," continues the same writer, "lay or ecclesiastic in Ireland, which was not bound by penalties, as stated in our *Law Books*, and on pain likewise of honor and reputation, to preserve their genealogies and histories,

* "*The Book of Howth*" is a miscellaneous compilation of the sixteenth century, supposed to have been made for Christopher, the blind Baron of Howth, who died A. D. 1569; for more than a century past, this book was supposed to have been lost, but it has been discovered by Dr. O'Donovan, among the Carew manuscripts, preserved in the Lambeth Library. By those best acquainted with our records and history, it has never been considered of authority, nor held in any other light than as a compilation of Anglo-Irish fables, invented to flatter and amuse the inhabitants of the Pale; on whose manners, customs, and language, we may add, its publication would throw much light.

† Duaid Mac Firbis, ob. 1670.

so that on comparison with those of other districts and churches, they should be found to correspond; and it was ordained by law that there should be always seven ranks or orders of the learned to inspect those books.

Many of those parchment volumes, still preserved, are exquisite specimens of caligraphy and artistical ornamentation; they are in general named after the clan to whom they belonged, or the place where they were compiled; thus we have the "*Book of the O'Kellys*," the "*Book of the Mac Egan*," the "*Book of Leacan*," and the "*Book of Ballymote*." Their contents are various, comprising genealogies, annals, accounts of battles and important events, topographical tracts, lives of Irish saints, historical poems, romantic tales, treatises on law, medicine and scientific subjects, together with translations from the classics and the contemporary authors of foreign countries. In addition to the "great books," we possess an infinite number of short detached historical and scientific documents of considerable antiquity, and most important in illustrating the earlier portions of our annals. The old chieftains and heads of clans set a high value on these works, which they frequently purchased at enormous prices; not unfrequently was the desire to possess them the cause of sanguinary contests, and even in some cases, a manuscript volume was taken as ransom for a prisoner of distinction, after gold and other valuable articles had been rejected. The contemplation of the historic importance of those documents, their precarious state, and the probability of their never being properly deciphered or translated, if neglected in the present generation, forcibly demonstrated to the more enlightened in Ireland and abroad, the necessity of taking immediate steps for their preservation. Hence, after much anxious thought and deliberation, several Irish Peers, a large number of Prelates and Clergymen of the Established Church, the Provost, some of the Fellows of the University of Dublin, and many of the members of the Royal Irish Academy,* united in

* See the list of original members prefixed to the first volume of the Society's publications. The present Earl of Dunraven, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and the Marquis of Kildare, have taken a lively interest in, and contributed much to, the promotion of the study of their country's historic literature. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has done more than is generally known to advance our national learning. He contributed liberally to the fund for the purchase of the Betham MSS., and lately presented to the Academy's Museum a number of valuable

forming a publishing association, which they decided on calling "THE IRISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY." This body held its first meeting on St. Patrick's Day, in the year 1840. Since that day, the Committee of the Society has continued to labour earnestly and nobly to rescue from oblivion and decay the scattered and obscure monuments of Irish history. For this purpose they have achieved much; and the Institution, since its foundation, has formed a centre of literary attraction, around which the lovers of historic investigation have collected and remained steadfast, even amid the fearful times of famine and sedition. It has, however, been justly remarked, that the efforts of this Society have not been properly seconded by those to whom it should most naturally look for support and encouragement. Its proceedings and publications have been almost unnoticed by those periodicals which have been hitherto regarded as the literary organs of the country, and which, instead of fostering native learning, from which the true glory of a nation is to be derived, have, in almost

antique Irish circlets of solid gold. His Excellency is, we may add, a member of the Archaeological and Celtic Societies. Lord Kildare, Vice-President of the same Societies, has, at considerable expense, had elegant transcripts made of all the historical poems and unpublished documents relative to the history of the Geraldines; and he has also contributed a munificent sum, to enable our Archaeological Society to expedite their publication of that extraordinary and unique philological work, commonly known as "Cormac's Glossary," written in the ninth century.

Several dignitaries of the Established Church have also, of late years, cultivated the study of Irish history and antiquities with eminent success. Of the many so distinguished, we may mention the Rev. James H. Todd, D.D., Senior Fellow of the University of Dublin, Secretary to the Royal Irish Academy and to our Archaeological Society, a most accomplished Celtic scholar and ecclesiologist. The value of his untiring labors can only be adequately appreciated by those who are acquainted with the obstacles and difficulties with which he has had to contend, in his disinterested pursuit of the advancement of the literary reputation of his country. The Rev. Charles Graves, Fellow of, and Professor of Mathematics in, the University of Dublin, a profound Celtic philologist. His treatise on the *Ogham* or occult forms of writing, in use among the ancient Irish, about to be published by our Archaeological Society, will finally set at rest that hitherto "*perplexata questio*." But for the influence and exertions of this reverend gentleman, the invaluable collection of Irish manuscripts made by Sir W. Betham, and lately added to the noble Library of the Royal Irish Academy, would have passed into the hands of foreign collectors. The Rev. Richard Butler, Dean of Clonmacnois, one of our ablest Anglo-Irish antiquaries, and who has spared no trouble or expense to preserve the historic remains and monuments in his own locality, as every visitor to the romantic ruins along the banks of the Boyne can testify. The Venerable Henry Cotton, D.C.L., Archdeacon of Cashel, author of the elaborate "*Fasti Ecclesiae Hiberniae*." His efforts to repair the injuries which the ancient monuments of "Cashel of the Kings" suffered from

every instance, directed their attention to the productions of foreign authors and of foreign presses; and, attracted by the history and antiquities of the most remote countries, they have totally overlooked what was passing in the literary world of Ireland.

It must be obvious, that the present paper can supply but a meagre outline of the contents of the important and invaluable works issued under the superintendence of the "Irish Archaeological Society." Even such a sketch, compendious and brief as it must necessarily be, will at least redeem us from the charge of ingratitude, and be some tribute to the merits of those high-minded and accomplished scholars, who have devoted so much of their time and talents to the elucidation of the history of their native land, for which they will be remembered with gratitude by their descendants; while the memory of those who have done nothing to advance the literary

the iconoclastic Archbishop Price, deserve the highest commendation. The Rev. William Reeves, of Ballymena, the most erudite hagiographical scholar and ecclesiastical historian yet produced by this country, who, in the year 1850, presented the Members of our Archaeological Society with the valuable and important volume noticed at page 462 of this paper. The Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, has lately succeeded in forming an association for preserving the monumental and literary antiquities of that ancient city and its vicinity. He has in the press an elaborate work on the history of the Cathedral of St. Canice, which, when published, will form the most important and elegantly illustrated volume yet produced on our provincial ecclesiastical and civil history.

To the exertions and influence of the above mentioned individuals, and of other members of the University of Dublin, we owe the formation of the great National Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which, with only a stipend of £300 per annum from a Government with a revenue of a million per week, has, by private liberality, succeeded in forming the largest and most complete collection of Celtic manuscripts and remains in existence.

It would be unjust to the "memory of the dead" not to state, that the late Professor James Mac Cullagh, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, and a mathematician of European celebrity, contributed largely to the formation of the Academy's Museum. Among the principal articles he presented was the magnificent "Cross of Cong," executed in the County of Mayo, in the twelfth century, and purchased by him for one hundred guineas. He also gave a large sum for an original manuscript of Colonel O'Kelly's *Macariz Exoidium*, which he deposited in the Academy's library. The latter acquisition was, as will be seen in the present paper, of the greatest importance, as it elicited Mr. O'Callaghan's valuable annotations, which have set the history of the Irish affairs of 1689 in a completely new light, and redeemed the country from a disgraceful historical imputation. The untimely death of Dr. Mac Cullagh prevented the completion of his design of printing a series of the most ancient Irish astronomical and medical treatises, which, under his care, would have done much to advance the reputation of our country abroad. This project will, we trust, not be overlooked by his worthy successor in the chair of mathematics in our University.

reputation of their country, will be hereafter found in the same category with that of the nobleman* who regarded as a collection of foolish trifles the great work, now esteemed one of the chief literary glories of Italy.

The "Irish Archæological Society" commenced its labours by publishing, in 1841, a thin volume, containing two "Tracts relating to Ireland," the first of which is an Irish poem,† written by Cormacan *Eigeas*, or the *Sage*, A.D. 942, on the military circuit made round Erin, in the preceding year, by Muircheartach, or Moriartagh Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach, in Ulster, with "ten hundred heroes of the race of Owen of the red weapons."

His object in this expedition was, "to facilitate his peaceful accession to the throne of Ireland, by impressing the conviction on the minds of the Irish that he was the next most powerful, as well as the most legitimate heir to the monarchy then existing."

The poem consists of two hundred and fifty-five *ranns*, or stanzas, detailing minutely all the circumstances connected with the circuit. The Bard carefully recounts the various localities through which the army passed, and the tributes and gifts received from the Danish and native Princes; concluding with an account of the return of the Irish troops and their hostages to the palace of Aileach,‡ and a curious description of the prolonged festivities with which that event was commemorated.

The present Viscount O'Neil, now in his seventy-first year, is the twenty-ninth in descent from the hero of this expedition, and with him the line of "Muircheartach of the golden locks" becomes ex-

* "Le Cardinal Hippolyte d'Este, à qui l' 'Orlando Furioso,' fut dédié demanda à l'auteur, 'Messer Lodovico, dove Diavolo avete pigliato tante coglionerie?' Leon X. fut infiniment plus débonnaire pour cet Auteur. Presqu'au mesme tems qu'il foudroya ses anathemes contre Martin Luther, il publia une Bulle en faveur des poesies de Louys Arioste, menaçant d'excommunication ceux qui les blâmeroient, ou empesheroient le profit de l'imprimeur."—*P. Bayle*.

† *The Circuit of Ireland, by Muircheartach Mac Neill, Prince of Aileach; a Poem, written in the year DCCCCXLII., by Cormacan Eigeas, Chief Poet of the North of Ireland: now for the first time printed; with a Translation and Notes, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the Irish Archæological Society. 1841.

‡ The ruins of this great Cyclopean fortress, formerly the residence of the northern O'Neills, are still to be seen in the county of Donegal, about a mile from the boundary of that of Derry, on the summit of a small mountain, 802 feet high.

tract for ever. The concluding tract* in the Society's volume is a reprint of an exceedingly rare pamphlet of sixteen pages, written in 1589, by Robert Payne, an Englishman, who became manager in Ireland for twenty-five of his countrymen, each of whom had "undertaken" four hundred acres of the great estate wrested from the last Geraldine Earl of Desmond, in 1583.

The writer's desire was to see Elizabeth's project of planting all Ireland with English settlers fully carried out; and for the promotion of this object he paints in glowing colours all the natural advantages which the island possessed of soil and climate. The natives, he tells us, have been much maligned by designing knaves; "the better sorte are verie civil and honestly given, the most of them greatly inclined to husbandrie," and so hospitable, that "although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheare their country yieldeth for two or three dayes, and take not anything therefore. They keepe their promise faithfully, and are more desirous of peace than our English men, for that in time of warres they are more charged, and also they are fatter praies for the enemy who respecteth no person." The author gives many interesting particulars of the prices of the various necessities of life, and other productions of the country, which, he says, are so cheap, that one can keep a better house in Ireland for fifty pounds a-year, than in England for four times that amount. Although very brief, this little tract gives an excellent account of the state of things encountered in Ireland by the first English "undertakers," in the reign of Elizabeth.

The Latin annals of Ireland,† ascribed, on the authority of Ussher, to James Grace, of the Franciscan Convent of Kilkenny, ex-

* "*A brife description of Ireland: made in this yeere, 1589, by Robert Payne. unto XXV. of his partners, for whom he is undertaker there. Truly published verbatim, according to his letters, by Nich. Gorsan, one of the said partners, for that he would his countrymen should be partakers of the many good Notes therein contained. With diuers Notes taken out of others the Authours letters, written to his said partners, sithenes the first impression, well worth the reading. Edited by Aquilla Smith, M.D., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1841.

† *Jacobi Grace, Kilkenniensis, Annales Hiberniæ. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1842.

The family of Grace, one of the most ancient and honorable in Ireland, descend from the Norman Chevalier, Raimond, surnamed "*Crassus*," or *le Gras*, who, by his marriage with Basilia, daughter of Gilbert de Clare, became possessed of the vast territory in the County Kilkenny, known as

tend from A.D. 1074 to the year 1514, and contain much valuable information relative to the affairs of the "Pale" and the English colonists. "We must not, however, suppose that these annals were to the monks the dry and bare catalogues which they are to us, or

Grace's Country, or *Tír na-n Grasa*, and which originally covered an extent of eighty thousand acres.

His descendants becoming Barons of Courtstown, were long the chief family in Kilkenny, where, for many years before the settlement there of the Butlers, founders of the illustrious house of Ormond, they enjoyed an almost regal power, and endeared themselves to the people by their munificent hospitality and the number of religious houses which they endowed. Almaric *le Gras*, Baron of Courtstown, was, in 1385, "by royal licence," permitted to contract an alliance with Tibina, daughter of O'Meagher, Prince of the territory of Ikerrin (now incorporated with the county Tipperary), "for the better preservation of the peace of the county Kilkenny." From this period the Graces continued to fraternize and intermarry with the natives; and it is curious to find the descendants of the Norman Chevalier adopting Irish surnames, and commemorating their achievements in Gaelic songs. In an English version of one of these compositions, which is entitled "*Grasagh-abé*," or "The Graces for ever!" their slogan or war-cry, we find the following stanzas:—

"O Courtstown! thy walls rise in beauty and pride,
From thy watch-tower's summit the bold foe is descried,
Though the hearts of thy children with courage o'erflow,
Still their strength is the war-shout of *Grasagh-abé*."

O Courtstown! thou home of the great and renown'd,
Thy bulwarks what heroes of battle surround,
The Shees, Rooths, and Shortalls, whose bosoms still glow,
To join in the conflict with *Grasagh-abé*."

Colonel Richard Grace, the personal friend of Strafford and of Ormonde, served Charles I. with distinguished reputation in England, and was the last person of distinction who held out against Cromwell in Ireland; from which he passed with a number of his countrymen into France, and subsequently into Spain, where they followed the fortunes of the Royal exiles. He was so highly esteemed by Queen Henrietta Maria, that she entrusted the Duke of York to his sole care, when he secretly fled for refuge into Spain; and a letter, written in 1658, is still extant, acknowledging the receipt of a thousand gold pieces from one of the Graces, for the use of the Royal fugitives. On the Restoration, Colonel Richard Grace accompanied the Royal family to England, as Chamberlain to the Duke of York; and when the wars of 1689 broke out, "replacing," says a late writer, "the helmet on his hoary head, he discovered all his juvenile ardour in battle, and all that contempt of fortune and of life, as light in the balance with duty, which he had manifested in the pride of his age." Appointed Governor of the important town of Athlone, he prepared to resist, with a slender garrison, the immense and formidable army by which he was beleaguered. When summoned to surrender, he returned a passionate defiance—"These are my terms," said he, discharging a pistol in the air; "these only I will give or receive; and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend till I eat my old boots." By his heroic conduct and military talents he obliged the enemy to raise the siege, and fell fighting in the royal cause, in 1691.

No less faithful to the national or royal cause was John Grace, Baron of Courtstown, one of the Council of the Confederation of 1642; his

that the inhabitants of the monastery were satisfied with that modicum of knowledge which we have inherited from them. Every name entered in their registry at its entry had its own peculiar history, and that history was preserved in the traditions of the chapter-

estate, confiscated by the regicides, was restored by Cromwell, as a token of personal admiration for his manly and generous enemy, who never failed to perform the offices of humanity, even to the soldiers who were in arms against him. In 1686, this brave and good man was appointed High Sheriff and Lieutenant-Governor of the County of Kilkenny; and, in three years afterwards, he represented the same County in Parliament. On the Revolution, he raised and equipped a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, at his own expense, for the service of King James, whom he further assisted with money and plate, amounting, it is said, to fourteen thousand pounds sterling. Possessing a high character and great local influence, he was early solicited, with splendid promises of favour, to join William's party; but yielding to the strong impulse of honorable feelings, he instantly, on perusing the proposal to this effect from one of the Duke of Schomberg's emissaries, seized a card accidentally lying near him, and returned this indignant answer upon it—"Go, tell your master I despise his offer; tell him that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." The card, which he sent uncovered by the bearer of the rejected offer, happening to be the six of hearts, is to this day very generally known by the name of "*Grace's card*," in the city of Kilkenny. This gallant soldier died in 1690; his regiment, however, found a fitting commander in his son, Robert Grace, under whom it performed prodigies of valor. At the unequal battle of Aughrim, where 15,000 badly armed Irish made such a gallant stand against upwards of 30,000 of the finest troops of Europe, the noble enthusiasm of "*Grace's Regiment*" evinced, we are told, a patriotic devotion that might dignify a Spartan band. "Of that fine body, selected from the flower of the youth of *Grace's country*, not fifty returned to their homes, where they were received with scorn and reproaches, till their chieftain's testimony confirmed their claim to the same heroic intrepidity which had distinguished their fallen comrades. The plaintive strains excited by this event were the aspirations of a whole people; they are still preserved, and still elevate the peasant's heart with sentiments of hereditary pride and national feeling." In consequence of their unshaken loyalty to their unfortunate Sovereign, in times—

"When treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,"

the Graces were stripped, by forfeitures, of a great portion of their ancient extensive possessions. "Thus, after a period of nearly five centuries and a half, during which the house of Butler alone was paramount to that of Grace, the existence of the latter, as a Kilkenny family, may be said to terminate, as the small estate of Holdenstown is the only property they at present possess there. Henceforth they are to be heard of in the Queen's County, where the representative of the Ballylinch branch became seated; and his descendant is now, by the extinction of the line of Courtstown, the head of the family."

In latter times, the Graces became connected by marriage with the most noble families of England, and have been highly distinguished by their attachment to literature and the fine arts. Sheffield Grace, F.S.A., has left a lasting memorial of his elegant learning and munificence in his privately printed "*Memoirs of the Family of Grace, 1822*," a magnificently illustrated work, and the only piece of Irish family history extant.

room and of the cloister. From the founder of the house and the giver of broad lands, to the bequeather of a cope and the increaser of their holiday pittance, all their benefactors had their places in the grateful memory of the brotherhood; and the novice and the lay-brother were often told why this baron bestowed the rich farm, and why it was leased to such a knight; why this lady founded an altar and a chaplaincy; and why such a burgess was commemorated with a double lection. Every name in the registry was made the text of some grave homily, or recalled some story, kept alive, not only by being repeated on every recurring anniversary, among the habitual sitters round the refectory fire, and amongst the pacers in the cloisters, but by being told to the knights and squires who used the monastery as an inn, and to the pilgrims and visitors from other religious houses, who there claimed charitable hospitality."

This work of Grace, forming the first of the Society's series of the Latin Annals of Ireland, has been admirably translated and edited by the Rev. Richard Butler, who is deeply versed in the original sources of Anglo-Irish history.

An insult offered to Congal, Prince of Ulster, at a banquet held by Donal, King of Ireland, in his newly erected fort of *Dun na n-Gedh*, or the "Dun of the Spears," on the south side of the river Boyne, near the great Pagan tumulus of Dowth, is supposed to have led to the battle fought A.D. 637, at *Magh Rath* (the Plain of the Rath) or Moira, in the county of Down; in which, according to the prediction of St. Columba, a large number of Britons, Picts, and Albanian Scots were defeated by the men of Erin, after a sanguinary engagement for six days. "This," says a learned writer of the last century, "is one of the most important events in Scottish history; and yet, through the destruction of records, in the time of Edward I., the latter historians of North Britain were strangers to it." The bardic accounts of this battle, and of the banquet by which it was caused, form the third of the Society's volumes.* It would be difficult to over-estimate the historic value of such documents; the numerous particulars they contain of the manners and customs of the old Celtic tribes, together

* *The Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath; an ancient Historical Tale. Now first published, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. With a Translation and Notes, by John O'Donovan. Dublin: for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1842.*

with their minute descriptions of persons, costumes, arms, and all other details connected with the events to which they relate, are so interesting and important, that we trust our literary antiquaries will see the propriety of directing their attention to the publication of a series of the ancient historic tales* of the Irish, numbers of which are still preserved, signally disproving the flippant assertion, that no materials exist for a civil history of the country, before the arrival of the Anglo-Normans.

* One of the most important of the ancient Irish historic tales is the "*Tain bo Cuailgne*," or "Narration of the Cattle-spoil of Collon," in the present County of Louth. This document, according to Mr. Curry, is as old as the seventh century, as is evident from the character of the language, manners, customs, and habits of the people mentioned in it; and it contains no reference whatever to anything Christian. A fine copy of this tract is preserved in the "*Leabhar na h-Uidhre*," or the "Book of the Dun Cow," now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. This "Book" was written early in the twelfth century; the writer of it died in the year 1106, and he only compiled it from other works, which he quotes; as, for instance, the "Book of Drom Sneacht," compiled before A.D. 400; the "*Leabhar Buidhe*" or "Yellow Book of Slane;" the "Book of Glengiven," and others. The "Book of the Dun Cow," (so called, because the vellum on which part of it is written was made from the hide of the *Dun Cow* of St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois,) passed into the possession of the clan of O'Donel of Donegal. There is a memorandum in the book itself, written in the year 1345, which says that it was then in the hands of the O'Connor of Sligo, and that he had obtained it in ransom for John O'Docharty, chieftain of Ardmire, in the County of Donegal, whom he had taken prisoner. There is also a subsequent entry, written in 1470, which says—"Pray for Hugh O'Donnel, who forcibly took this book from the men of Connacht, after they had held it during the reigns of ten Kings of Sligo." "It is much to be lamented," says the late erudite George Ellis, "that the Irish antiquaries should neglect to give us a series of their ancient popular tales, with a simple and literal English translation." Such a publication would, we may observe, tend to throw light on the history of European romantic fiction, the origin of which has been hitherto conjecturally, and, as it is admitted, without sufficient foundation, ascribed by Mallet and Percy to the Danes, and by Salmasius and Warton to the Saracens. Documents are, however, preserved, written at a very remote period, which tell us that "the four higher orders of the Irish poets, namely, the *Ollamh*, *Anruth*, *Ch*, and *Cano*, were obliged to have seven times fifty *chief stories*, and twice fifty *sub-stories*, to repeat for kings and chieftains." The subjects of the chief stories were demolitions, cattle-spoils, courtships, battles, caves, voyages, tragedies, feasts, sieges, adventures, elopements and plunders. The particular titles of these tales are given in a vellum manuscript of the twelfth century, now in the Library of the University of Dublin. The foreign philologists, it may be added, have been unable satisfactorily to decide on the etymon of the name of the species of romance called *lai*, which, according to Le Grand, differed from the "*Fabliaux*," in being interspersed with musical interludes. This word seems, however, to correspond exactly with the Celtic noun *laoi* (pronounced *lee*), which is applied by the native Irish to compositions similar to those referred to by the French writer.

Dymmok's "Treatice"* furnishes us with an excellent account of the state of the country in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and contains some valuable statistical information relative to the number of the English and native forces. The original journals appended of the military operations in the year 1599, form excellent counterparts to the history of the same events given by the Irish annalists.

The short annals,† said by Ware to have been compiled at the Abbey of Multifernan, in Westmeath, extend to the year 1264, and are generally believed to be the oldest Latin annals of Ireland extant.

Of the numerous unpublished Irish legislative enactments, one of the greatest importance, in its own day, and probably still the most interesting to the student of our history, is the celebrated "Statute‡ of Kilkenny;" so called from having been enacted at a parliament held in that town, in the year 1367, by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward the Third of England. The object of this statute was to regulate the internal government of the English colony, and to arrest the decay into which the "Pale"§ was rapidly falling. For at this period, says our authority, "many of the English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, modes of riding, laws and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of the Irish enemy; and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemy aforesaid; whereby the said land and the liege people thereof, the English language, the allegiance due to our lord the King, and the English laws, these are put in subjection and

* *A Treatise of Ireland, by John Dymmok. Now first published, from a Manuscript preserved in the British Museum. With Notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler, A.B., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1842.

† *Annales de Monte Fernandi (Annals of Multifernan). Edited by Aquilla Smith, M.D., M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1842.

‡ *A Statute of the fortieth year of King Edward III., enacted in a Parliament, held in Kilkenny, A. D. 1367, before Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Now first printed, from a Manuscript in the Library of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth; with a Translation and Notes, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A.* Dublin: for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1843.

§ The Pale, so frequently referred to, was the small tract around Dublin; and the only portion of Ireland in which, till the seventeenth century, the English power was fully acknowledged.

decayed, and the Irish enemy exalted and raised up, contrary to reason." All commerce and connections with the natives were accordingly rendered penal, and in fact, the "Statute of Kilkenny" may be regarded as an open declaration of perpetual hostility against the persons, language, and customs of the Irish; a measure which the English government was totally incompetent to enforce. The very town of Kilkenny, in which the Parliament sat, being for its own protection, obliged to pay a heavy annual tribute to the surrounding native chieftains; and the principal Anglo-Norman Nobles continued to contract friendship and alliances with the Irish. And, says the contemporary native writer, "the old chieftains of Eria prospered under those princely English lords, who were our chief rulers, and who had given up their foreignness for a pure mind, their surliness for good manners, their stubbornness for sweet mildness, and who had relinquished their perverseness for hospitality."

Mr. James Hardiman's intimate acquaintance with the manuscript Irish records enabled him to illustrate this singular "Statute" in a most attractive and interesting manner; his annotations forcibly demonstrate the value and importance of ancient legal documents as materials for a country's history.

Hy-Many* or Maine's territory, extended in ancient times from Clontuskert, near Lanesborough, in the county of Roscommon, southwards to the boundary of Thomond or the county of Clare, and from Athlone westwards, to Sefin and Athenry, in the present county of Galway. This district took its name from the chieftain Maine "*Mor*," or "*the Great*," head of a colony which, in the fifth century, migrated from Oriel in Ulster, seized the territory referred to, and reduced its old Fir-Bolgic or Belgic inhabitants to servitude. The semi-mythic account of this migration, given in the life of Saint Greallan, patron of Hy-Many, is a most singular and interesting illustration of the customs and superstitions of the old Irish clans.

The Clan Kelly, chief tribe of this region, took its name from Maine's descendant *Cellach*, (i. e., *the church founder*,) who flourished

* *The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country. Now first published from the Book of Lecan, a Manuscript in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy; with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Many, by John O'Donovan.* Dublin: for the Irish Archaeol. Society. 1843.

in the ninth century; the present appellation O'Kelly being a corruption of the Celtic words *Ui Cellach*, signifying literally, the descendants of Cellach.

The other chief families of Hy-Many, Mac Eochada or Keogh,* O'Madden, O'Neachtain or Naghten, O'Maeilalaidh or Lally, Mac Aedhagain or Egan, and Mac Cnaimhin or Mac Nevin, held certain hereditary offices under the head of the district; and one of the most valuable portions of the document before us is that which gives the details of the singular Celtic government and laws of "O'Kelly's Country," before the coming of the stranger. Of the many eminent men sprung from the chief family of this district, we may mention Colonel Charles O'Kelly, a distinguished officer, and author of the "*Macaria Excidium*," noticed at page 452 of the present paper. Sir William O'Kelly, of Aughrim, who was appointed in 1699, by the Emperor Leopold, to the chairs of Philosophy and History, and chosen by the Austrian states, as head of their new College at Vienna; Count Palatine, King-at-arms, and Poet-Laureat, to three successive Emperors. Baron O'Kelly, of the branch of Lisgallen, was Major-General under the famous Marshal Count Daun, at whose victory over Frederick the Great of Prussia, on 18th June, 1757, in the battle of Cotchemitz, or Kolin, the Irish Major-General was selected by the Austrian Marshal, to carry the account of his success to Vienna.† Count O'Kelly of Aughrim, "ancien employé du Conseil Suprême de Noblesse du Royaume des Pays Bas," has displayed much elegant erudition in his "*Essai historique sur l'Irlande*," published at Brussels, in 1837.

The family of Lally de Tollendal,‡ so celebrated in modern history,

* The father of our eloquent member for Athlone is at present the principal representative of this once powerful clan.

† This eminent officer was afterwards advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and died in 1767. His wife, we may here remark, was the Countess de Marcolini, a favorite of, and maid of honor to, the Empress Maria Theresa; her only daughter, Mademoiselle O'Kelly, was one of the youthful companions of, or in other words, brought up with, the daughter of the empress, Marie Antoinette (afterwards Queen of France), and finally married her own cousin, le Comte de Marcolini. As a curious specimen of minute investigation and research, we would desire to refer the reader to Note ii. of Mr. O'Callaghan's "*Macaria Excidium*," in which a list is given of all the officers of the name of O'Kelly in the army of King James.

‡ The head of this family, an officer in the Irish army of King James II. retired to France after the Capitulation of Limerick. His son, the Count

descended from the old warlike sept of O'Macilalaidh (*O'Mullally*), of Hy-Many, and took its title from the castle of Tolendal (*Tulach na Dala*, or *The Hill of the Meeting*), four miles from Tuam. That enlightened philanthropist, the Rev. Samuel Madden, founder of the Royal Dublin Society, and of the "Madden Premiums," for the encouragement of learning in the University of Dublin, and "whose name," said Dr. Johnson, "Ireland ought to honour," is supposed to have also descended from one of the old tribes of "O'Kelly's country." He was, indeed, a worthy representative of Owen O'Madden, head of

Lally de Tollendal, became Viceroy of India, and Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Esprit. In 1760 he maintained for eight months the town of Pondicherry against the English, under their gallant Irish General, Sir Eyre Coote, to whom he capitulated, after exerting every expedient which skill or valour could suggest. In 1766, the Count de Tollendal was, by an infamous and illegal arrêt, hurried to the scaffold, with more than savage barbarity. His son, who at that period was studying, under the name of Trophime, at the Collège d'Harcourt, was only acquainted with the secret of his birth at the very moment he was about to be deprived of his parent. On this painful subject he expresses himself as follows:—"Je n'ai appris le nom de ma mère que plus de quatre ans après l'avoir perdue, celui de mon père, qu'un seul jour avant de le perdre; j'ai couru pour lui porter mon premier hommage et mon éternel adieu, pour lui faire entendre au moins la voix d'un fils parmi les cris de ses bourreaux, pour l'embrasser du moins sur l'échafaud où il allait périr. J'ai couru vainement—on avait, bûté l'instant. Je n'ai plus trouvé mon père; je n'ai vu que la trace de son sang." After this dreadful event young Lally continued for some time to pursue his studies at the same college, under the inspection of his cousin, Mademoiselle Dillon. Having conceived the determination to obtain the reversal of his father's attainder, he incessantly pursued that object, and finally succeeded. His eloquence, filial piety, and the energy of his pleadings, having interested in his favour the most illustrious persons of his time, and amongst the rest Voltaire, who receiving the intelligence of his friend's success, became reanimated for an instant, on the bed of death, and wrote the following billet to Lally:—

"Le mourant ressuscite en apprenant cette grande nouvelle: il embrasse bien tendrement M. de Lally; il voit que le roi est le défenseur de la justice, il mourra content.—26 Mai, 1778." These were the last lines ever penned by the great French author, "who," says a late writer, "was ever a friend to virtue in distress."

Lally Tollendal is regarded as one of the early and rational friends of freedom in France. Endeavouring to arrest the atrocities of the Revolution, in preparing which he had been no inconsiderable actor, he did not hesitate to attack Mirabeau himself, to whom he addressed that memorable sentence—"On peut avoir de l'esprit de grandes idées..et être un tyran." We will not here further pursue the history of this illustrious descendant of the old Irish clan of the "O'Mullallys of the heavy blows." He died in 1830, a Peer of France and Member of the Royal French Academy, of which, we are told, he was a distinguished ornament, both from the high merit of his numerous literary productions, as well as from his splendid original talents.

the tribe in the fourteenth century, and who, according to the old Irish chronicler, was famed for "the splendour of his hospitality to the great and the humble, for there was not a house which the English chieftains wished more to frequent than the house of Owen, from their knowledge alike of his truth and hospitality, and from the splendour of his mansion to receive them; for this fair prince erected for a habitation a strong castle of stone and fine timber, the like of which had not been erected by any sub-chief in Erin. He also repaired the churches of the country in general, and he taught truth to its chieftains, and kept his people from treachery and fratricide, and checked their evil customs and dissensions, and taught charity and humanity in his goodly districts."

The Mortiloge* of Christ Church, Dublin, contains a catalogue of the various benefactors to that monastic institution, before the Reformation, arranged according to the days of the year on which their deaths took place. In general the gifts bestowed are particularized, and afford curious information relative to the social state of the people. The donations consisted of houses, lands, vestments, plate, and money. A few of the entries will serve to give an idea of the general character of the "Mortiloge." Gerald, Earl of Kildare, we are told, presented, among other articles, his best cloak, of purple cloth of gold, to make vestments. John Dowgan, merchant, bequeathed a silver bowl, weighing twenty-two ounces, with directions to have it fashioned into a chalice; and Thomas Montayng restored, without payment, the Mass-book of St. Mary's chapel, which had been pledged with him for thirteen shillings and four pence.

All the gifts were carefully registered and the prayers of the community offered regularly for the welfare of the pious donors. "Nor was it only gratitude, and the wish to maintain the credit of their house before the visitors, that induced the monks to fill up in conversation the bare outline of their registers with traditional his-

* *The Book of Obits and Martyrology of the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church, Dublin. Edited, from the Original Manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, by John Clarke Crosthwaite, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin, Rector of St. Mary-at-Hill, and St. Andrew Hubbard, London. With an Introduction, by James Henthorn Todd, D.D., V.P.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1844.*

tories; many of them had the strong interest of relationship, or of family dependence, connected with the names recorded; and it was pleasant to tell how their fathers had fought in the battle in which their benefactor was killed, whose tomb was in the choir, and whose death was in the Mortilogé. With respect, then, to occurrences in its own neighbourhood, or referring to its special benefactors, the date and the succession was almost all that was wanted by the inmates of a religious house, and these were supplied by the drier of their chronicles; the cloister tradition supplied the rest, giving to the merest outline fulness of detail and depth of colouring."

The Martyrology is an abridgement of Ado's, that in general use at the period, among religious orders, with the addition of several Irish saints; this, to us the most important part of the work, has been fully and admirably illustrated by the Rev. J. H. Todd, from the Irish manuscript sources, and especially from the singular document known as the *Festology of St. Oengus Cele De*,* or, "*Oengus, the Servant of God.*"

In the introduction we find a vast amount of hagiographical erudition, without which many portions of the compilation would be of little service to the ordinary student. The "*Book of Christ Church*" is the only Irish monastic ritual yet published: the typography of

* This is a metrical account of the lives of Irish Saints, compiled in the ninth century by Oengus, who was for some time a monk of the celebrated Abbey of Tamhlacht, or Tallaght, near Dublin, and was surnamed *Cele De*, (or Servant of God,) from his great devotion and sanctity. The *Felire* is written in *Rinn-ard* (the high-pointed metre) consisting of six syllables in every verse, or twelve in every half *rann* or quatrain. Of this kind of verse there are three different varieties to be found in the works of the more ancient Irish poets. Oengus was the author of many other works relating to the history of the Saints of Ireland, "all of which," says Dr. Todd, "are still extant, but, to the disgrace of this country, extant only in manuscripts, which, in another generation, will probably become illegible, or at least the ample means we now possess for illustrating and translating them will be seriously diminished, if not wholly lost." The researches of the Secretary of our Archaeological Society have lately brought to light a manuscript copy of high antiquity, and in beautiful preservation, of that important work, which has caused so much discussion, entitled "*Saltair na Rann*," or the "*Psalter of the Poems*," the publication of which would be of the highest value to the lexicographer and the philologist.

Oengus *Cele De* is commemorated in the Irish calendar on the 18th February, and is one of the many native Saints of the old Irish church. He must not, however, be confounded with "*the Culdees*," "who," says Bishop Keith, "were apparently, from Columba's time to the twelfth century, the only monks and clergy in Scotland, and all Irish."

this volume is the most exquisite specimen of the art, hitherto executed in Ireland; and its calendars and rubrics rival in beauty and brilliancy the productions of the world-famed press of Hanicq, of Mechlin.

The Priory of "All Hallows" or All Saints, founded in the twelfth century, by the notorious Dermot Mac Murchad, King of Leinster, stood on the ground now occupied by the University of Dublin. On the dissolution of the religious houses, in the reign of Henry VIII., that king granted the buildings and site of this establishment to the citizens of Dublin, who, in 1592, transferred it to their Archbishop, Adam Loftus, for the purpose of erecting an University, then and since styled "the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin." The documents printed in the volume before us* relate exclusively to the property and affairs of the monastery, and must ever prove deeply interesting to the local antiquarian.

The present baronies of Carra, Erris, and Tirawly, in the County of Mayo, and the barony of Tireragh, in the County of Sligo, were formerly known as *Tír Fhiachrach*, or Tireragh,† signifying the Land of the Sons of Fiachra, who was king of Connacht in the fourth century.

This territory was originally possessed by the clans of O'Dowda, O'Shaughnessy, O'Clerigh, and Mac Fírbis: the two latter families were the hereditary antiquarians and historians of the district, and to their labours we are indebted for the preservation of many of our most important historical documents.

The O'Dowdas, who take that name from their ancestor, *Dubhda*, signifying literally "*the Dark Hero*," were the chiefs of Tireragh; and have been ever distinguished by their gigantic stature and intrepidity. In the last century, members of this family were, for their eminent military services abroad, advanced to the rank of nobles, in

* *Registrum Prioratús Omnium Sanctorum juxta Dublin.* Edited, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; with Additions from other sources, and Notes by the Rev. Richard Butler, M.R.I.A. Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1845.

† *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of Hy-Fiachrach, commonly called O'Dowda's Country.* Now first published, from the Book of Lecan, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and from the Genealogical MS. of Duaid Mac Fírbis, in the library of Lord Roden; with a Translation and Notes, and a Map of Hy-Fiachrach, by John O'Donovan. Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1844.

Venice and in Germany. The present representatives of the clan are Tadhg or Thaddæus O'Dowda, Esq., of Bunnyconnellan, in the county of Mayo, and Robert O'Dowda, Esq., Registrar of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

The clan of O'Shaughnessy, in old times, held extensive possessions at and near Gort. A Latin author of the last century, speaking of them, says—"Little must he know of Ireland who hath not heard of the antiquity, grandeur, and loyalty of this great family." Descended from Guaire,* surnamed the "hospitable," king of Connacht in the seventh century, they were ever remarkable for their munificence and liberality; and a writer who travelled through Ireland and the Continent, in the times of Charles the First, tells us, that the O'Shaughnessys then excelled in elegant hospitality all the nobility of Connacht, with the sole exception of the Marquis of Clan-Ricard. The lands of the O'Shaughnessys, forfeited in consequence of their attachment to the cause of King James the Second, were granted, for a term of years, by William III., to Sir Thomas Prendergast, whose character has been depicted, by Swift,† in the darkest colours, as a sordid betrayer of his friends, and a relentless persecutor of the Clergy of the Established Church. Owing to this loss, William O'Shaughnessy entered the French service, where he died in 1744, having attained to the rank of Colonel. On his death, his cousin, Colman O'Shaughnessy, titular Bishop of Ossory, essayed at law to recover the property of his ancestors. The suit was continued by his brother Robuck,‡ whose son Joseph, assisted by his relatives, took forcible possession of the mansion-house of Gort; on which occasion the bells of Athenry and of Galway were rung for joy. The whole clan believed that the strangers were defeated; and the Irish poets of the locality sung that the rightful heir was restored, and that the old splendour of the O'Shaughnessys was about to be renewed in the halls of their fathers. This triumph was, however, but of short duration: all the efforts of the O'Shaughnessys were rendered abortive by the influence of Prendergast's representatives, who re-

* "*Co fial le Guaire*," "Hospitable as Guaire," is a proverb in constant use among the Irish peasantry.

† See the "*Legion Club*."

‡ This name is a corruption of the Irish *Reabhach*, which is almost synonymous with *Dathi*, and signifies one expert in feats of arms.

obtained possession; and are said, for carrying on their suit, to have borrowed eight thousand pounds from Lord Chancellor Mansfield, which sum was charged on, and paid by, the estate. Having been thus stripped of their inheritance, the old clan of O'Shaughnessy sunk into obscurity. A few months ago, the Gort property was wrested from its late proprietors by the "Incumbered Estates Commission," which is effectively fulfilling the predictions of the Irish Jacobite poets, who never ceased to sing "that Providence would only suffer the foreign churls, who had usurped the lands of the old English and of the noble Gaels of Erin, to hold their white mansions transiently."*

To the O'Clerighs we owe many valuable Irish historical compilations, one of the most important of which is the work known as "The Annals of the Four Masters," so called from the number of antiquarians engaged in its production. This great body of annals, the most complete of which any northern European country can boast, is the only work extant which furnishes us with the history of the great Celtic tribes or families who, from the most remote times until the dissolution of the last remnant of the clan system, in the seventeenth century, constituted the old Irish nation—the vestiges of whose ancient greatness are still preserved in the names of almost every hill, river, and townland in our country.

The family of Mac Firbis of Tireragh did infinite service to Celtic literature by their collections of ancient legal and historical documents, the most important of which are, the *Leabhar Buidhe*, or "Yellow Book," the "Great Book of Leacan," or Lacken, and the "Book of Mac Firbis," copies of which invaluable manuscripts are now in the splendid library of the Royal Irish Academy. This race

* This sentiment pervades all the Irish Jacobite poems. The following stanza is taken from "The Vision of Conor O'Riordan," written about 1760, to the beautiful Munster air of "*An Spealadoir*," or "The Mower:"

"A woeftul day, a dismal fate,
Will overtake your foes,
Grey hairs, the curses of deep hate,
And sickness, and all woes!
Death will bestride them in the night—
Their every hope shall meet with blight
And God will put to utter flight
Their long-enjoyed repose!

For further illustrations of this feeling among the native Irish, and which became extinct after the relaxation of the Penal Code, in 1793, the reader is referred to "*The Poets and Poetry of Munster*," by J. O'Daly. 12mo. Dublin: 1850.

of hereditary historians became extinct in 1670, by the murder of Duaid Mac Fírbia, at Dun-Flin, in Sligo. He was the author of the account of Tireragh, printed by the Irish Archaeological Society, and of many other unpublished works, which show how deservedly he has been styled the most learned Irish antiquary of his time. One of the most interesting portions of the volume before us is that which treats of the ancient manner of inaugurating the Irish Chieftains, a subject hitherto involved in the greatest obscurity. The editor has, however, in his appendix, brought together all the historic evidence bearing on this curious point,* and fully succeeded in giving us a view of the strange ceremonies performed on the occasion of electing a Chief: who, in times of peace, was to govern the tribe according to the laws of the *Brehons*, and under whose satin banner

* The following poetical version of that part of the above work which relates to the inauguration of the Chief of the O'Neill, at the rath of Tulach Og (*the Hill of the Youths*), now Tullyhawk, in Tyrone, is from the pen of the late Mr. T. Davis, of Dublin:—

"Come, leek on the pomp when they 'make an O'Neill;
The muster of dynasts—O'Hagan, O'Shell,
O'Cahan, O'Hanlon, O'Breathin, and all,
From gentle Ard Uladh to rude Donegal:
Saint Patrick's successor, with bishops thirteen,
And ollavs, and brehons, and minstrels are seen,
Round Tulach Og Rath, like bees in the spring,
All swarming to honor a 'True Irish King.'

"Unsaddled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,
Like a 'pillar-stone' fixed against every shock.
Round, round is the Rath, on a far-seeing hill;
Like his blameless honor and vigilant will.
The grey-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
Have been crowned on the 'Rath of the Kings' heretofore;
While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
Are the dynasts and priests, round the 'True Irish King!'

"The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
His *spies* and his sword are unbuckled, to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
And O'Cahan proclaims him 'A True Irish King.'

"Thrice looked he to heaven, with thanks and with prayer—
Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—
To the waves of Loch Neagh, the heights of Straban;
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—
One clash on their bucklers!—one more!—they are still—
What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?
Why gaze they above him?—a war-eagle's wing!
'Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for the 'True Irish King.'

"God aid him! God save him!—and smite on his reign—
The terror of England—the ally of Spain.
May his sword be triumphant o'er Samanach arts!
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands and true hearts!
May the course of his conquest run on till he see
The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!
May minstrels for ever his victories sing,
And saints make the bed of the 'True Irish King!'"

the clansmen were bound to march to the field of battle, when "their own danger and the fear for their possessions" drove "the noble tribes of sharp-spears" to take up arms for the "fertile, warm, music-loving old land of Erin."^{*}

On an incident recorded in this work Mr. S. Ferguson has founded his inimitable ballad of the "Welshmen of Tirawly;" and we may observe, that in these old Irish historical writers is to be found a vast fund of materials most attractive to the accomplished balladist; for a confirmation of which it is only necessary to refer to Mr. D. F. Mac Carthy's admirable poems,[†] entitled "The Foray of Con O'Donnel," and "The Voyage of St. Brendan;" and to several exquisite verses on Irish subjects, written by the late Clarence Mangan and Edward Walsh.

This edition of the treatise on Hy-Fiachrach, the largest and most elaborately illustrated of the Society's Irish publications, would, had he not, fortunately for our historic literature, achieved much greater works,[‡] be sufficient to entitle Dr. John O'Donovan to the character of the most erudite Hiberno-Celtic scholar and literary antiquary yet produced by this country.

Roderick O'Flaherty, "to whom," says the venerable Charles O'Connor, "this kingdom cannot too much express its obligations," is known to the learned world by his Latin volume, entitled "*Ogygia, seu Rerum Hibernicarum Chronologia*," published in 1685, and dedicated to James, Duke of York. Written in an elegant and vigorous classic style, the only work of its time which gives accurate information relative to the ancient history of Ireland, compiled from original manuscripts, and exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the writers of ancient and modern ages, this book soon acquired a considerable reputation, and is quoted by almost every foreign author who treats of early Irish history. Dr. Smith, in his catalogue of the Cotton Library, commended our author for his learning and accuracy; as did also that famous scholar, Edward Lhuyd, in the preface to his "*Archæologia*." Our ablest antiqua-

^{*} *Fearfeasa O Cainte*, Poeta Hibern. Sæc. xvii.

[†] "Poems of D. F. M'Carthy." 12mo. Dublin: 1850.

[‡] It will be scarcely necessary for us to refer here to Dr. O'Donovan's "Grammar of the Irish Language," 8vo, Dublin, 1849; and his great National work, "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters." 7 vols. 4to. Dublin: 1851.

rians since that time have admitted that, in it, he has given "secure anchorage" to Irish history. "He has settled the chronology of the Christian ages in Ireland with the greatest accuracy; and even that of Scotland so precisely, that he may justly be esteemed the first chronologer of the affairs of that kingdom." Stripped of his property by the Cromwellians, and only able to recover five hundred acres of his vast estate, after the Restoration, O'Flaherty applied the greater part of his time to the study of the history of his country. He was, however, fortunate enough to possess the intimate friendship of Mac Firbis and Dr. John Lynch, the two most eminent Irish antiquarians of the seventeenth century.

It is much to be regretted that the manuscript of the "Ogygia Christiana," or annals of Ireland from the reception of Christianity, and on which O'Flaherty expended much time and labour, should have been lost; but it may, we trust, be yet brought to light—a hope which is strengthened by the recollection that it was only in the middle of the last century his "Vindication of the Ogygia" was recovered, and published by O'Connor. The work under our consideration at present is O'Flaherty's description of H-Iar, or West Connacht,* first published by the Irish Archaeological Society, and supposed to be one of the many similar chorographical treatises compiled late in the seventeenth century, for the illustration of Sir William Petty's Survey of Ireland. The contents of this document may be described as follows:—"After a general view of the boundaries, extent, and baronies of H-Iar Connacht, the author defines its borders, beginning with Loch Measg (Mask), in the north of the barony of Ross, and proceeding by the eastern limits, towards the south, including Loch Orbsen (Corrib), he turns to the west by the bay of Galway, and thence continues northward, along the shores of the Atlantic, to the Killary harbour, which flows inland, in the direction of Loch Measg, where he began. A general description is then given of the state and appearance of the interior; its mountains, mines, woods, soil, rivers, and lakes; the bays and harbours round the coast; the productions of the country, as fish,

* *A Chorographical Description of West or H-Iar Connacht, written A.D. 1684, by Roderick O'Flaherty, author of the "Ogygia."* Edited, from a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. Dublin: for the I.A.S. 1846.

fowl, beasts, &c.; the ruins of ancient churches, chapels, and other religious places; and finally, the natural disposition of the natives. After which the two great lakes, Measg and Orbsen, with some of the islands in the latter, are particularly described; the river, town, and bay of Galway; the half barony of Ross, the barony of Moycullen, the three islands of Aran, and the barony of Ballynahinch, which completes the district."

The principal tribe at an early period in Connacht, was that of the *Ui Flaithbheartaigh* or sons of Flaherty, said to descend from Duach, the Pagan King of Connacht, in the third century, who was surnamed *Teangumha*, from the dulcet tones of his voice. "For," says the old Irish chronicler, "the music of the harp was not sweeter than the sound of his words." In the ninth century, and for long after, this clan dwelt to the east of the great lake Orbsen, or Loch Corrib, on the fertile plains of Moy Seola, now forming the barony of Clare, but which anciently included the district surrounding the present town of Galway. Here they continued to dwell, despite the hostile incursions of the surrounding septa, until the thirteenth century, when, having been driven out by the O'Conors and De Burgha, they crossed Loch Orbsen, and took possession of these districts, extending from the western banks of that lake to the shores of the Atlantic, and to which the name of H-Iar, or West Connacht, has been in after ages exclusively applied. There, in course of time, they acquired greater power than they had ever attained in their ancient inheritance.* Separated from the rest of the kingdom in their peninsulated, and then almost inaccessible district, they interfered but little in the external transactions of the province, and lived on terms of amity and united defence with their neighbours, the ancient clan *Maille*, or O'Malleys.

"Until late in the sixteenth century," says the editor, "the Eng-

* The clan of O'Halloran was intimately connected with that of O'Flaherty, and migrated with it to Iar-Connacht. From this family Sylvester O'Halloran, the eminent Limerick surgeon, and author of several works on Irish history, is erroneously supposed to have descended. We may add that all the Blakes of Galway are said to descend from Richard Caddle, surnamed *Niger* or *Blacke*, Sheriff of Connacht in 1306, and Bailiff of Galway under Richard De Burgo, the "*Red Earl*" of Ulster, in 1312.

lish knew as little of Iar-Connacht, or its people, as did their forefathers, in the days of Sir John Maundevyle, of the lands of Prestre John, or the men of Inde." Leonard, Lord Gray, towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., was the first Deputy of Ireland who ventured to approach these western regions. With him Hugh O'Flaherty entered into a compact to pay an annual sum to the king of one hundred shillings and one hundred pence, and to furnish, when required, forty well-armed kerns. In the reign of Elizabeth, Murrogh *na d-tuagh*, or "of the battle-axes," was appointed by the English as head of the O'Flahertys. His clansmen, however, became alienated from him for joining "the Queen of the strangers," and presuming, under pretence of her authority, which they despised, to claim power over Donall, surnamed *Cron*, or the *swarthy* O'Flaherty, the legitimate chief of the tribe, whom they all acknowledged. The "Queen's O'Flaherty" continued to be of considerable importance for some time, and received the honour of knighthood, to which it was contemplated to add the further dignity of a peerage; but, having lost his influence with his countrymen, by his connection with the foreigners, he was allowed to sink into obscurity, without receiving the promised ennoblement. In the wars of 1642, the O'Flahertys joined the rest of their countrymen in the royal or national cause, and the consequent forfeitures deprived them of their ancient property. In the seventeenth century, the entire territory of West Connacht was confiscated, and such of the O'Flahertys as survived war and famine were thrown landless on the world. The country was parcelled out, and after the Restoration was granted to several patentees. The principal of these were the Earl of Clan-Ricard; Richard Martin of Dangan; John Browne, ancestor of the Marquis of Sligo; the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; the Archbishop of Tuam; Sir George Bingham, of Castlebar; several descendants of the wealthy burghers of Galway, and others. The most extensive of these grantees was Richard Martin, Esq., "a ranke Papiste;" but, so far as the acquisition of property was concerned, one of the most remarkable men of his time. He joined, or rather was obliged to join, the Irish army of James II., in which he was appointed captain of foot; he afterwards submitted to William III., and obtained a free and general pardon.

"In conclusion," says the editor, "it may be observed, that although West-Connacht, which equals in size some of our Irish counties, was wrested from the O'Flahertys, and transferred to new masters in the seventeenth century, it remains to this day, with all its natural advantages, one of the least improved and least productive portions of the same extent in Ireland. Hence the poet has sarcastically pointed to

" 'The houseless wilds of Connamara.' "

Mr. Hardiman, whose name has been long and honorably associated with the higher branches of Irish historical literature, has edited the treatise on Iar-Connacht in a most ample and attractive manner. He appears for this purpose to have carefully examined all the manuscript authorities; and among his illustrations will be found numerous original documents of the greatest interest—from the Papal Bulls relative to the ancient ecclesiastical affairs of the district, to the curious will of "nimble Dick Martin." He has thus succeeded in giving an accurate picture of the men and manners in former days of that great province, of whose history and antiquities he is naturally looked on as the guardian, and in which some of the most important events in our annals were transacted.

In 1846 appeared the Society's "*Miscellany*,"* the principal contents of which are:—An Irish Poem, attributed to St. Columba or Colum-Cille, a valuable specimen of the Irish language at a remote period. "De Concilio Hiberniæ," A.D. 1297, the earliest known record of an Anglo-Irish Parliament. An elegant and pathetic poem by the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," in which he states his reasons for not returning to his native land. The Obits of the Carmelite Monastery of Kil-Cormick, now Frankfort, in the King's County. The Irish Charters from the "*Book of Kells*,"† relative to the pro-

* *The Miscellany of the Irish Archaeological Society*, vol. i. Dublin: for the I. A. S. 1846.

† This venerable and splendid volume is now preserved among the manuscripts of the University of Dublin. "Ireland," says a late English writer, "may justly be proud of the 'Book of Kells.' This copy of the Gospels, traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence, far excelling, in the gigantic size of the letters in the frontispiece of the Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details, the number of its decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of initial capital letters,

perty of the monastery of that town, within the latter part of the twelfth century, and exceedingly interesting to the historian, as proving that the ancient Irish had committed their covenants to writing in their own language, before the Anglo-Norman invasion, and that their chiefs, though not succeeding according to the law of primogeniture, claimed the right of binding their successors to covenants lawfully made by them. According to Dr. O'Donovan, we may clearly infer from some entries in the "*Book of Armagh*," that deeds of contract, and even of sale of lands, were committed to writing from the earliest ages of Christianity in Ireland.

Amongst other documents in the "*Miscellany*" we may notice Dr. Thomas Molyneux's Account of his Journey into Connacht in 1709; a Letter from Oliver Cromwell to his son, Harry Cromwell,

with which every page is ornamented, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne, in the Cottonian Library. But this manuscript is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in a style totally unlike that of every other school, and of which I believe the only other specimens are to be found in the Psalter of St. John's College, Cambridge, and at St. Gall; the latter, however, being far inferior in execution to those in the '*Book of Kells*.' The various readings of this manuscript are as important as its ornamental details, and in it is to be found the celebrated passage asserting the divinity of the Holy Ghost, which has hitherto been considered as unique in the Silver Gospels, at Vercelli. It occurs in St. John iii. 5, 6, (fo. 297, v.) These words were struck out by the Arians, and Father Simon asserted that there was no Latin manuscript in existence in which they were to be found."—*Palæographia Sacra Pictoria*, by I. O. Westwood, F.L.S. London, 1845. This learned writer also tells us, that "at a period, when the fine arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the Continent—namely, from the fifth to the end of the eighth century—a style of art had been established and cultivated in Ireland, absolutely distinct from that of all other parts of the civilized world. There is abundant evidence to prove that in the sixth and seventh centuries the art of ornamenting manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures, and especially of the Gospels, had attained a perfection in Ireland almost marvellous, and which in after ages was adopted and imitated by the Continental schools visited by the Irish missionaries. Several of the finest fac-similes given by Axle as Anglo-Saxon, are from Irish manuscripts; and thus Sylvestre, who has copied them, has fallen into the same error; whilst Wanley, Casley, and others, appear never to have had a suspicion of the existence of an ancient school of art in Ireland."

In the year 1849, Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort, inscribed their autographs in the "*Book of Kells*." This venerable volume, we may add, was in existence centuries before the first of Her Majesty's ancestors ascended the English throne; and is credibly believed to have been the companion of Columba or Colum-Cille, the Irish Saint who first spread the light of the Gospel through the Pagan districts of Scotland.

Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, A. D. 1656; and the Annals of Ireland from 1443 to 1468, translated into English by Duall Mac Firbis, from an Irish original, now unknown. One of the most interesting papers in the volume is a genealogical sketch of a branch of the old family of Lynch, who first settled in Galway* towards the close of the thirteenth century; and becoming closely identified with the interests of the town, appear from that period as the most important of its burgesses. Owing to their influence Henry VII. granted letters patent, empowering the citizens to elect a mayor, "to be their head and chieftain," which office was almost always filled by the Lynchs. In the fifteenth century we are told, that James Lynch Fitz-Stephen "gott his own son hanged out of one of the windows of his house for having committed murther, and broken trust towards a stranger, for to be an example of sincere fidelity to all posterity." On this incident the Rev. Edward Groves has founded his admirable melodrama of the "Warden of Galway." In 1529, it was ordained "that all ships, with a Lynch† in any of them, that entered into the haven of Galway, should shoot their great cannons at their passing by the black rock;" and "this custom," says the old writer, "is observed to this very day." They continued to hold a high position in their town, and to be always the largest and most munificent contributors to its churches and schools, till the surrender of Galway to the Cromwellians in 1652, stripped the old inhabitants of their properties, and obliged them 'to quit the very town they founded themselves, having surrounded it with great walls, and embellished it with churches and stately houses upon their own cost and charges.'

After this sad event, many of the Lynchs repaired to the Conti-

* "Galway men were," according to Mr. Hardiman, "formerly noted for their hospitality, which they carried to such excess that the civic authority was often obliged to interfere, in order to check or regulate it. Thus in A. D. 1518, it was enacted, 'that no man of this town shall oste or receive into their houses at Christmas, Easter, nor no feaste elles, any of the Burkes, M^cWilliams, the Kellies, nor no cepte elles, without license of the Mayor and Councill, on payn to forfeit £5: that neither O ne Mac shall strutte ne swaggere thro' the streets of Galloway.'—*Orig. Corp. Book*."

† "The Fovntaine of Ancient Fiction. Done out of Italian into English, by Richard Linche, Gent." 4to., 1599. The author of this bibliographical rarity was probably related to John Lynch, who was appointed Bishop of Elphin in 1584.

nent, where they were well received, and soon distinguished themselves. Shortly after this period we find Richard Lynch, Professor of Divinity in the University of Salamanca, Stephen Lynch, Guardian of the Irish Franciscan Convent at Rome, Dominick Lynch, Regent of the College of St. Thomas of Aquin, in the city of Seville, Nicholas Lynch, "well known throughout Spain, France, and in Rome, for his rare qualities and talents, Provincial of his order in Ireland, and Vicar-general Apostolick of Scotland;" while another of the same family served in Italy under Philip IV. "in quality of Major-general, where he gained such credit and fame that he got the title of Generalissimo." Several of the Lynchs were officers in the Irish Brigades in the service of France, and Chevaliers of the "Royal and Military Order of St. Louis;" one of the most distinguished of those was Le Sieur Dominique Lynch, Lieutenant-colonel of the famous regiment of Lally. He accompanied the Stuarts on their expeditions to England and Scotland, and fell in 1747, at the bloody battle of Lafeldt. John Lynch, "maire honoraire" of Bordeaux, and Peer of France, was the first who, in 1814, declared for the restoration of the Bourbons. Casting off his tri-color scarf and the cross of the Legion of Honor, he assumed the white cockade, and caused the gates of the old capital of the Plantagenet sovereigns of France to be opened to the Allies. Just twenty years and one month from the fearful day on which another Irish exile, the Abbé Edgeworth, undaunted by the threats of a sanguinary mob, had stood on the scaffold by the side of Louis XVI.; and, with his inspired eloquence, soothed the last moments of the best and most blameless of the house of Bourbon.

The name of Lynch has been identified with Irish historical literature, by the labours of the author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," and by the works of the late William Lynch, who possessed an unrivalled knowledge of the Anglo-Norman manuscript records of his country.

The object of the "*Miscellany*" of the Society, is, we are informed, "to preserve such smaller documents illustrative of the history and antiquities of Ireland, as from their size are unfitted for separate publication, and all who are interested in historical pursuits are invited to contribute to the future volumes of this work." We

hope to see these views fully appreciated, and trust that persons possessing old documents of any importance, will see the propriety of communicating them to the Irish Archæological Society.

The Irish, and most complete known version of the "History of the Britons," * attributed to the apocryphal Nennius, the original of which is supposed to have been written early in the ninth century, is a work of great importance in elucidating the history of the early inhabitants of the British isles. The several original documents appended, on the early Scotie monarchs, and on the history of the *Cruithnians*, or Picts, render the Society's edition extremely valuable in illustrating the bardic sources of Irish and British history; with which abstruse inquiries the editors have, by their illustrations, evidenced their familiarity. The Hon. Algernon Herbert has displayed much mediæval learning and ingenious conjecture in the supplemental essays on the various early migrations to Ireland and Britain. There is, however, no foundation for his scepticism relative to the early foreign expeditions of Dathi, the last pagan monarch of Ireland, as Mr. O'Callaghan, in his notes to the "*Destruction of Cyprus*," has since shown that the old Irish accounts are confirmed by the Piedmontese traditions, and by documents preserved among the archives of the illustrious house of De Sales. This statement has been further authenticated by Mr. Curry's recent discovery of a very ancient Celtic manuscript, which gives a detailed account of the various military excursions of "the son of Fiachra."

That an Irish scholar should, in the eleventh century, have translated the Latin work of Nennius, will not appear strange, when we recollect that there is extant an Irish version, as old as the eighth century, of a history of the wars of Alexander the Great, translated from a classic original, now unknown. We also possess Irish translations of the Italian writings of Marco Polo,† the early Venc-

* *Leabhar Breathnach Annso Sis. The Irish Version of the Historia Britonum of Nennius. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by James Henthorn Todd, D.D., M.R.I.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, &c. The Introduction and Additional Notes, by the Hon. Algernon Herbert.* Dublin: printed for the Irish Archæological Society. 1848.

† The translation of Polo's works is one of the most classical specimens of the old Irish language. Among the translations of foreign romances, made not later than the first half of the fifteenth century, is "*Cathreim Shearhuís Mhoir*," being an Irish version of the famous "*Historia Caroli Magni et*

tian traveller, and of many of the most celebrated foreign romances of chivalry; made at a period when Ireland was, according to ignorant writers, wrapped in the darkest barbarism.

The publication of the Irish Nennius demonstrates a fact, hitherto overlooked, that the ancient Irish manuscripts contain much import-

Rolandi," ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, and styled ironically by Boiardo, "*la vera historia di Turpin.*" From it Pulci evidently borrowed the conclusion of his "*Morgante Maggiore,*" although Crescimbeni will not admit the fact. Ariosto quotes "*Turpino*" for some of the wildest tales introduced in the "*Orlando Furioso,*" many of which are not to be found in the Continental originals: a collation of the version in the "*Book of Lismore*" might show that it, having been made from an ancient copy, contains the fictions which "*Messer Lodovico*" is supposed to have invented. Ariosto, however, little knew that "*l'ultima Irlanda*" was acquainted with the mighty deeds of

"*Los doce Pares de Francia*
Que a una mesa comen pan."

when he introduced "*Oberto,*" King of Ireland, and the "*Earl of Kildare,*" into his poem, which has immortalized

"*Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,*
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese—
Che furo al tempo che passaro i Mori
D'Africa il mare."

We have also an Irish version of the celebrated romance of "*Guy de Warwick, Chevalier d'Angleterre et de la belle fille Felix (Felix) samie.*" This occupies forty-eight pages of a folio MS. of the 15th century, in the library of the University of Dublin, and is probably identical with the very old metrical history on the same subject, of which a fragment is preserved among the Harleian MSS. The same Irish compilation contains a portion of the life and adventures of Sir Guy (Bevys) of Hampton, and his fair bride, the daughter of the King of Scotland; her elopement with the young Emperor of Austria, and subsequent adventures; this, having been mutilated, extends only to sixteen folio pages.

There is a very ancient and elegant Irish version, in the "*Book of Lismore,*" of the "*History of the Lombards,*" by Paulus of Friuli, or Waranfridus; much of which he derived from the work, now lost, of Secundinus Tridentinus. This version was probably the result of the communication of the Irish with Lombardy; which commenced by the foundation of the monastery at Bobbio by St. Columbanus, in the seventh century, that institution, according to Tiraboschi, had, during the middle ages, one of the largest and most valuable libraries in Europe. It is curious to find a regiment of Irish Jacobite exiles achieving one of the most brilliant and heroic actions in the annals of war, in defence of the town of Cremona, in Lombardy, upwards of 1000 years after the foundation of the great Lombard monastery by their countryman Columbanus.

The Psalter of Colum-Cille, written in the sixth century; the Four Gospels of Dimma, and the "*Book of Armagh,*" are national muniments, of which, says a late English writer, all Irishmen may be justly proud—nay, exultingly produce, as evidences of the civilization and literary acquirements of their country, at an age when other nations of Europe, if

ant matter relative to the early and traditional history of England and Scotland.

The Latin annals of Ireland, written by Friar John Clyn, of the Franciscan Convent of Kilkenny, relate principally to the affairs of the country, from the descent of Edward Bruce, in 1315, to the

not in utter ignorance and barbarism, were in their primers—their very horn-books.

Of the "*Book of Armagh*," now deposited by its owner in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and supposed by St. Bernard to have belonged to St. Patrick, but assigned to the seventh century by Dr. Petrie, the same English writer tells us, that it "contains evidence of learning, beyond even the most sanguine hopes and expectations of the most patriotic Irishman. It exhibits an acquaintance with the *Greek*, as well as the Latin tongue; and more, in it will be found evidence to convince the most sceptical, that Ireland, in the seventh century, was a cultivated and civilized country, and had been so for centuries; that Christianity had long before enlightened her people, and that not in isolated or individual cases, where its professors shrunk from its avowal—not here and there in a monastery on the coast, or in fortified places, surrounded by Paganism and persecution, like an oasis in the desert; no, Ireland was then, and long had been, a Christian nation, governed by wholesome laws, which protected the lives and properties of its inhabitants, and respected and shielded the stranger."

In the Bodleian Library is an Irish commentary on the Pandect or "Bibliotheca" of St. Jerome, made in the eighth century by the Abbot O'Huathghaile, surnamed, from his extensive erudition, *Dubhlitir*, or the "black-lettered." The library of Carlsruhe possesses an Irish copy of Priscian's Grammar, written in the ninth century, and of which a fac-simile may be seen in the "*Palæographie*" of Silvestre and Champollion. It is much to be regretted that the editors of this gorgeous publication should have fallen into the serious errors, relative to ancient Irish MSS., noticed at page 442. According to the learned Ludewig, the oldest manuscript in Germany is a copy of the Four Gospels, in the autograph of St. Kilian, the Irish Apostle of Franconia, who was martyred in 678. This manuscript, which Eckhart tells us is as old as the famous "*Pandectes de Florence*," is said to have been used by the Irish Saint, and his companions, when the sacred mysteries were celebrated for the first time in Franconia. It is still annually exposed in the Cathedral of Wirtzburg, for the veneration of the faithful. Having been found in St. Kilian's tomb, A.D. 743, its last leaves are stained with the blood of the holy man, who was chaunting the midnight service from it, when he was murdered by the hireling of the impious Geilana. This Irish Saint is now venerated as the Patron of Franconia.

In the "*Book of Leinster*," a MS. of the twelfth century, is preserved a very ancient account of the "Destruction of Troy." This may be a version of the Continental accounts of the "Siege of Troy," founded on the apocryphal authority of Dares Phrygius, and Dictys Cretensis, but it cannot certainly have any connection with the celebrated "*Historia de Bello Trojano*," compiled by Guido de Colonna, of Messina. Warton's assertion, that the Greek language was unknown in Europe from the fourth to the fourteenth century, is disproved, as far as Ireland is concerned, by the contents of the "*Book of Armagh*," "*Cormac's Glossary*," written in the ninth century, contains evidence of its Royal compiler's knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues. We know that Columbanus, Joannes Scotus, Eri-

year 1349, when the author* is supposed to have fallen a victim to that dreadful pestilence, known as the "Black Death,"† which devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, and committed fearful ravages in Kilkenny, of which Clyn gives a vivid picture. "During the times contained in these annals," says the accomplished editor,

gena, and Cumman, acquired a perfect knowledge of the Greek language in the Irish schools. A curious branch of inquiry is connected with the communication between Greece and Ireland in the middle ages: for Usher tells us, that when the Irish Firghal, or Virgilius, the first discoverer of the Antipodes, left Ireland, he was accompanied by a Grecian Bishop; and we also hear of a Greek Church at Trim, in the County of Meath.

The "*Leabhar Breac*," or "Speckled Book," a MS. of remote antiquity, contains a romantic account of "*Toraidheact na Croiche Naomha*," or the "Search for the Holy Cross;" probably of a similar nature to the celebrated "*Queste du Saint Greal*."

The old Irish MSS. contain similar translations from foreign and classical authors, in addition to the few we have mentioned, the examination of which, by competent scholars, would throw much light on the state of European learning in the dark ages. It must, however, be recollected that, as noticed at page 426, the Irish had, in addition to the foreign romances, a school of fiction peculiar to themselves.

* *The Annals of Ireland. By Friar John Clyn, of the Convent of Friars Minor, Kilkenny; and Thady Dowling, Chancellor of Leighlin. Together with the Annals of Ross. Edited, from Manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, with Introductory Remarks, by the Very Rev. Richard Butler, A.B., M.R.I.A., Dean of Clonmacnois.* Dublin: printed for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1849.

† The "Black Death," above-mentioned, also carried off the celebrated "Laura" of Petrarca: it has been admirably described by I. F. C. Hecker, Professor at Frederick William's University at Berlin, in his work entitled "*Schwarze Tod*." We are also indebted to him for his other two treatises on the "*Tanzwuth*," or "Dancing Mania," and the "*Englische Schweiß*," or "Sweating Sickness:" the most important contributions ever made to historical pathology. With the exception of Dr. Wilde's valuable Nosological Report, appended to the Census of Ireland for the year 1841, and the same author's interesting "Memoirs of eminent Irish physicians," and "Essays on Irish medical superstitions," no attempt has hitherto been made to compile a history of medicine in Ireland; and although considerable materials exist for such a work, it appears, as Hecker observed on a similar subject, in his "Address to the Physicians of Germany," "an unexplored department which many suppose to be a barren desert, because no one to whose voice they are wont to listen, gives any information respecting it." Without ascending to the semi-fabulous ages of our history, in which many notices of physicians are to be found, we may observe that in the curious account of Tara written, according to Dr. Petrie, about the middle of the sixth century, we find special mention of physicians, who are there designated "a sage company." The Brehon laws contain several enactments relative to the same class; and Mac Firbis tells us, that the Irish historians have left written accounts of the *Leagha* or physicians of former times. Among the numerous ancient medical MSS. written in the Irish language, which have come down to us, the following deserve mention: "The Lily of Irish Medicine," compiled by the O'Hickeys, physicians to the O'Briens of

"the English Government had not power to control the excesses of its subjects, or to repress the attacks of its opponents. The great Anglo-Irish families had become septa. In Clyn's Latin, the St. Aubins, now corrupted into Tobyns, and the Archdeacons, now transformed into the patronymic Mac Odes, or Codya, are '*naciones*

Thomond: this work was completed in 1302, and it may be interesting to add that, a copy of it was purchased in 1501 for twenty cows by the Earl of Desmond. This copy is now in the British Museum, and a MS. note states, that the compiler had spent twenty years in studying at Montpellier, and the other chief Schools of Medicine. In the Academy's collection is an Irish medical treatise written in 1352, in which the Arabian physicians and the works of Galen and Hippocrates are frequently quoted, and passages from them translated. This fact, given on the unquestionable authority of Mr. Curry, is of importance, as it demonstrates that the writings of these two authors were well known in Ireland in the fourteenth century. According to Sprengel, Nicolas Leoniceus, Professor at Ferrara about 1470, was the first translator of Galen from the Greek, and we know that the first complete printed edition was that of Aldus in 1525. All the works of Hippocrates were not published till 1526, although Thomas Linacre, founder of the English College of Physicians, and the friend of More and of Erasmus, had published at Cambridge in 1521, Galen's treatise "*De Temperamentis*." The earliest English edition of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates was that of Lloyd, 16mo. 1585; and Hallam represents the middle of the sixteenth century as the period of the restoration of the Hippocratic system of practice. In 1466, Donogh O'Bolgaidh completed the compilation of a large medical MS. of nearly 500 pages: this book, now in the possession of Mr. Mac Adam of Belfast, contains treatises on the medicinal virtues of herbs and minerals, and on the various diseases of the human frame. In the Academy's Collection, is a series of Irish tracts consisting of original essays on medicine, and compilations from, and dissertations on, the ancient medical writers of Europe and the East. This series, ascribed to the early part of the fifteenth century, is, according to Dr. Wilde, "one of the most remarkable collections of symptomatology of its age, in any language: and its observations are particularly copious on *short fevers*, which there can be little doubt existed in this country from a very early date. It likewise treats of the diseases of females, and concludes with several valuable and original medical aphorisms." "*The Book of the Island of O'Brasil*," compiled by the O'Lees, hereditary physicians to the O'Flahertys of West Connacht, and now in the Academy's Library, speaks of putrid fevers, abscesses, and pustules, wounds, hydrophobia, poisons, affections of the brain and spinal marrow, and diseases of the eye, stomach, &c., and is in fact a complete system of medicine. We shall close our present notice of the ancient Irish medical manuscripts, with mentioning the "*Book of the O'Sheils*," hereditary physicians to the Mac Coghlan of Delvin, and the Mac Mahons of Oriol. It is a system of medicine somewhat similar to, but far more extensive than, the "*Book of O'Brasil*," and it afforded many of the Irish names used in the valuable Nosological Report before referred to.

A Latin writer, of the sixteenth century, speaks of the very ancient and smoky-looking parchments which the Irish physicians were in the habit of consulting, and the author of a work published in Portugal in the early part of the seventeenth century, mentions the skill of the "*Medici Hibernici*."

That the scientific knowledge of the ancient Irish was not confined to

et cognomina;’ and he speaks of the Hoddinets and Cantetons, ‘*cum multis de sanguine eorum.*’ If the Irish chiefs acknowledged no common authority, and felt no common interest, the same division prevailed among the lords of English descent. Englishman was now opposed to Englishman, and sought to revenge himself by the help of the Irish; nor did the English refuse their aid to the Irish, when plundering their own countrymen. When Brien O’Brien ravaged Ossory, and slew the loyal English of Aghaboe and Aghmacart, he had the help of the English of Ely. Such was the political and social state of Ireland, during the earlier part of the fourteenth century, as represented in these annals, and such, with little alteration, it continued to be for several generations. Whatever were the faults of the several parties, in this long and bitter struggle—and no doubt all parties had great and grievous faults,—they were the faults rather of the times than of the men. At all events, it little becomes any Irishman of the present day to reproach their memories. He can scarcely do so without reproaching the memory of his own ancestors. There are few living Irishmen, whatever be their names, whether Celtic or Norman, in whose veins does not run the mingled blood of Norman and of Celt, or rather of Irishmen and Englishmen. Nor can the descendants of those good knights who stood with Edward III. in the trenches of Calais, or of those hardy squires who overthrew the victors at Bannockburn, be unwilling to claim kindred with the descendants of the Irish chiefs, whose names were in the songs of the poet and the legends of the saint, when the names of Normandy and of Norman were unknown.”

The “*Annales Breves Hiberniæ*,” by Thady Dowling, Chancellor of Leighlin, extend from the semi-fabulous times to the year 1600. “It is evident,” says our authority, “that the compiler of these An-

medicine is evident from the number of translations of foreign authors preserved in the MS. collections. Among those we may notice an Irish treatise on Geography, written about A.D. 800, at Cloyne, now in the possession of the University of Dublin; an Irish poem on astronomy, written in the early part of the thirteenth century, now in the library of St. John’s College, Cambridge; and a system of astronomy in the Irish language, of the fourteenth century, beautifully written and accompanied by diagrams, and now in our Academy’s Collection. Mr. I. O. Halliwell, the eminent English literary antiquary, tells us, that the Arabic numerals, usually, though erroneously, ascribed to Roger Bacon, were well known and understood in Ireland at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

nals had access to no contemptible library of printed books. Giraldus Cambrensis, Powel's Caradoc of Llancarvan, and probably that learned Welshman's other works on British history, Lanquet's Chronicle, continued by Bishop Cooper, Sir J. Eliot, Stowe, and Holinshed, form a library for which many a modern clerical student of Irish history would envy Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor of Leighlin. Yet, in Dowling's days the old cathedral town of St. Lazerian, looking from its sheltered glen and bright stream, across the rich plain of the Barrow, to the blue and undulating outline of Mount Leinster, beautiful as it ever must have been to the eye of the painter, was a place ill-fitted for quiet study and learned research. The neighbouring monastery of the Carmelites, at the bridge, had been converted into a royal garrison, and the goodly Barrow, as it flowed under its walls, reflected, not cowls and friar's frocks, but matchlocks and iron skull-caps. In this transmuted monastery, in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord Deputy, kept a stall of twenty or thirty horse; and it was from this house that he rode into Munster, to the house of the Earl of Desmond, when being unlooked for and unthought of, he found the earl sitting at his Christmas fire, and took him and carried him away with him to Dublin. Some years later, and in the time of Dowling, Leighlin was the residence of one of these bold and accomplished soldiers, at once worldly and romantic, who gave strength and glory to the throne of Queen Elizabeth. Here came Sir Peter Carew, who, having been in his youth, as recorded by his faithful steward, at Constantinople in the Turk's court, at Vienna in the Emperor's palace, at Venice, and in the French king's court, and in the houses of most of all Christian princes, in every of which places he left some token of his value, settled down at Leighlin, in his ripe manhood, determined to preserve, by policy and the strong hand, the great Irish inheritance which he claimed by descent, and had obtained by law. Here he kept continually, and here he needed to keep, in his own private family, 100 persons, and had always in readiness 100 horsemen, well appointed, besides footmen, and 100 kerns; here his cellar door was never shut, and his buttery always open to all comers of any credit. Those days, however, of military strength and of proud hospitality, worthy of Branksome Hall, soon

passed away; and when the worthy knight, old Sir Peter, died at Ross, his cousin and heir, young Sir Peter, was unable to defend his inheritance." The annalist gives many details of the vigorous efforts made by the natives to expel the intrusive English knight, whose title-deeds are proved, by modern researches, to have been shameless forgeries; and this contest, which, Dowling tells us, was maintained by the Irish with the pertinacity of demons, is known as "the wars of Sir Peter Carew." Although the entries in these annals are concise, they contain many anecdotes and curious traits of the contemporaries of the author, who survived till 1628.

To render the Society's collection of Latin annals as complete as possible, the "Annals of Ireland, from the Book of Ross," are given in the Appendix, and extend from 1265 to 1480.

This valuable volume of annals well merits the title of "*editio variorum*," as, in addition to the notes and admirable introductions of the editor, Dr. John O'Donovan has illustrated the Celtic and topographical portions: the Hon. A. Herbert has supplied commentaries on the passages connected with early British history and mediæval Continental learning; while the Rev. James Graves and his erudite *collaborateur*, J. G. Prim, Esq., have contributed a vast amount of interesting local and historical matter relative to Kilkenny, so often referred to by these annalists. This ancient town owes much to those learned gentlemen for their successful efforts to preserve its ancient historical remains, and to awake a taste for learning and research among the more enlightened portion of its citizens.

We would wish to see the Committee of the Society henceforth fully carry out the plan, they have already partially adopted, of committing to various editors the task of annotating such portions of the Society's publications as their previous studies had rendered them most conversant with.

The author of the "*Macariz Excidium*,"* a lineal descendant of the powerful and wealthy clan from whom, in ancient times, a great

* *Macariz Excidium, or the Destruction of Cyprus; being a Secret History of the War of the Revolution in Ireland, by Colonel Charles O'Kelly, of Skryne, or Aughrane, now Castle Kelly, County Galway. Edited, from four English Copies and a Latin Manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy, with Notes, Illustrations, and a Memoir of the Author and his Descendants, by John Cornelius O'Callaghan. Dublin: for the I.A.S. 1850.*

part of Connacht took the name of "O'Kelly's country," was born at the Castle of Screen, or Aughrane, in 1621. After studying, with reputation, at the College of St. Omer, he returned to Ireland in 1642, to assist his countrymen in their struggle against the Puritans. In this contest, Colonel Charles O'Kelly displayed a gallantry worthy of his ancestry; and when the Confederates, by their own religious dissensions,* were obliged to succumb, he, with two thousand Irish soldiers, embarked for the Continent, where, placing themselves at the disposal of Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, they rendered the royal fugitives of considerable importance. Independently of which the Irish military contributed largely

* It cannot be doubted, that but for the element of religious discord, introduced by the Pope's Legate, the Irish Confederates would have effectually baffled all the efforts of Cromwell, and have thus saved Ireland from the fearful consequences which were entailed by his success. Nearly all the Catholic nobility and men of property and reputation in the country were totally opposed to the proceedings of Rinuccini and his irrational adherents. In endeavouring to divert them from their ruinous course, Colonel Walter Bagnal, a young man who, says the contemporary writer, "to the nobleness of his birth and the plentifulness of his fortune, had added a great stock of valour, and many excellent parts," addressed the Ultramontane clergy in the following pathetic terms:—

"My Lords, there was a time, when our ancestors, at the peril of their fortunes, and with the danger of their persons, sheltered some of you and your predecessors from the severity of the laws. They were no niggardly sharers with you in your wants; and it cannot be said that the splendour of your present condition hath added anything to the sincere and filial reverence which was then paid you. We their posterity, have with our blood and the expence of our substance, asserted this advantage you have over them, and redeemed the exercise of your function from the penalties of the law, and your persons from the persecution to which they were subject. We are upon the brink of a formidable precipice, reach forth your hand to pull us back; your zeal for the house of God will be thought no way the less fervent, that you preserve the Irish nation; and your judgments will not suffer from the attempt, when you give over upon better information. Rescue us, we beseech you, from those imminent miseries that environ us visibly; grant somewhat to the memory of our forefathers, and to the affection we bear you ourselves, let this request, find favour with you, made to prevent the violation of publick faith, and to keep the devouring sword from the throats of our wives and our children."

All appeals were, however, in vain; the foreign-influenced clergy persisted in their headlong course. In a short time after the delivery of this speech, the whole of Ireland was in the possession of the regicides; and Colonel Bagnal, having fallen into their hands, was tried by court-martial, and shot.

It must still be recollected, that there was an illustrious minority of the most learned and high-born of the clergy, who resisted and disapproved of the proceedings of the Ultramontanists. Among these courageous men, will be found names which will be for ever dear to the lovers of our

from their pay to the support of the king and his family, for which many of them were afterwards rewarded by having their patrimonies and the estates of their ancestors confirmed to the former supporters of the Cromwellian government. On the "Restoration," Colonel O'Kelly returned to Ireland, where he resided until the commencement of the wars of James II., when this well-trying veteran, then in his sixty-eighth year, was again called on to fill posts of honor and importance, in all of which he displayed his loyalty and inalienable attachment to the royal or national cause.

After the Treaty of Limerick, the completion of which, foreseeing

country's literature, and a few whom it is but just to mention here—the venerable David Roth, Bishop of Ossory, author of the "Analecta," whom even his furious opponent, Ryves, admitted to be "nec indoctus, nec infacundus," and who is styled, in the secret instruction to the Legate from Rome, "personaggio egregio e prudente." Francis Kirwan, Bishop of Kilalla, whose life was written and published as a model for the Irish clergy. Dr. John Lynch, author of "Cambrensis Eversus," one of the most exalted characters of his time. The profoundly learned Thomas Dease, Bishop of Meath and Doctor of the Sorbonne. Dr. Callaghan, the elegant author of the "Vindiciæ Catholicorum Hiberniæ," and a Doctor of the Faculty of Paris. This learned man, allied by blood to the nobles of the land, a relative of the brave Colonel Callaghan O'Callaghan, one of the most distinguished officers in the Confederate army, and of whose name there were upwards of 500 gentlemen in arms at the time, for the royal cause, was presented to the Bishopric of Cork by the Supreme Council. The Pope's Legate effectually opposed his promotion, because the Doctor was intimate with the Marquis of Ormonde, the King's Lord Lieutenant, although, in his private letters to Cardinal Panfilio, he admitted, that Dr. Callaghan was "uomo veramente di retti costumi." This "honest" Doctor was highly esteemed by Queen Henrietta Maria, and the royal family. Dr. Seathruin or Geoffrey Keating, author of the celebrated "*Forus Feasa air Eirinn*," or Chronicles of Ireland, and of the well-known devout treatise, "*Eochair spiaith an Aifrionna*," or the "Key to the Shield of the Mass," has left several Irish writings, condemning the proceedings of the foreign-influenced clergy. Dr. Redmond Caron, a divine in high estimation abroad, and whose "Remonstrantia Hibernorum contra Ultramontanæ Censuras" has been reprinted in the "Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ."

The whole Order of the Jesuits, we are told, were of this rational minority, and "were, every one, for the peace of the nation, and return of the people to their due obedience to His Majesty;" and they appear to have attached no serious importance to the excommunication fulminated against them by the foreign ecclesiastic, who, according to their late reverend historian, borrowed, and never repaid, the greater part of the funds of their Order, by which, adds our authority, the brotherhood was seriously injured.

"Les censures du Nonce (Rinuccini)" says a French writer, in 1651, "ayant armé les Catholiques contre les Catholiques, et ayant par cette guerre intestine, divisé et ruiné leur forces, qui étant unies eussent été invincibles, ont donné beau lieu au Republicains Anglois, également ennemis de la Royauté et de notre religion (Catholique), de se rendre maîtres de cette île infortunée."

its subsequent violation, he strenuously opposed—his motto being, we are told, "Constancy, no capitulation, and confidence in God!"—he retired to his family estate at Anghrane, or "Castle Kelly," where he died in 1695, leaving behind him two manuscripts, treating of the history of Ireland during his own times.

The first of these works is that published by the Irish Archaeological Society, and called "*Macaria Excidium*," or the "*Destruction of Cyprus*;" the other and more important document, known as "The O'Kelly Memoirs," was in the possession of the family in France, at the time of the first French revolution, in the troubles of which it is supposed to have been lost. From what can be ascertained of the nature of this work, we learn that it contained a vast amount of private and secret anecdotes and history, relative to the principal actors on the stage of Irish affairs, from 1641 to the days of the writer. It is to be hoped, that by instituting proper inquiries, this manuscript, with many others, equally important on Irish history, and long missing, may yet be recovered and published.

The state of Ireland, at the period of the compilation of Colonel O'Kelly's work, now under consideration, obliged the author to adopt an allegorical title;* and, the more effectually to conceal its nature, all the persons mentioned in it are distinguished by semi-classical pseudonyms. Thus, King James is *Amasis*, the Duke of Tyrconnel

* ΝΗΣΟΣ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΑ, or the Blessed Island, one of the Greek names of Cyprus, was peculiarly applicable to Ireland, which, in Pagan and early Christian ages, was styled "Insula Sacra," or the Island of Saints.

Without entering on a lengthened examination of the precedents which Colonel O'Kelly might have adduced for the use of pseudonyms in political writings, we may refer to the "Gargantua and Pantagruel" of Rabelais, supposed to contain a covert satire on the French court; the "Argenis," of John Barclay, published in 1622, on the wars of the League; *Meliander* representing Henry III., *Lycogenes* the family of Guise, and *Argenis* the succession of the crown. This book, the favourite of Richelieu and of William Cowper, has been ridiculed for its pedantry by the witty Padre d'Isa, in his amusing history of "Fra Gerundio de Campazas." "Dodona's Grave," by James Howell, is a clumsy allegory on the times of Charles I. "Le Grand Cyrus" of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, represents the principal persons of the Hôtel Rambouillet, under the garbs of Persians and Babylonians, and was so fashionable in its day, that the eloquent Flechier, in his sermon at the funeral of Julie d'Angennes, spoke of her as "*l'incomparable Artenice*."

These works, and many other of the same nature, not necessary to introduce here, are now only regarded as the curiosities of literature; while the "Absalom and Achitophel" of "glorious" John Dryden, published in 1681, will probably live as long as the English language.

Coridon, Sarafield, Earl of Lucan, is designated *Lysander*; and the writer himself is veiled under the mystic name of *Philotas*.

This system was, no doubt, rendered agreeable to an author of O'Kelly's time, from its similarity to the custom observed by the fashionable Continental satirists, and other chroniclers of the gallantries and intrigues of the nobility. The "*Destruction of Cyprus*" contains a narrative of the civil and military affairs of the kingdom of Ireland, from the landing of James II., in 1689, to the embarkation of the Irish military for France, in 1691, generally known as "the Flight of the Wild Geese." The writer occasionally furnishes us with anecdotes and personal sketches of the principal characters of those times, and takes no pains to conceal his objections, as a partizan of the old Irish, to the proceedings of the Duke of Tyrconnell, one of the most remarkable men of his day, admirably calculated for the difficult position in which he was placed, and whom even his opponents admitted to be a generous and gallant enemy, who, in the worst and most threatening times, never swerved from his allegiance to his prince or his country. The principal value of O'Kelly's book is the view it gives us of the state of feeling among the Irish Jacobites, which has never yet been sufficiently illustrated, as, until the discovery of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*," no document of the kind was known to exist—a most serious loss to the historian, and the want of which cannot be ascribed to the deficiency of contemporary Jacobite authors capable of producing such a work, when we recollect that writers so accomplished as Anthony Hamilton* and Dr. Michael Moor were to be found among the Irish adherents to King James.

* The author of the inimitable "*Mémoires de Gramont*." It is amusing to observe the errors into which English writers have fallen in their accounts of this celebrated author. They were not even aware that he served in the Irish army as Major-General and Colonel of Infantry, under Lord Mountcashel. Dr. Michael Moor was a learned Roman Catholic priest, appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, by James II., whom he followed into France, where he was consulted by Louis XIV., relative to the restoring and remodelling the University of Paris. He established a chair for experimental philosophy; and it was principally on his account, that the king founded the royal college called "*Collège de Cambray*." His pupils became the most celebrated in Europe; he could number amongst them Boileau, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Fleury, Languet, Porée, and, with many others, the celebrated historian Rollin, his immediate successor. It was highly creditable to the heads of the University of Dublin, that they conferred a pension on some of Moor's relations, in acknowledgment of his services in preserving the College library during the wars of King James.

In consequence of this deficiency of Jacobite printed documents, the history of the Irish wars of the Revolution has been hitherto drawn entirely from the works of writers, whose dependency on the government, established on the ruin of the adherents of King James, effectually prevented them giving us an account displeasing or unpalatable to their paymasters. Hence the publications of Story, King, Harris, and of others of that character, must be classed with the licensed pamphlets, "printed by authority," and with the distorted accounts given in the official gazettes, which, having been copied into the Continental periodicals,* have since passed current for history. It was thus, that the acute and suspicious Voltaire was led to express his surprise that the Irish, of whose brilliant military exploits abroad, in his time, "all Europe rang from side to side," should have "always fought badly at home."

The official and public destruction† of all accessible Jacobite documents, and the rigid and inquisitorial censorship of the press, maintained under successive governments, effectually prevented the public confutation of "ascendancy" calumnies, however gross. The

* The League of Augsburg, it may be remarked, united all the powers of Europe against Louis XIV. and James II. Hence the exaggerated accounts of the success of the allied army against the Irish were received with as much avidity by its Continental partizans, as was the false report of the death of William III. by the Parisians. The Irish gained nothing by their alliance with "le grand Monarque," as shown in note at page 458, except the enmity of all Europe.

With respect to the falsehoods circulated in the "London Gazette," we may adduce the following instance:—The account published in that paper, stating the loss at the first siege of Limerick, and purporting to be written from the camp there, says, "What men we lost in these actions we cannot precisely say; but it's thought we have had about four or five hundred killed and wounded since the beginning of the siege"—that is, from the 9th to the 23rd of August. Mr. O'Callaghan has, however, shown from original Williamite documents, that the loss of the foreigners at the last assault of the town, which lasted but a few hours, and which was so gallantly repulsed by the Irish, amounted to the number, in killed and wounded, of two thousand one hundred and forty-eight!

† All the Jacobite documents which the government could collect were publicly burned in Dublin, in the year 1695. So effectually was the destruction of such papers pursued, that no copy of King James's Gazette has yet been discovered. Mr. O'Callaghan, after a diligent and lengthened search, was able to obtain but a single copy of the only known printed Jacobite account of the earlier portion of the war. Towards the close of the last century, a large collection of original letters, written during the times of King James, was destroyed, on the occasion of the burning of a house in Armagh by the hirelings of the government of *that day*.

works of the Rev. Charles Leslie,* and of the Rev. John Mackenzie, in reply to the statements of Archbishop King, and the Rev. Colonel George Walker, of Derry, have exposed such an amount of flagrant mendacity and falsehood in those ecclesiastical dignitaries, that we are at a loss to compute the extent to which party spirit may influence laymen, when those whose divine mission is to propagate truth, are to be found, for worldly considerations, outraging one of the most sacred precepts of the Gospel. So agreeable, however, is the "Romance of History," that the works of Drs. King and Walker have gone through innumerable editions; while the books of the honest Nonjuring and Presbyterian clergymen, having been suppressed, as far as possible, are scarcely ever to be met with.

These incontrovertible historic facts explain the reasons why a war, which cost Britain eighteen millions, laying the foundation of her national debt, and which lasted half as long as the great Peninsular campaigns, having been only brought to a conclusion by granting the Irish their own terms, has, hitherto, been represented as a glorious contest, in which a handful of English and Anglo-Irish, by a continued series of the most heroic achievements, signally defeated an immense number of Irish and French troops, most liberally paid, and furnished with every necessary, by Louis XIV.†

* This writer, in the preface to his work, explains the difficulty he experienced in getting it through the press. The printer was afraid to put his name to it, and the copies were seized in all directions. With regard to the veracity of the Rev. Charles Leslie, Horne, the celebrated biblical critic, tells us, that "a clergyman's library should not be without this author's theological works. He is said to have brought more persons from other persuasions into the Church of England than any man did." Doctor Johnson observed, "Leslie was a reasoner, and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against."

Dr. William King, Leslie's opponent, was appointed by letters patent Bishop of Derry, in 1691; and further presented in 1702 to the See of Dublin. George Story, author of the "*Impartial History*" of the Irish Wars, obtained the Deanery of Limerick; and Walter Harris, the third of these historians, received a pension from the government of the day.

† A general historical error prevails, that the French troops performed the principal part in these Irish campaigns. It is time to correct this mistake. We have the best authority, that "all the succours which came from France were but in exchange for the like number of the best Irish troops sent over under Lord Mountcashel. The arms the French Minister gave were so bad that they did little service; and the cloaths he sent so scanty, and so coarse, that many of the Irish regiments preferred their old ragged ones before them." These Frenchmen were present at the Boyne; but took no part in that affair, hitherto so much misrepresented. After that event, they

Such statements are, however, completely disproved by the original documents, which show that, throughout those campaigns, the Irish army was, in every instance, numerically inferior to that of their opponents, which consisted of the flower of the troops of the twelve most warlike European nations, commanded by the renowned masters of the military science, lavishly paid, and abundantly supplied with all the *material* for war; while the Irish were raw and undisciplined, badly clothed, badly armed, almost without artillery, and the exchequer of King James was only able to afford the pay of one penny a day to his private soldiers.* Owing to the enmity

marched to Limerick, which, before the first seige, they quitted for Galway, whence they returned home, without having performed any service. It is true that the Irish were commanded at Aughrim by a French general—St. Ruth; but he brought neither men nor money with him. Owing to the League of Augsburg, as stated at page 457, the Irish, during these campaigns, had to contend single-handed against troops from all the nations of Europe, except those of France, whose assistance, we have shown, was useless; and accordingly, throughout this war, the Jacobite documents always speak of the Irish as being opposed to the forces of “the Allies.”

From an official document, given by the editor from the State Paper Office, drawn up in 1690, and setting forth the respective complement of soldiers, with the names of regiments, &c., for England, Scotland, Flanders, the West Indies, and Ireland, we find that the proportion for England is specified as 11,343 men; for Scotland, 5,878 men; for Flanders, *against Louis XIV.'s army there*, 11,444 men; for the West Indies, 960 men; *for Ireland*, 35,289 men! Therefore, out of a total of 64,614 Williamite soldiers, it was calculated that, while but 29,325 were to be stationed in England, Scotland, Flanders, and the West Indies altogether, *Ireland alone should have 35,289 men, besides 25,000 Militia!* And opposite this large amount in the original document, the following memorandum is added:—“For which 4,000 recruits of foot, at least, will be necessary, besides those to be made in Ireland!” But this amount of 35,289 soldiers for Ireland was found to be insufficient: for the number of *privates* belonging to the infantry, horse, and dragoon regiments, of the army of William III., for Ireland in 1691, are in the official list set down at *not less than 40,000 men!* And to these an addition of several thousands must be made for *officers*, and *men* and *officers*, connected with the great train of Williamite artillery, which, as far as we can learn, amounted, with cannon and mortars, to a total from 90 to 100 pieces. Such was the overwhelming force against which the small Irish army so long, and so bravely, contended; and in the words of their gallant countryman, the Chevalier Charles Wogan, they may be truly said “to have buried the synagogue with honor.”

* “The Irish soldiers during whole winters had existed without any pay, at times on horse flesh, at other times on half a pound of bread per day; had been clothed in rags, bare-headed, and bare-footed; quartered in huts inundated with water, with scarce any covering but the canopy of heaven, benumbed by the cold, diseased by the moisture of a wet climate, and without fuel to preserve animal heat. They had made those sacrifices to their king and country; and when their officers and great men were

of the French Minister Louvois, the supplies and assistance received from France were contemptible. The Irish had thus to stand alone against an overwhelming army, composed of the finest soldiers in the world. We may further observe, for the information of persons who have been taught to consider these campaigns as disgraceful to the memories of the adherents of King James, that some of the best regiments, and even the private guards, of the Prince of Orange, consisted, in great part, of Roman Catholics.

The history of Ireland, at this period, had been so ingeniously falsified, in the published contemporary works, that our most laborious literary antiquaries, who had not hesitated to undertake the illustration of the early and most obscure portion of our annals, refrained from entering on the examination of authorities which, to them, appeared indisputable.

Mr. O'Callaghan, however, conceiving it improbable that the soldiers, whose bravery had won the admiration of Europe, at Cremona, Luzzara, Ramillies, and Almanza, should have behaved so ingloriously, as had been represented, at home, when they were in arms for their country and their king, commenced his researches among the Continental and British manuscript repositories; and a portion of the results of his labors appears in the notes to this edition* of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*."

deserting, true to their colours, and faithful to their engagements, had never swerved from the fidelity they had sworn to; and following the fortunes of their king, they submitted to the sacrifices he required, in exile and adversity. Noble and generous men, taken from the humblest life, you want but an historian to rescue your fame from the calumnies of your conquerors, and to elevate you to a level with the soldiers of the republics of antiquity!"—*Military History of the Irish Nation*. 8vo. 1845.

* The "Camden Society," in 1841, published an edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*," in which the notes, by the editor, Mr. T. Crofton Croker, did not exceed thirty pages; while those of Mr. O'Callaghan, in the edition published by the Irish Archaeological Society, occupy upwards of three hundred and fifty pages, in type nearly as small as that used in the present notes. We would gladly have seen him give more copious illustrations, as the value of the critical examination of so minute an investigator can only be appreciated by those students who are conversant with the accounts hitherto received of the same events. Mr. Croker's annotations consist almost entirely of extracts from the notoriously false "*London Gazette*," and other government documents equally mendacious. This demonstrates clearly, that Irish history can only be written and produced properly in Ireland. The day has happily passed when *one-sided* accounts

We there find the most minute and important information on all the controverted points, derived from the unquestionable authority of muster rolls, original government documents, and official despatches; coupled with a critical investigation and profound analyzation of the printed contemporary publications, unincumbered with superfluous comment, and all set forth in a calm and truth-seeking spirit of historical research. The Editor has thus perfectly succeeded in removing from the Irish the stigma of having "always fought badly at home," and has identified his name with the military history of our country.* In accomplishing this arduous task he must have felt, with Sismondi, that he "should have to beat down many an idol which men have delighted to worship; that he should have to dispel many favorite illusions, neither consulting feelings, nor sparing prejudices. Full well did he know that he should be rarely praised; but an historian has a sterner duty to fulfil than that of pleasing his readers—a far more noble object than success."

The Society's edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*" must not, however, be regarded as a history solely of the campaigns of 1689–91. In the "notes and illustrations" will be found profound and lucid essays on the most important portions of our annals;† and

were eagerly received. The spirit of inquiry is abroad, and no historical document will now be accepted with confidence, which does not fairly give the authorities on *both sides*. Mr. Croker is an elegant poet, and a charming illustrator of "*Fairy Legends*;" but his edition of Colonel O'Kelly's work has shown that he is totally incompetent for the task of an historical investigator.

* It is perfectly evident, that the editor of the Archæological Society's edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*" has before him the materials for illustrating the affairs of Ireland during the times of James II. The bare collection and examination of such a mass of documents must necessarily have been the labor of many years on the Continent, and in Great Britain and Ireland. We therefore trust that Mr. J. C. O'Callaghan will give us a history of that period, in a narrative form, copiously illustrated with original documents on *both sides* of the question. Such a work, on the last great national and legitimate war in this country, would at once assume a standard position in the Irish historical library, and moreover, form a necessary introduction to the "*History of the Irish Brigades in the Service of France*," on which, we understand, he is at present engaged.

† There are many hitherto controverted historical questions finally settled in this edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*." Notes 62, 63, 64, 67, and the Appendix, demonstrate that the Irish hierarchy's formal transfer of the Kingdom of Ireland to Henry II. of England, in the Synod of Cashel, A.D. 1172, was the result of a previous correspondence of the native clergy with the See of Rome. Even at a time, when, according to the

there are few, even the most erudite, who will not find satisfaction in consulting this valuable compendium of Irish learning, that clearly demonstrates the necessity of placing our history on an entirely new basis, which, to be lasting, must be founded on calm and lengthened investigation, and a thorough examination of original documents.

The appearance of this edition of the "*Destruction of Cyprus*" was extremely opportune, at a time when the history of the period of which it treats was about to be brought before the public, in the brilliant and fascinating pages of Macaulay, who, if he desire to attain to the character of a faithful historian, must carefully study Mr. O'Callaghan's elaborate production. This, for his own sake, we trust he will do; and laying aside all prejudices, treat the Irish with as much impartiality and historic justice as our gallant and honest countryman, Colonel Napier, has exhibited towards the French.

John De Colton,* an ecclesiastic of importance in his day, was successively Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Lord Chancellor, Justice, and finally, in 1382, Primate of all Ireland. An excellent illustration of the sacerdotal character of those ages, we find him, at one time enacting stringent ordinances for the regulation of his clergy; and at another period, he is to be seen in arms, at the head of a band of knights, raised at his own expense, defending the limited territories of the Anglo-Normans against the vigorous assaults of the native clans. In 1374, the King, in consideration of

Italian historians, the Frangipani and other factious Roman nobles were chaining the Popes in dungeons, or murdering them at the altar and in the pulpit. The authenticity is here clearly proved of the English Pope's Bull, which the late Rev. Dr. Lanigan erroneously stated the editors of the collection of Papal official documents were ashamed to print. Roderic O'Connor, King of Ireland, and the native princes, who, contrary to all former precedents, were excluded from the Synod at Cashel, did not recognise the attempt there made by the Irish clergy to place their country in the hands of the King of England. We learn from the letter of the chiefs of Ireland to Pope John XXII., that the old Irish never allowed the clergy to interfere in temporal affairs.

* *Acts of Archbishop Colton in his Metropolitan Visitation of the Diocese of Derry, A.D. MCCCXCVII.; with a Rental of the See Estates at that time. Edited, from the Original Roll, preserved in the Archiepiscopal Record Closet of Armagh, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A.; Bachelor in Medicine of Trinity College, Dublin; Perpetual Curate of Kilconriola, in the Diocese of Connor. Dublin: for the Irish Archaeological Society. 1850.*

the losses he had sustained during his military expeditions, granted him the sum of forty pounds sterling. Not too large a remuneration, even taking into account the high value of money at that period, when we recollect that on many occasions he remained in the field for several days. And when Newcastle, in the County of Wicklow, was taken, and burned by the Clan of O'Byrne, although there was no money in the Treasury, De Colton pawned his own goods, and and with the cash thereby obtained, he, and Nicholas Sergeaunt, a citizen of Dublin, together with thirty-five of their associates, held the castle for five days, maintaining themselves at their own cost, there being no person at that time who could be prevailed upon to take charge of the fortress. For all which, and because, when he retired from this latter place, he had lost a horse worth twenty marks, which was killed by the enemy, the king commanded that he should receive the gratuity we have mentioned.

Nor were his talents limited to military affairs; for so high an opinion had Richard II. of his diplomatic powers, that he selected him to act as Ambassador to the Court of Rome. After his return he resigned his See, and died in the year 1404, leaving behind him two works on the distracted state of the Church in his own time. His biographers represent him as a man of the most sweet and affable temper, and bestow lavish praise on his unbounded generosity and hospitality.

An original record of the proceedings of Primate De Colton, on the occasion of his visitation of the diocese of Derry in 1397, was some time since discovered among the archives of the See of Armagh by the Rev. William Reeves. Appreciating the value of this manuscript, in illustrating the state of the Irish Church, in the fourteenth century, and, with a munificence worthy of the Prelate, whose acts it chronicles, he printed the document at his own expense, and presented it to the Members of the Society for the year 1850.

The highest encomium we can pass on the manner in which this book has been edited by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, is to say, that it is worthy to be classed with his profound work on "Down, Connor, and Dromore;"* the most valuable contribution yet made to the

* 4to. Dublin; 1846.

history of the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland. And we trust that our learned ecclesiologist will follow up his labours by the publication of his promised edition of the great work on the Ecclesiastical Taxation of Ireland, A.D. 1306, from the original Exchequer Rolls, preserved in the Carlton Ryde Record Office. The value of such documents is not confined to their use in Church history. The recent works on similar subjects, printed by the Scotch Societies, demonstrate the vast amount of important information to be derived from them for illustrating the progress of civilization, and the various manners and modes in life of former ages.

We have thus essayed to give an account of the works published by the Irish Archaeological Society; but, as we before stated, the limits of this paper can only be expected to furnish a brief and compendious view of their invaluable contents. It may, however, serve to indicate where precise and accurate information is to be found on particular portions of Irish history; and if we succeed in awakening a desire for the study of their country's literature amongst those who have hitherto been strangers to it, our object will be fully attained. Still, it must be recollected that the Society's books are not intended to be "*popular*," in the general acceptance of that term; such an idea is incompatible with the production of historic materials. These volumes form the foundation on which the future writer will rear the superstructure of a great national history; and we hope henceforth to see our countrymen contributing to the production of such a work, by assisting in the preservation of the monuments left by their fathers, instead of seconding the efforts of ephemeral and delusive political projectors. Far, however, be it from us to advocate the study of this branch of self-knowledge to the exclusion of any other. But, we would have Irishmen to remember that it was not by the cultivation of the histories and antiquities of distant countries, that the author of "*Waverley*" raised "*Caledonia stern and wild*," into the land of tourists, and the favorite resort of Royalty. Nor was it by the study of foreign literature that the thoughtfoul Goethe, and the manygifted Schiller, have made their German fatherland worldfamous and illustrious. The mountain hamlet of Arquà, in Lombardy, is not now visited as the

resting place of the Latin epic poet, but as the shrine which contains the relics of the Petrarca,

“ Whos rethorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie.”

It was fortunate for the fame of the great Florentine, that the good monks of the monastery, founded by the Irish St. Columbanus, at Bobbio, persuaded him to compose his “*Divina Commedia*,” in the “*lingua volgare*” of his own country—a decision which influenced the fate of Italian literature, and rendered the lover of Beatrice Portinari immortal and revered as one

——— “ Who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse,
To tame the rudeness of his native land.”†

The most unprejudiced critics have expressed their conviction, that the Irish melodies of “the sweetest lyrist of our saddest wrongs” will outlive his more elaborate works on distant countries; although the latter are replete with all the graces of the most exquisite poetry, and all the fascinating splendours of Oriental romance.

If we feel a proud satisfaction in contemplating the goodly volumes issued by the Irish Archæological Society, and which must be regarded as so many “*chartæ periture*,” rescued from almost inevitable decay and oblivion, let the honor be given to those disinterested and enlightened men,† who, “unactuated by antiquarian pedantry, and solely instigated by a sincere desire to do their duty in a cause of national interest and importance,” have organized and carried out their noble design of creating and fostering a native Irish literature, despite almost insurmountable obstacles. Even at a time

* Chaucer; Prologue to the “*Clerkes Tale*.”

† Akenside.

‡ In addition to those mentioned in the text and at page 418, as having aided the great national literary cause, the following demand notice:—

George Petrie, V.P.R.I.A., LL.D., a name beyond all praise. George Alexander Hamilton, M.P. for the University of Dublin, to whose zeal for the promotion of learning and education Irish literature is under numerous obligations. Major Thomas A. Larcom, of the Royal Engineers. His edition of Sir William Petty’s proceedings relative to the first English survey of Ireland will soon be ready for presentation to the members of the Irish Archæological Society. Aquilla Smith, M.D., Treasurer of the same Society, our most learned Irish numismatist, and author of several valuable essays published by the Royal Irish Academy. Evelyn P. Shirley,

when our country was nearly reduced to the fearful state in which it was when the historian of Elizabeth tells us, that, by the evil policy of bad ministers, "little was left in Ireland for Her Majesty to reign over but ashes and carcasses," and when "the southern province seemed totally depopulated, and, except within the cities, exhibited a hideous scene of famine and desolation."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the good which, in a country circumstanced like Ireland, is to be derived from historical research. Truth, we know, is powerful at all times, whilst its perversion is ever attended with the most disastrous consequences. The falsification of history has hitherto been, perhaps, the most formidable

M.P., M.R.I.A., one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Monaghan, author of the excellent work, on the history of his patrimony, entitled "Some Account of the Territory or Dominion of Farney, in the Province and Earldom of Ulster," 4to, 1845. He has also published, in the present year, a volume of "Original Letters, illustrative of the State of the Church of Ireland during the time of Edward VI.," from the MS. at Lambeth. William E. Hudson, M.R.I.A., member of the Councils of the Archæological and Celtic Societies, and author of the critical analysis of the orthography of the early Irish scribes, appended to the "Book of Rights." This gentleman's munificence to the Celtic Society (whose publications we noticed in No. II. of the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*), is fully acknowledged in the last annual Report of that body. Samuel Ferguson, M.R.I.A., author of some valuable papers among the Academy's "Transactions," and of many admirable Irish ballads and historical essays, which we hope to see published in a collected form. Frederick W. Burton, our most eminent Dublin artist, and member of the "Committee of Antiquities." A classical group from his pencil, representing Archbishop Ussher, Luke Wadding, and Roderick O'Flaherty, forms the illustrated title-page of the valuable volumes published by the Celtic Society, and is the largest and most exquisite woodcut ever executed in Ireland by a native engraver. Joseph H. Smith, M.R.I.A., who has published several essays on Irish historical subjects, among the Proceedings of the Academy, and is at present engaged in editing, from the University Manuscripts, the interesting account of the Progresses of the Lords Lieutenant of Ireland. Edward Clibborn, Esq., Curator of the Academy's Museum, which owes many of its principal ornaments to his exertions. Before his connection with the Institution its most valuable antiquities and manuscripts were huddled together in an obscure and inaccessible repository; they are now, owing to his assiduity, classed and arranged in a style not to be excelled by any European Collection.

In closing our notice of this "*dotta compagna*," whose names will not be forgotten by the future historian of the revival of Irish learning, we feel bound to state, that their efforts have been ever seconded by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, Booksellers to the University. A glance at the catalogue of their publications will show how much they have done for the promotion of national literature. The valuable series of Irish manuscripts brought together by them, some years ago, and still known as "Hodges and Smith's Collection," is now one of the chief glories of the Academy's library.

weapon in the armoury of the political demagogue. The publication of our true annals will totally deprive the mob-orator and the factious journalist of their most powerful hold on the passions of an irascible and imaginative race, easily excited by exaggerated and one-sided representations of former events. Irishmen will learn, from their own history, that they have been too much the victims of misguiding speculators and trading politicians; and they will find that education and industry are the only true and lasting sources of national prosperity and greatness. The foundation of the Irish Archæological Society marks an era in our literature. From the period of its formation, we can distinctly trace the onward progress which has been made in the cultivation of national historical research; and the many valuable works which have, since that time, issued from the Dublin press, fully attest the beneficial effects of the Society's influence. An ample field still lies before our Archæologists; numbers of the most important manuscripts still remain unpublished;*

* We trust that the Council of the Society will see the necessity of undertaking the publication of the larger and more comprehensive manuscript works, which serve to illustrate various historical eras. Of these, one of the most important is the "*Coghadh Gaoidheal le Gallaih,*" or "Wars of the Irish with the Danes," a complete copy of which has been lately discovered in the Bibliothèque des Ducs de Bourgogne, at Brussels. This document contains ample information on the great struggle which terminated so gloriously for Ireland; and the means exist of illustrating it minutely, from contemporary Irish productions. We understand that the Danish government have signified their desire to contribute to the expense of the publication of this important work. A late report of the Society of Northern Antiquarians, at Copenhagen, demonstrates the interest with which Mr. Worsaae's communications relative to the old Irish manuscript accounts of the wars of the Danes in our country, were received. Mr. Curry's investigations prove that this History of the Danish Wars was written at a comparatively short period after the battle of Clontarf, which is further attested by a fragmentary document preserved in the "Book of Leinster," a manuscript of the twelfth century, compiled by the tutor of Dermot Mac Murchad, and containing a pathetic note, written on the very day of that prince's expulsion from Ireland—an event which was attended with such important consequences. Mr. Curry's researches among our ancient Irish manuscripts demonstrate that the accounts hitherto received of the circumstances which led to the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland are totally false and inaccurate. The "*Borama,*" or History of the "Boromean Tribute," is a work of great value in illustrating the earlier portion of our annals, and treats of a subject on which we possess no published information. The History of the *Fir Bolga*, or early Belgic colonies in Ireland, also relates to an era on which we have as yet but imperfect accounts. The hagiographical treatises, and lives of the native Irish Saints, also well deserve publication, as no documents contain more curious and valuable accounts of the manners and customs of the early inhabitants of Ireland. It must be apparent, that the

and let us trust that the more enlightened of our countrymen will, following the example set by neighbouring nations, no longer allow the ancient records of the piety and learning of their ancestors to lie on the shelves of our collections, unknown and unappreciated, save by a few of the master-minds of our own and foreign lands. "Science and literature," says an eminent living scholar,* "have many departments, not one of which is undeserving of our regard, so long as it is cultivated in a liberal and philosophic spirit; but the history of our own country, and of its language, has especial claims on our consideration, unless we choose to renounce the name of Irishmen. It is no morbid sentiment which leads us to turn, with a longing and affectionate interest, to the ancient history and literature of our own country. It is no fond national conceit, which inspires us with the desire to gather and to preserve those of its scattered records, which have escaped the tooth of time, the ravages of barbarism, and the persecuting rigor of a miscalculating policy. It is, indeed, wise in us to soar as high as we may, seeking a wide and clear view of the entire horizon of human knowledge and science; but, even to those elevated regions let us carry with us a loving remembrance of the spot of earth from whence we took our flight, of our birth-place, and the home, which is the sanctuary of the purest and strongest of our earthly affections."

documents in the ancient Irish language, styled by the learned Pictet, "les curieux débris de la primitive Europe," are those which should be first printed; and we have endeavoured to demonstrate the necessity of undertaking their publication during the lifetime of the Hiberno-Celtic scholars, before referred to. A Committee, we may add, has been recently appointed by Parliament to examine and report relative to the publication, by the Imperial Government, of the ancient Irish or *Brehon* Laws, noticed at page 413.

* Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Dublin. Address delivered in the Royal Irish Academy, on the completion of the subscription for the purchase of the Betham Manuscripts, 22nd April, 1851.

ART. IV.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES
OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER V.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I ENJOYED IT.

WITCHCRAFT had gone out, and the electric telegraph had not yet come into fashion, at least in the west, so the only agency to which I could attribute the wonderful celerity with which my arrival became known, was that of the indefatigable Mrs. Fogarty. The next morning, in addition to the announcement (through the keyhole) that it was eight o'clock, and time to get up, she informed me that "a few of the tenants was outside waitin' to see me;" and, on going to the window, I perceived from twenty to thirty persons, of apparently limited wardrobes, scattered over the space before the door in picturesque groups, and passing away the time by various devices. Some were diverting themselves with pipes (of the tobacco, not the *bag*, species); others were playing an exciting game with small pebbles, which I afterwards found was called "jackstones;" one or two were stretched at full length in the lawn, chewing grass, with an avidity worthy of Nebuchadnezzar, while, seated on the door-steps, was a noisy party, gesticulating fiercely over a dingy pack of cards. When I went down stairs to breakfast, I found the lower part of each window occupied by a row of faces peering intently into the room, their proximity to the glass causing a depression and whiteness of nose very ghastly to behold. Remarkable country this! thought I: eating appears an unusual process among the natives. Last night, Mrs. Fogarty hung over me at supper, as if I was about some operation in alchymy, and now a considerable portion of the population seems to have turned out to witness my breakfast.

As Mrs. Fogarty was disappearing with the breakfast things, she abruptly asked me, "Would I like to see Myles?" Having an idea that Myles might be one of the lions of the neighbourhood usually shown to strangers, I assented, and at the same time desired an explanation as to what Myles might be.

"Myles? sure its Myles the driver," was the answer; "'tis him that does be drivin' the tenants."

"Driving tenants!" I exclaimed. "My goodness, what barbarity!"

"Thrue for yon," said she, "but sure it's not his fault, the craythur; it's little rints you'd get, I'm thinkin, if you had'nt some one to drive for them. Here he is: come in, Mick;" and impelling into the room with a vigorous push the gentleman in question, she closed the door and left us alone.

Mr. Myles immediately commenced a *pas seul* and an oration, the former consisting in scrapes on the floor with each foot alternately, the latter, of expressions of welcome to the country, and of the pride he took in seeing me looking so mighty well entirely. At the conclusion of the performance, which was of course, like an address to Her Majesty, graciously received, and as I had gathered enough from Mrs. Fogarty's introductory remarks to understand that there was some mysterious connection subsisting between Myles and the tenants, I entered into conversation with him forthwith on the subject of rents, tenancies, holdings, and similar light and entertaining topics. I ran through the small stock of technicalities connected with the landlord and tenant law, which I had picked up in Mr. Seizem's office, and spoke of ejectments and notices to quit in familiar terms, but without producing the impression I had anticipated, for to judge of the intense stolidity with which Myles regarded me, it seemed that he rather undervalued my acquirements; in fact, he gave it as his opinion, that these elaborate contrivances for facilitating the management of landed property were needless in the west, and that the exigencies of any case were fully met by the simple process, "driving," in which art he professed himself an adept. "But it's not much of that same," said he, in a tone of regret, "that I done this year back. I was fairly bet by your uncle, the Heavens be his bed, whatever it was kem over him, but latterly he tuck to lisenin' to their long stories, an' I could'nt drive as much as an ould goat, but he'd orthur me to give it back to the man that owned it, no mathur if he owed two years rint. Now, sir," said he, appealing to me indignantly, "sure no property could stand that thraytment, and signs on it, it was'nt much of the last May rint he got; but I hope your honor 'll show them you wont have sich humbuggin' thransactions, and that you'll put a new rule on thim."

He then suggested that a personal inspection of the lands by me would be for our mutual benefit, and hinted that unless I was otherwise engaged, there was no time like the present.

To this proposition I at once agreed; not that I anticipated any enjoyment from the excursion; in fact, I felt rather nervous at the very idea; but knowing that it must take place, sooner or later, I expressed a desire to set out without delay, on the same principle that a child makes an eager gulp at an inevitable spoonful of Gregory's powder, or other nauseous compound, in order to get it over as soon as possible. But the sight of the congregation before the windows nearly banished my small stock of resolution, and I timidly inquired what we were to do with those people.

"Do with them, is it? why, spake to them, to be sure," promptly replied Myles. "Spake up bould and stout, and tell them you wont have any of their *morodin* thricks."

Assisted by these concise instructions, I hastily framed in my mind a few neat and appropriate observations, and, taking my hat, meekly followed Myles out on the steps. My appearance was the signal for a rush of the whole assembly towards me; and before I could get beyond the preliminary, "My friends, my feelings upon the present occasion"—my auditors were performing a sort of wardance round me, and, led on by an ill-looking little old man, were jostling, pushing, and abusing each other in a very lively manner. That this characteristic rite was intended to be a demonstration of good will, and even of welcome, I conjectured from the remarks I heard during its performance. "Its aisy seen there's good luck in store for us," said one; "We've a kind masther now, anyhow," said another; "Blessin's on his goodnathured faythers," exclaimed a third, adding, "*there's* a smile of tintherness." A stray kick which I had just received on the shin, caused the grin of anguish that elicited the latter remark. It is impossible to say to what length the ceremony might have been protracted, had not Myles rushed to the rescue, and interposed between me and the little old man, who seemed to be the chief performer, and had been bobbing up and down before me with the vivacity of a parched pea in a frying-pan. "Ar'nt you ashamed of yerself, Pether," said Myles; "you ought to know betther than to go *rampaging* about his honor, an' it the fust

time he's sot fut among ye. Come along, sir," continued he, "it's little betther than Roosians or born savages they are."

Glad to escape any further demonstration of an attachment which, though flattering in itself, was expressed in a manner too violent for my sensitive and retiring nature, I gave myself up to the guidance of Myles, and crossing the lawn, took to the open country in front of the house.

An animated steeple-chase ensued; for, finding that my devoted retainers were bent on enjoying my company, I strained every nerve to keep ahead of them, and scrambled over walls, through morasses, and into drains, with a vigour that makes it wonderful how I escaped bursting a blood-vessel. Just as I was beginning to calculate how much longer I could hold out, Myles opportunely called a halt, and pulling me out of a quagmire, for about the twentieth time, directed me to look round, and added, as an inducement, that the secluded region we had come to was known as the townland of Carranahungaunbawn, and that the collection of dwellings before me was the village of the same name. But for the latter piece of information, I doubt if, on mature deliberation, I should have felt myself justified in terming it a village. It was undoubtedly a cluster of edifices, many of which possessed some of the attributes of houses; two or three had wicker-work structures, obviously intended for chimneys; and such as were not graced with these appendages had holes in their roofs, which, very probably, answered the purpose just as well. There were doors, and even windows, though the existence of glass seemed to be unknown to the inhabitants, the medium used for transmitting light being generally a bundle of straw, or in some cases an old hat; still there was something about the whole place that did not coincide with my preconceived notions of a village. The first house we entered proved to be, on subsequent comparison, a fair sample, as to its internal arrangements. Its moveable furniture consisted of an iron pot, a pig, and two children; the fixtures, of a pot-hook embedded in the chimney, and an old woman (apparently, at least) embedded in the floor beside the fire. The children, at our approach, took refuge behind this venerable individual, who continued to smoke a pipe with a limited stem, stoically indifferent to our entrance; consequently, to the pig was left the duty of doing the honors of the es-

tablishment, in fulfilment of which he compelled me to take a seat, by promptly charging between my legs. In whatever other respect the interiors I subsequently visited may have differed, they all agreed in possessing a redundancy of scantily-clad children; in fact, children in a state of semi-nudity seemed to be the staple commodity of the village. The common thistle appeared to be the chief agricultural production of this retired district; it flourished in the neighbouring fields with a luxuriance that evinced careful cultivation; indeed, most of our British weeds seemed to have been paid a fair share of attention, though I was informed they were expected to make way for other crops some time in the ensuing spring. During our progress, the tenants, with engaging simplicity, sought, on one or two occasions, to draw my attention to some facts connected with the tenure of their land, and to inveigle me into promises of abatements in their rent, leave to cut turf, and other little favours, all which attempts were frustrated by the prudence of Myles, who told them there would be plenty of time for looking into those matters as soon as I had got used to the country. The several other townlands and "villages" I inspected did not present any strikingly new features; in one house I thought I detected the rudiments of a table, and in another, the absence of the pig caused a marked hiatus in the family circle. This, however, I learned was only temporary, and was to be attributed to a predatory excursion into a neighbouring field, where some potatoes still remained undug. But Myles, like a skilful and astute showman, was reserving the grand spectacle for the last.

"Now, sir," said he, "I'm goin' to show you a rayal sthrong tinant, and that's Pat Connolly; he lives over there, beyant;" and he indicated a sort of island, rising out of a morass, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach, and was by a euphemism called the Coolnamuck Bog. Nothing but excited curiosity could ever have induced me to attempt the passage to the spot where the strong tenant dwelt in lonely grandeur. It seemed as if the powers of earth and water had been unable to arrive at a compromise with regard to the intervening space, and were still contending for possession of it. To call it neutral ground would have been false; it might have been neutral mud, or neutral slime, but certainly not ground. Too soft to walk upon, yet approaching

so nearly to solidity as to render a boat useless, the passage of it was only to be accomplished by wading, and was naturally attended by inconveniences, among which I may mention the temporary loss of a shoe on my part, the exhuming of which caused some delay after our arrival on the opposite shore.

"Is your grandfather at home, Patsey?" Myles inquired of a youth in a fur cap, who, with the exception of two goats, appeared to be the only living thing on the island.

Patsey answered, "that he was within in *the house*." A lively imagination might not have found much difficulty in applying the title of house to some of the structures I had been looking at; but save a partially developed door, there was nothing in the pile of sods I saw here that the most vivid fancy could have tortured into a resemblance to any known style of architecture. The outside, however, furnished but a slight clue to the appearance of the interior; it seemed a sort of domestic Noah's ark, to which those animals alone, who minister to the necessities of man, were allowed to send representatives. Almost every domesticated species of the brute creation had contributed a specimen; a venerable goat, probably a remote ancestor of the pair outside, lay across the doorway; beyond him were a couple of calves, and a donkey, who was gazing at nothing in particular, with that stolid expression of countenance for which his race are proverbial. A cow was tethered in the corner, her back forming an asylum for some supernumerary fowls, who were unable to find accommodation among the rafters; the pig, in the other establishments doomed to a life of celibacy and thieving, was here a respectable animal, with a consort, and the cares incidental to a promising family of piglings. In vain I looked round for the herculean proprietor of the menagerie. The only object in human shape I could see was a decrepid old man sitting cowering over the fire. What was my astonishment to find that this was the veritable "strong tenant."

"Arrah, Pat," said Myles, tapping him on the shoulder; "Pat! look up, here's the new masther come to see you."

"Masther!" said the old man, without stirring or even removing his gaze from the fire; "I seen three of thim in my day, and it's little good it did me. What do I want with another?"

"Never heed him, sir," said Myles to me in a deprecatory whisper, "he's a little wrong in the head."

On the way home I discovered that the epithet "strong" was used in a figurative sense, and referred not to Mr. Connolly's physical capabilities, but to his possessions, which were considered very great in the cattle line.

Although the tenants appeared in general perfectly satisfied with the state of their houses and lands, and, laying aside sundry objections to the amount of rent they paid, and in some instances to paying rent at all, quite content with their lot, I was far from participating in that feeling. Superficial as was my knowledge of rural life, I could not help perceiving that a chimney, affording a free passage to convey every thing but smoke, and a roof that filtered the rain on your head, were not likely to be conducive to comfort; that the absence of cleanliness, and the presence of a pig, were not indispensable to domestic happiness; and that, though a boarded floor might be unattainable, it was not necessary that an earthen one should be a series of hillocks and quagmires. On consulting the "Handbook of Farming," I found that the style of agriculture in vogue among the natives was frightfully unorthodox; that thistles and dockweeds, although in themselves pleasing objects to behold, were considered by the latest authorities an unprofitable crop, and quite out of place on any well regulated farm; and that there was no precedent to justify old Connolly's turning his domicile into a cowshed. The natural consequence of these reflections and this course of study was, an ardent thirst for reform, which soon became with me a ruling passion. Many and wild were the schemes I planned. One time I proposed to myself to level every house on the property; at another to level merely the fences. I thought of enforcing, by stringent laws, the application of whitewash to the dwellings, and soap and water to the persons of my tenants, and of banishing the pig under heavy penalties. I made several attempts to become acquainted with the state of the property in a pecuniary point of view, and to collect the rents in person, when they became due; but finding that this was an art in itself, and that my previous knowledge of accounts did not avail me in the slightest, I was compelled to call in the assistance of Myles, and content myself with hoping that a

little experience would enable me to perform the duty unaided. In a short time, the whole of the financial department was in Myles's hands, and I never interfered, except to check him in the indulgence of his favourite diversion, "driving," at which he used to complain that I was "takin' afther my uncle, so I was." One little incident, in particular, served to show me how much I had to learn, before I could consider myself versed even in the provincialisms of the country. Observing that it was not till the beginning of summer that the tenants evinced any intentions of paying the rent which had become due the preceding autumn, I hinted, in the mildest manner possible, to a number of them who had come up to the house, ostensibly to pay what they owed, but, in reality, to avoid doing so, if they could with safety manage it, that it would gratify me if they could make arrangements to liquidate each gale shortly after it became due, and assigned, as a reason, the business-like appearance such regularity would give the books. The proposition was received with a groan of horror, and the indignant inquiry, "Would I be afther makin' English tinants of thim?" I replied, that it was not merely my wish but my intention to make them, if not English tenants, at least as good imitations of English tenants as circumstances would permit. "The Lord forbid!" piously ejaculated the whole assembly. I afterwards discovered, that in the phraseology of the country, an English, as contradistinguished from an Irish tenant, was one who paid his rent according as it became due, the national predilections being in favour of tardy payments and arrears. I confess this evidence of an attachment on the part of the peasantry to time-honored usages somewhat damped my ardour for reform; yet I cherished the hope of at length succeeding in awakening them to a sense of their condition, and inducing them to second my efforts in ameliorating it.

Many were the magnificent visions of reform that I conjured up. I saw myself surrounded by a peasantry, in a state of prosperity and happiness so complete as to be quite unnatural. I transformed (by thorough-draining, I suppose, or some such process) the whole of the Coolnamuck bog into a fertile sheepwalk, and ruthlessly demolished the peaceful hamlet of Carranahuggaunbawn, to rebuild it as the loveliest village of that plain, with all the accessories of maypoles,

diamond-shaped panes, shining-faced children, blue smoke curling calmly upwards, and porches with honeysuckles creeping without, and matrons knitting within. There was old Connolly, with his attenuated shanks rising out of the top-boots that tradition has represented to be essential to the character of the English grazier; and the youthful Patsey tending sheep, in a straw hat and crook, and eschewing the popular dudeen for the rustic pipe. Although I was perfectly aware that a road through Carranahuggaunbawn would lead to nowhere in particular, and therefore would be an undertaking not likely to be thought of by anyone, except, perhaps, a member of the Board of Works, yet such was the fertility of my imagination, that a wayside inn (the Dempsey Arms, of course) and groups of jovial travellers, always formed a part of the picture I painted on the retina of that wonderful optic, the mind's eye. The only points on which I could never come to any satisfactory decision were, simply how I was to begin, or where the capital necessary for carrying out some of my schemes was to come from. As to the latter, I fancied, with many another sanguine Irish landed proprietor, that example and precept would, in a great measure, supply its place; and thus, like a true builder of castles in the air, while I worked out elaborate pinnacles and turrets, was content with a very slender foundation and meagre ground-plan for my edifice.

While my reform fever was raging with unabated violence, an event occurred which I have good reason to remember. Shortly after my arrival, on coming home one evening, I found lying on my table, the card of "Howlan, of Castle Howlan"—(he was never, under any circumstances, mentioned but in connection with his dwelling; one might have almost fancied them as inseparable as the snail and his shell). On returning his visit, I formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Dempsey and her daughters, and of course, "as a matter of feeling" (to quote Mr. Seizem's expression), cultivated that acquaintance, from the same motive I paid her jointure and her daughters' interest, with great punctuality, though, by so doing, I put myself to some inconvenience; but then, a "matter of feeling," being a luxury, must be paid for as such; and our intimacy, which I had considered quite strong enough for all practical purposes, was wonderfully augmented by a dinner-party which Howlan of Castle How-

lan gave, in honor of Mr. Tiftbury, an Englishman, who had come to the country ostensibly for sporting purposes, bringing with him apparatus for the destruction of game of such magnificence and extent, that he filled the simple minds of the natives with awe and astonishment. There was a belief very prevalent in the neighbourhood to the effect that the Miss Dempseys were "fine girls," their claims to the character being supported, in a great measure, by their height; for in that particular they would have been very eligible recruits for an Amazonian grenadier company; but what gained them a large circle of admirers was the knowledge they displayed, and the ease with which they conversed on topics dear to the minds of the surrounding gentry. They were always accurate as to the current price of oats; they knew the days of all the fairs in the neighbourhood; they had some strong ideas on the subject of Swedish turnips; and even speculated a little in cattle, being possessed of two or three calves and a couple of sheep, of which they used to speak in scientific terms. Nor was their acquaintance with sporting matters less extensive than their agricultural knowledge; they could tell to a day how long the grouse shooting lasted, and were quite aware of the superiority of detonators over flints; they were versed in all the ills horseflesh is heir to; indeed, in one instance, Miss Henrietta Dempsey was related to have detected a spavin which escaped the notice of several gentlemen of profound veterinary skill. Each used in her turn follow the Ballykillgarry harriers as far as the first impracticable fence, on an animal they owned in common, and which they always mentioned as "the mare." They entertained a feeling almost amounting to contempt for the ordinary acquirements of young ladies of weak minds and delicate frames; and I have no doubt that a good deal of their popularity was to be attributed to the fact, that all their accomplishments were of a nature quite within the range of the faculties of their admirers, their indoor pursuits being chiefly the eternal practising of a dreary duett, which the two younger sisters used to play on festive occasions; while Miss Dempsey used to occupy herself with a mysterious group of vividly-coloured flowers in worsted, a piece of tapestry that had engaged her attention for upwards of two years, and was still, to all appearances, far from completion. I was for some time unable to account for the mysterious

influence that chained me to the side of Miss Dempsey, on the occasion of that memorable dinner-party; I was convinced my own choice had nothing to do with it, for though in a perfect fever of bashfulness, had I been a free agent, I should have preferred the company of either of her younger sisters. I would wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not, in the slightest, allude to her shoulders, which certainly were angular and high-coloured, or to her being considerably older than her sisters; on the latter point I am quite open to conviction, that her own version was to be preferred to that of the parish register. It was I who led her down to dinner—I who trod on the skirt of her dress and tore it—I who replied to her volubility during dinner in incoherent and monosyllabic murmurs—I who upset the glass of wine into her lap, and finally knocked over two chairs, in my haste to get out of her way, when the Masonic signal for withdrawal had passed between the senior ladies. On regaining the drawing-room, after a small sermon from Mr. Tiftbury, on the slovenliness and general filth of the Irish, I attempted to seek refuge in a retired corner; and then it was that I discovered, in the person of Mrs. Dempsey, the genie who, unseen, had directed all my movements. I was led from my obscure asylum, to hear a summary of the love-inspiring qualities of Maria, and found myself once more seated beside that quintessence of amiability. I made one gallant effort to escape to where the piano was groaning forth the duet, but before I had listened to two bars of that dispiriting melody, I was brought back a passive victim; and painfully conscious that the general impression through the room was, that it was all my own doing, and that I was flirting immensely; while my captor stationed herself at a convenient distance behind the sofa where I was in bondage, and, with her gloomy black turban, overawed any further attempt at defection.

In my simplicity, I fancied that the breaking up of that party would restore me to liberty; but I soon found that my captivity was destined to be of longer duration. Pic-nics were planned, and put into execution, at each of which I invariably found myself seated alone with Maria, at an uncomfortable distance from the rest of the company. At Maria's suggestion, I was compelled to discard the old grey shooting-jacket, which I had used as an office-coat in Lon-

don, and which I still looked on as a tried and valuable friend, and forced to adopt, for general wear, a green cut-away, with gilt buttons; at Maria's suggestion, I became the purchaser of an ill-flavored steed, called Lanty Farrell, after its original proprietor, on and from the back of which I used to perform sundry curious involuntary evolutions, whilst acting as her escort, much to the detriment of my coat and other apparel. Day after day were my peaceful occupations and benevolent projects interrupted by the arrival of Maria on "the mare," to which her sisters seemed to have resigned all claim for a time, in order to enable her to carry on the war with vigour. Day after day was I forced to join her in an exciting equestrian amusement, which she termed "schooling," from which I generally returned muddy and dispirited—the latter from the state of subjection in which I found myself, the former from an objection Lanty Farrell had to anything like coercion; for although a well-disposed animal when allowed to have his own way, he resented any attempt to alter his intentions in a very forcible manner, and, to use the expression of his late owner, "hyseed* and squealed like murder." Quite vain were all my attempts to escape these inflictions, by being out of the way when my fair cousin would arrive; I was invariably sent for, found, and brought back. On one occasion, hearing "the mare's" footsteps on the avenue, I took refuge in the oat-bin; but I was ignominiously dragged from that asylum, and compelled to do heavy penance on the back of Lanty Farrell. In vain did the faithful Myles raise his warning voice, and bid me take care of the women. "There's no bein' up to thim, sir," said he. "There's the widow Howlaghan, and, may I never, but she'd bother a rookery when she begins to talk; and throth, sir, I'm thinkin' Miss Maria is'n't bad at that same either. But, begorra, it's more nor her tongue she uses, sometimes; myself seen her, the other day, layin' her whip middlin' lively across Tim Fogarty's shoulthers, for not op'nin' the gate smart. Oh! faix, masthur, if you don't get shut of her"—— and the doleful and significant whistle with which he filled up the blank was enough to excite, in a more courageous heart than mine, the liveliest apprehensions. I had all along, a confused idea of im-

* *Hyse* is the Angle-Irish for hoist.

pending danger. I could not help seeing, that my lovely and persevering cousin, in appointing me her cavalier, had some other object in view besides that of listening to my conversation; though, I dare say, my observations on the weather were sagacious, and old Parker's office stories and veteran jokes were not a whit the less amusing for being retailed second-hand to her. But, by degrees, the frightful conviction seized my mind, that my present captivity was only the prelude to another, of such a duration and nature that the very thought of it made me shudder, and my ears glow with a heat so fervent, that it was almost a miracle how my hair escaped singeing. Any doubts I might have had were dispelled by the ominous manner in which Myles began to mention the prospect of my being "ruined intirely, if I didn't mind myself." It was characteristic of the man, that the only way of avoiding such a fate, that suggested itself to him, was stratagem. He proposed that I should sprain an ankle, or feign a broken arm; adding, that "bedad, if I did'nt, I'd be afther comin' home some day wid my neck broke; and maybe I wouldn't like that so much." Mrs. Fogarty, on the other hand, said, like Sempronius, that her voice was for war; nothing short of open revolt would satisfy that intrepid woman. She'd give Miss Maria a bit of her mind, so she would. And a bit of her mind she would, undoubtedly, have parted with in my defence, had it not been for an unforeseen stroke of Fortune, who now and then befriends a victim, from the same motives of humanity that a mischievous boy lifts a kitten out of a well, to throw it in again.

With a grin on her (Mrs. Fogarty's, not Fortune's) amiable countenance, she brought me one morning the exhilarating news that Lanty Farrell was dead lame, owing to too liberal a use of his hind legs against the manger while he was being saddled, and that consequently the ride over to Castle Howlan, to which I had been sentenced the day before, should be now postponed *sine die*. Various metaphors and similes have been, from time to time, used to express the joy felt by liberated captives and returned convicts; supposing all or any of these to have been pressed into service, in the present instance, it is enough for me to say that I felt quite relieved and comfortable as I took off my green cut-away, for which I entertained about the same amount of affection as an auto-da-fé victim might be

supposed to feel for the flame-coloured robe, or a votive ox for the garland by which he is led to sacrifice, and then wrote and despatched a note regretting "the provoking accident that had deprived me of so much pleasure." Monster of mendacity! I carefully avoided the stable, fearing I should discover that the accident was a fiction. I wished that I could watch from some place, where I should have been safe from capture, the respective countenances of Maria and her mother, as they read my apology. That the storm was terrific I have no doubt, for on my return that evening I learned that the former gentle creature had ridden over to Bal-linahaskin in a highly excited state, to inquire personally into the matter, and that it was only by ocular demonstration she could be convinced that my matchless steed was really unfit to travel. I trembled when I thought what the consequences would have been had the accident proved to be merely a creature of Myles' or Mrs. Fogarty's imagination, or had I not been at the time of her visit over the hills and far away, making liberal offers to old Connolly of building him a cow-house, which, by the way, he steadily rejected, on the grounds that a house that was good enough for him and his grandson was good enough for any cow in the barony; indeed, that patriarch clung in every instance with a limpet-like tenacity to time-honored usage, and seemed to pride himself on obstructiveness to every thing in the way of improvement. Not that my success with his neighbours was particularly encouraging, it bore about the same proportion to the magnificent visions with which I had been amusing myself, as Alnaxhar's basket of crockery did to his match with the vizier's daughter. As I was not a landlord of sufficiently long standing to be thoroughly imbued with the trans-Shannonite doctrine, that a dirty tenant is just as good as a clean one, *provided only he pays his rent* (a theory which is doubtless taken from Juvenal, and therefore *ought to be respected*), it was natural that my unpractised eyes should magnify the popular contempt of cleanliness into an obstacle between me and the goal I had, or fancied I had, in view. This I conceived to be the first foe to be overcome—the first of the many giants to be slain by me in my capacity of champion to the captive genius of reform; and never did a knight-errant go forth more valiantly to do battle with the grim warder of some

imprisoned and languishing princess, or receive more "shrewd knocks" in the encounter than I did, during the period of Lanty's indisposition. Whole villages rose like one man to defend their vested rights in domestic filth, grey-haired men of unimpeachable veracity utterly ignored the sanitary qualities of whitewash, and respectable matrons pleaded hard in favor of small swamps before their doors, alleging that they were necessary for the health and comfort of their ducks.

While I was enduring these rebuffs in the cause of reform, another of its enemies was being briskly besieged by a cohort of courageous amazons, banded together under the imposing style and title of "The Clonbrock Ladies' Fancy Work and Education Society," who had some months before, at the instance of the Rev. Mr. Sweeny, the curate, opened a campaign against the giant Ignorance, and were now undermining that fell tyrant's stronghold by disseminating spelling and satin-stitch. When the meek but zealous Mr. Sweeny stated in his modest prospectus, that the object of the association was to furnish employment in coarse needlework to the industrious poor, and went round from house to house soliciting subscriptions and patronage, he little anticipated the overwhelming success that was to attend his efforts, or that his humble scheme was to be laid aside for more soaring projects; but, like St. Kevin, he had but a limited knowledge of what the sex can do. "At first," to use the words of his own simple confession, "they seemed, as it were, to fight shy of it; but after a little, as if by common consent, they took to it very kindly." So kindly, in fact, that from that time forth Mr. Sweeny led an active life. It is not to be supposed from this that he was entrusted with any very important post in the Society—quite the contrary; it was wonderful the relish the ladies, when once fairly embarked in the concern, took in entering upon all sorts of onerous duties. Steady-going mothers of families canvassed for presidencies, vice-presidencies, and chairwomanships, with keen rivalry. Young ladies of proverbial gaiety formed themselves into committees, passed resolutions, and moved amendments, with an energy truly astonishing; indeed, one would have fancied that every lady in the country had at some period of her life served on a feminine vestry, or had been a

common councilwoman, so thoroughly business-like a form did the mania take. What the suffering Mr. Sweeny went through is beyond mortal ken. To have been, under any circumstances, the only male present at a convocation, which strongly resembled something between a harem and a board of poor-law guardians, was undoubtedly a trying position. But besides having, in his capacity of secretary, to commit to writing minutes of all the proceedings—in itself no light task, as the ladies seemed to consider a number of amendments to every resolution as necessary as a plurality of postscripts to a letter—he had many miscellaneous and thankless duties to perform; he had to cast up difficult rule-of-three sums for the treasurer, and solve knotty points in her accounts, and explain the same to the satisfaction of the auditor; he had to reconcile the opposing views of the president and vice ditto, the former proposing that the funds of the Society should be devoted to establishing a manufacture of tapestry, on the plan of the Gobelins; the latter (a woman of vigorous intellect), being in favor of a system by which children might be taught to read without learning their letters. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Sweeny, after four months of meek endurance, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, though only at the instance of the honorary secretary, Miss Dempsey.

It was two days after this event that I received the following letter:—

"Clonbrock Ladies' Education and Fancy-Work Society,

"Friday, the 18th.

"SIR—I am requested by the president and the committee of the C. L. E. and F. S. to inform you, that we have appointed you to be assistant-secretary to the C. L. E. and F. S., which place is now vacant, owing to the retirement of Mr. Sweeny, A.B., and which he was totally unable to fill.

"Sir, I have the honor to be

"Yours very truly,

"MARIA DEMPSEY,

"Honorary Secretary."

As I was reading the above document, or rather gazing vacantly at it for some time before my mind could thoroughly understand the

frightful communication in all its bearings, something fell from the envelope; it proved to be a note in the same handwriting, and was to the following effect:—

“DEAR MONTAGUE—We have, as you see, selected you to be our assistant-secretary. I am sure you will make a better one than *that odious* Mr. Sweeny, who gave us so much trouble you *cannot* think. The president—that is, mamma—joins with me in sending her best regards.

“Your attached cousin,

“M. D.”

“P.S.—I forgot to say that we have settled to meet next board-day in your dining-room, as it is the most central position we could get. I told them I was sure you would be happy to accommodate us; so please have it ready, with ink bottles and chairs.”

“P.P.S.—I forgot to say that Monday is board-day. You need not mind pens, as we will bring our own.”

ART. V.—GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

1. *Return of the Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the East Indies and British Colonies, since the 1st of January, 1832.* 10th July, 1848—Mr. KEOGH.
2. *Further Return, in continuation of former.* 18th July, 1848—Mr. KEOGH.
3. *Return of Number and Names of Persons appointed to any Judicial or other Legal Office, in the East Indies, &c., since 10th July, 1848.* 10th July, 1850—Mr. SADLEIR.
4. *Motion relative to Appointments in India.* 16th April, 1850—Mr. SADLEIR.

THE distribution of Government patronage is not a very inviting subject for discussion. We are aware of the disagreeableness of the task, and can well anticipate the very plausible, if not substantial ob-

jections, which may be urged against mooring, in the pages of the *QUARTERLY*, a matter very erroneously supposed by many to be of exclusive parliamentary cognizance. The countless tribe of "hungry expectants," from the sleek ambitious aspirant to the "lawn and purple," down to the self-important village postmaster, or the pert country gauger in prospective—the motley "waiters on Providence," from the nearest to the most distant kith, kin, and kindred of the mighty man in power—all the toadies and worshippers of the great, that namby-pamby, dawdling, do-nothing class, "who live, and move, and have their being" in fashionable frivolity, who spurn the honest means of industrious existence, in the hope, too often realized, of being snugly quartered on the public purse, through the sinister influence of some titled patron—all these and many others "of that ilk," are likely to be up in arms against us, and to exclaim, with brazen throats and leathern lungs, against the "high crime and misdemeanor" of our venturing to touch on so sacred a subject. We need hardly, however, observe, that we should treat the objections and objurgations of all these worthies as merely "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" we, nevertheless, frankly admit, that we have, from time to time, met with persons of independent character and position, whose opinions are very justly entitled to considerable weight, and to whose greater experience and sounder judgment we, in most cases, unhesitatingly defer, who have questioned the propriety—we should, perhaps, rather say the expediency—of agitating, without the precincts of parliament, this very important subject. "The public have no right," say they, "save through their representatives, and in the proper place—the House—to call any servant of Her Majesty to account for the manner in which he may have bestowed the patronage in his gift. If you once encourage the public to examine and criticize, out-of-doors, the conduct of the Minister in that regard, you must necessarily hamper his discretion in conferring promotion, and thereby interfere with the discharge of his duty, in one of its most delicate functions." Now, with every, the sincerest, respect for these estimable individuals, we must dissent, *toto cælo*, from this doctrine of theirs. Our short and simple answer to all their doubts and fears is, that we cannot perceive the slightest imaginable difference between the patronage of the Crown and any other

matter of general public interest, as regards the right of every member of the community, in any and every way he may legitimately please, to institute the most searching inquiry, and to canvass, when and where he will, the doings of responsible functionaries, in reference thereto; that we do not understand why the exercise of that right, in the instance in question, any more than in any other instance, should be confined to members of parliament, or restricted to the "precincts of the House;" and that we do not, by any means, comprehend how its full and free exercise "out-of-doors" could hamper the proper, or rightful, or statesmanlike discretion of the Minister in his appointments, or at all interfere with the discharge of his duty, save, perhaps, in acting as a very salutary check in preventing the mischievous abuse of his discretion. If an appointment be unexceptionable, surely, no possible harm can result from canvassing and commenting on it ever so generally; and, on the other hand, if it be really and truly objectionable, we should like to know the method half so efficacious, either to bring the Minister to his penitentials, or to prevent a recurrence of the mischief, as the strong and emphatic reprehension of public opinion. Let the voice of public opinion loudly and lustily denounce "the job," and then, but not till then, some "troublesome customer" or other will surely bring the matter before the House, and will, at all events, elicit some explanation, or, mayhap, obtain a promise of future better behaviour from "Her Majesty's responsible adviser"—though how such a promise is likely to be kept we may, perhaps, hereafter see. But seriously, to expect that "the House," or even the busiest member thereof, should, *ex mero mutui suo*, and in the absence of some "gentle pressure from without," be eternally overhauling and exposing cases of unwise or improper dispensation of patronage, would be to expect a degree of vigilance and virtue in our representatives which, we much fear, very few indeed will give them the credit of possessing.

It may be true, we admit, that in earlier and primitive times, when patronage, *as we are told*, was carefully and cautiously bestowed according to, and as the well-earned reward of, merit—when the now exploded qualifications of intelligence, ability, and zeal, were usually regarded as the principal, if not sole, recommendations of candidates for ministerial favor—when men were generally selected for

office with an *absurd* view to the efficient performance of the public service—it may be true, we say, that, in those old-fashioned and severely virtuous times, there was rarely any very glaring abuse of the patronage of the Crown, by an indefensibly bad appointment; or if the discretion of the Minister was occasionally at fault in the object of his selection, it may be that parliament, in its pristine purity, was sufficiently wakeful and sufficiently willing to recall him to his senses, and to prevent a similar indiscretion on his part thereafter. But these times of political puritanism—if, indeed, they ever existed—have long since passed away; we now, fortunately, live in the middle of the nineteenth century, with its more enlarged and liberalizing civilization; parliament has, of course, felt the gentle influences of that civilization, and is not, in consequence, the rigid moralist or *censor morum* it was wont to be. “Places” are not now given solely to and for meritorious conduct, in the antiquated fashion of our ancestors: an affinity, ever so circuitous or remote, to “Mr. Secretary This,” or “my Lord Treasurer That,” will, in these enlightened days, be very naturally a much more sure and certain passport to official countenance and support, than all the intelligence, ability, and zeal of a very Crichton, without the fortunate and fortuitous accident of official relationship. Promotions are now most properly made, not according to what men are, but by strict reference to who men are—not foolishly (as formerly) according to what they may be as regards their talents and accomplishments for public employment, but, very judiciously, by a due regard to what they are in point of aristocratic family and connexion. Now, all these beneficent relaxations from the rigorous prudery of the past—all these happy and most humanizing “modern improvements,” have taken place, be it remembered, under the very nose and eyes of a Reformed Parliament. Patronage, it must now be allowed, has been most wisely diverted from its original and obsolete purpose, to the much more praiseworthy object of making provision for the scions of our nobility. “These convenient little arrangements” are as well known—we will say no more—to our legislators, as are the most ordinary concerns of their everyday life; nay, so desirably notorious has this most amiable system of “family endowment” become, that it is now quite a matter of lottery speculation on “the lobby” and in the

clubs. You can, in the language of "the corner," "lay on to any amount," "give or take the long odds if you will," as to which of the great favorite houses in the patronage ring will carry off the next "good thing" in the field. In fact, the whole tendency of the age, the whole policy of parliament—*quoad* patronage at all events—is, and for some time has been, the very quintessence of private philanthropy and benevolence; and in the face of all this, are we to be seriously told, that the House, in reversal of its *generous policy*, should be perpetually "calling men over the coals," for acting precisely in accordance with its good-natured wishes? Why, the thing is monstrous—preposterous in the extreme. We know there are some silly people, so very, very unreasonable as to require this stultifying course of proceeding, from "the wisdom of parliament." For our parts, had we the power so to do, we should forthwith consign such people to the tender mercies of the Sergeant-at-Arms, as for a constructive breach of privilege, or commit them to a lunatic asylum, as dangerous and confirmed madmen. But we have not, however, that very salutary power. So leaving these "perverse unfortunates" at large, to go on exacting, if they will, an utterly impossible inconsistency, and with profound commiseration for their invincible wrongheadedness, we proceed, in parliamentary *parlance*, "to the order of the day," and beg to address ourselves in the following pages to our right-minded friends and acquaintances. With these we are quite willing to admit that, *generally speaking*, a minister of the crown performs his duty to his sovereign and the country, as regards his dispensation of patronage, if the objects of his selection be duly qualified and perfectly competent individuals. But though this may be true as a general rule, we think it must be conceded, that in very many cases something more than mere personal qualification and competency for public employment should be taken into account, and that considerations of locality, or the claims of each and every distinct portion of the United Kingdom to its fair share of the "loaves and fishes" of the state, should have some, and no inconsiderable weight in ministerial appointments. We advance this truism, we candidly confess, principally, if not solely, in reference to Ireland. But if the proposition hold at all with respect to other divisions of the United Kingdom, how much more

forcibly, how conclusively, does it apply to the case of Ireland. The inherent claims of this country—as an integral part of the empire—to a due participation in the honors and emoluments of the public service, have over and over again, for a long series of years, been recognized and acknowledged—verbally, of course, we mean—by every successive leader of the great contending English parties. There has scarcely been a single administration for the last half century that has not, in its day of difficulty or danger, come out with the strongest assurance, the most unequivocal pledge, to respect these claims, and give them every practical effect; and there has not been a single administration during all that period, when it chanced to weather the storm, that has not, in its hour of security and success, flatly given the lie to that assurance, and perfidiously violated that pledge. They have been, each and all, like *Macbeth's* witches,

“That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope,”

as regards their requital of Irish services, though ever so opportunely rendered. We have for ages, owing to our too credulous confidence in plausible professions, been the poor and pitiful sport of every English faction in turn, which has used us to and for its own selfish purposes, when, and where, and as it happened to require our aid, and then gratefully treated us in return with the grossest injustice, or the most galling contempt. That ruthless spirit of British domination, which for centuries of our early and mournful history marked its devastating progress through our island, in wholesale and indiscriminating confiscation, is still busily, though insidiously, at work in the piecemeal spoliation of our few remaining institutions, and in the stern and studied exclusion of Irishmen from the service of the Sovereign. The Hibernian Celt, who has the manly honesty to avow his country, and to assert in her name his right to official promotion, is coldly and superciliously told “to stand by;” the ban of the Milesian brogue is upon him; the door of office is peremptorily closed in his face; whilst the more fortunate denizen of any other favorite section of the empire can easily obtain from British generosity (?) admission within its portals. Is this the idle language of mere individual disappointment? Is this the

bitter recrimination of mere individual discontent? Are any of our readers sceptical on this point? Are any of them unbelievers in the perpetration of this crying and cruel injustice to their countrymen? Do any of them think we are drawing on our imagination for facts, or indulging in mere fanciful extravagance of expression, when we speak of the "stern and studied exclusion of Irishmen from the service of the Sovereign?" Well, then, if any such there be, let them but look at the "happy family" composition of our present precious cabinet; let them take a survey of all the government departments in London and throughout Great Britain; let them note down our magnificent embassies to the leading European courts, with their countless corps of secretaries, attachés, and other nameless subordinates; let them run through the long list of British consuls at foreign ports; let them reflect on our flourishing colonies in every quarter of the habitable globe, with their formidable civil and military establishments; let them examine the few, the very few, surviving public boards in our own beautiful metropolis; let them study the weekly announcements of "appointments" in the government gazette; let them, in one word, jot down all the various high and honorable situations of public trust, and public emolument, at home and abroad, and then count up (with us) the maximum fraction of fortunate Irishmen to be possibly discovered therein; and, having done so, we much err indeed if they will not avouch our expressions on this painful subject to be the sad and sorrowful language of plain unvarnished truth. Yes, we deeply grieve to aver our deliberate conviction to be, that the invidious and iniquitous discouragement of every body and every thing Irish, was not with the most narrow-minded British statesman of by-gone times a more stringent and inflexible rule of state policy, than it is with the so-called "enlightened" British statesmen of modern days. Why this is or should be so, we cannot even remotely conjecture. For in our humble judgment the plainest considerations of political expediency would point to the very opposite course of proceeding—would suggest to any and to every ministry the imperative duty of doing us simple justice, and thereby to foster kindly relations between the sister countries; to do us simple justice—we ask no more—and in so doing to allay that bitter discontent, to remove that degrading sense of

insult and wrong, which every Irishman does and *must* intensely feel, in reflecting on the position of humiliating inferiority in which he now unquestionably stands, as a candidate for public employment, in comparison with his English fellow-subjects.

But if any one class in the country have more reasonable ground than another to complain of the one-sided exclusiveness which characterizes the prevailing system of government promotions, or to denounce the breach of ministerial faith in reference thereto, that class is, undoubtedly, the Irish bar, as regards the distribution of our colonial legal patronage, but more especially as regards the appointments to the Indian bench. A brief account of the exercise of that patronage, and a summary of these appointments for the last sixteen or eighteen years, founded not on mere speculation or surmise, but taken from the very important returns prefixed to the commencement of this paper, and which cannot err, will incontestably prove the truth of this proposition; and we venture to affirm that no documents of the kind have issued from or under the authority of parliament for the last half century, which could more forcibly picture, than do these invaluable returns, the step-dame feelings of England towards this unfortunate country, as regards her grudging, grinding jealousy of Irish talent and Irish acquirements. They demonstrate, that in the race for professional honors and emoluments "abroad," Englishmen are to be the sole, or all but the sole, competitors—that they are to have a clear stage and *all* favor—and that they must, *ex vi patriæ*, triumphantly bear away all the fairest and richest prizes. A proscribed Irishman, to be sure, may ambitiously dream of, or wistfully pine for, the "*opima spolia*" of the Indian bench, but then he must not *seriously* aspire to the proud distinction of an Oriental judgeship. Oh, no, no! "The established course of practice" forbids any such presumptuous Celtic pretension. There must be no *mere* *Hirish* interlopers in that quarter. For prescription and precedent have now clearly established an exclusive vested right to the Indian bench—which must be maintained—in their Saxon betters. Mr. Keogh's pithy return of the 10th of July 1848, indisputably proves *that*—or rather it too accurately corroborates, the truthful and telling language of the honorable member for Carlow, on a very recent occasion in the house—language uncontradicted to this day—"That

in the distribution of the patronage of the Indian empire, it was systematically the practice to set aside every man, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, who happened to be so unfortunate as to claim Ireland for his native land." Yea, gentle reader, "read, mark, and inwardly digest" these most strange, yet most authentic returns; they will well and amply repay your most careful study. These revelations will, one and all, disclose to you the unmistakeable fact—a fact which we would deeply impress on you, as illustrating the uniform amiable weakness of all English parties towards this country—namely, that be the differences and dissensions between English Whigs and English Tories, between English Protectionists and English Free-Traders, what they may—no matter which of them be in power, or which in opposition, and let them fight, and squabble, and wrangle amongst themselves in other respects as bitterly as they may—yet will they all, the "ins as well as the outs," always cordially and cheerfully unite on the one common generous ground of denying to an Irish barrister his admitted right—whilst the spirited debate on Mr. Sadleir's motion of April, 1850, and of which more anon, will teach you the instructive lesson that there is no degree of shirking or of shuffling too despicable—no evasion too pettifogging, nor subterfuge too paltry, for a British minister to resort to in trying to quibble out of the direct and damning charge of the invariable denial of that right.

The first of these parliamentary "tell-tales,"—obtained on the motion of the very able member for Athlone, and relating exclusively to the East Indies—was printed, be it remembered, on the 10th of July, 1848, and, commencing with the year 1832, comes down to nearly the middle of 1848. The second—also procured at the instance of that active and efficient representative, being in fact a continuation in reference to the British Colonies of the first—was printed on the 18th of July, 1848, and begins and ends at much about the same periods respectively, in the years 1832 and 1848, as does its predecessor; whilst the third—worked out by the honorable member for Carlow—was printed on the 10th July, 1850, and taking up the two former, brings us on to the commencement of the last-mentioned year; and now, bearing in mind these several dates, let us calmly and coolly—if we can—take a passing glance at British

generosity and British justice towards unfortunate Ireland, as evidenced by these unimpeachable authorities. As being the first in importance, as well as the highest in rank and pay, we shall begin with the "judicial or other legal offices in the East Indies"—as comprised in return number one—and shall see how Irishmen have fared with respect to these. We must, however, premise, that such return does *not of course* apply to, or contain, the various judicial and legal appointments in India, held by the civil servants of the East India Company—tut, tut, by no means—why, if it contained these innumerable appointments, 'twould play the very mischief indeed—would, in sooth, show up British monopoly in such gigantic enormity, in such glaring offensiveness, that nought but itself could be its parallel. No, no; it embraces *only* the judicial appointments held in "Her Majesty's Court of Judicature in the East Indies." This premonition may, perhaps, have been unnecessary, still, for caution sake, 'twas just as well to give it. Be that as it may, however, now to proceed. There are, as most people already know, in the East Indies, three several Presidencies, or local governments—those of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay—each of which has its own separate and distinct supreme judicial establishment. (We are, of course, now speaking of the judicial establishments of her Majesty in India.) Bengal being the most extensive and populous of the three, has the largest and most lucrative judicial establishment. It consists of a Chief Justice, at a salary of £8,000 per annum, and two Puisné Judges, at a yearly salary of £6,000 each: the number and respective salaries of the supreme Judges in the other two Presidencies are similar, each having a Chief Justice, at a salary of £5,625, and one Puisné Justice, at a salary of £4,687 per annum. The whole number then of "Her Majesty's Courts of Judicature in the East Indies"—for we wish to be most particular in this business—is three; the judges thereof amount to seven, and the salaries of these seven "eminent personages," reach in the aggregate the trifling sum of £40,624 per annum, being a few thousands under the yearly pay of all our own twelve judges. We shall have something by-and-bye to say of a mongrel nondescript office in one of the East India Company settlements, now held by Sir William Jeffcott, called the Recordership of Penang, the income of which is

£3,750; and perhaps we may also have a word or two to say in reference to a law officer practising in "Her Majesty's Courts of Judicature aforesaid," called Advocate-General to the East India Company, at a salary of £3,375; but for the present we shall pass over both of these, as we wish just now to confine ourselves altogether to the information afforded by the return immediately before us with regard to the Indian Bench, about which it is, as before observed, solely conversant. Well, then, it tells us, that from the 14th of January, 1832, to the 19th of June, 1848, both dates inclusive, there were no less than TWENTY-ONE appointments made to that bench; of these three were Chief Justiceships of Bengal, two were Chief Justiceships of Madras, and five were Chief Justiceships of Bombay, making altogether ten Chief Justiceships, and eleven Puisné Justiceships, during the period comprised within these two dates—that is to say, during an interval of little more than seventeen years the Board of Control had in its gift twenty-one "judicial offices in the East Indies," at salaries varying from £8,000 the highest, to £4,687 the lowest, per annum—a very tolerable number of vacancies, and a very respectable gradation of salary, it must, we think, be owned. Should any person wish from mere curiosity to follow out the financial consideration of the subject farther than we have just now leisure to accompany him, let him "tot up" the aggregate amount of the salaries of these twenty-one snug judgeships, and we rather suspect the result will astonish him not a little. Now, be it distinctly, clearly understood, that to these very enviable and very eminent situations members of the Irish bar were by statute expressly declared to be eligible, equally and indiscriminately with English barristers. Let this be steadily and constantly kept in view. Well, gentle reader, of these twenty-one splendid appointments, with their magnificent salaries, how many think you have been or are filled by members of the "eligible" Irish bar? Perhaps you will say, one-third, or if not one-third, you may in all probability guess the number to six, or to five, or at the very lowest calculation, to four. Well, then, if so, you would still be at fault; for our veritable little "parliamentary paper" will plainly show you that there has not been one single solitary member of that "eligible" bar on the Indian bench for the last seventeen and a-half years—

not one—not even one. Oh, no; there must be no Irish poaching on this valuable English preserve—that would never answer—“that cock would never fight.” Well, but let us go a few, say eight or nine, years further back, and see what this further retrospect will furnish us; let us ascertain what the experience of the last quarter of a century will teach us. Why just the same agreeable story, just the same flattering result.

For five and twenty years and more, not one, not even one solitary promotion from the “eligible” Irish bar to an Indian judgeship! What noble generosity—what exemplary justice on the part of our prosperous neighbours! Surely we cannot feel too enamoured of the one, or too gratefully hymn the praises of the other. Oh how can we ever sufficiently appreciate the precious blessings of the Union in thus practically placing us (in reality as well as in name) on a footing of perfect equality with our fellow-subjects across the channel. You discontented drudges of juniors, who are constantly carping and cavilling at the seemingly partial distribution of Colonial patronage, study well, if you please, the actual judicial history of India for the last five and twenty years; and if, after having done so, you still include the Board of Control in your captions censure, we tell you fairly and frankly we must set you down as the most stupid, or the most prejudiced of educated dunderpates. For the present, however, and until you shall have had an opportunity of studying that history in detail, after your own fashion, we beg to present you, as a kind of preparatory introduction thereto, with a few extracts from the temperate and very judicious speech of the honorable member for Carlow, upon the occasion of his bringing forward his important motion of the 16th of April, 1850. He has certainly therein handled the question of these Indian judicial appointments in a very masterly manner; and, aided by the searching ability of the talented member for Athlone, has exposed far more forcibly and effectively than we could do, the blessed system of our rulers in relation thereto. We, therefore, earnestly recommend your careful perusal of every word of that useful speech whenever you chance to light on it. We have not, strange to say, met with a full report of it in any of the Irish journals, and must, therefore, have recourse to our old friend Hansard (the universal referee

upon all matters of parliamentary debate) for the material passages of which we now mean to avail ourselves.

Mr. Sadleir begins then by observing, that "it was necessary to state to the house that by several statutes passed during the reign of Geo. III., certain Courts of Justice were authorised to be established in the Presidencies of the Indian empire, and to which judges should be appointed, selected from members of at least five years standing at either the English or Irish bar. It was worthy of remark, that at the period of the Union, and when the Act of Union was publicly discussed both in England and the sister country, one of the leading arguments urged in favor of the measure was, that up to that period, although members of the Irish bar had under that statute a co-ordinate right, with English barristers, to a direct share in the judicial patronage of the Indian empire, they were nevertheless excluded from any participation in that patronage. It had also been urged that one of the direct results of the Union would be to bring forward the just claims of the Irish bar to a share of that patronage; and that no doubt after the Union was carried, it would be found that members of the Irish bar would be chosen from time to time, in a fair proportion to English barristers, to fill the office of judge in the various Presidencies in India. The result being to unite England more closely with Ireland by a common bond of common interest and identity." He then goes on to state, what we have already mentioned, that since 1826 no appointment had been made to the Indian bench from the Irish bar; and having added the pleasing fact, "that the Indian bench had during the last twenty-five years been three times renewed, but always from the English bar," he touches on the case of Baron Richards, and the offer of an Indian judgeship to him, "at the *solicitation*," if not "*demand*," of the then Viceroy (of which more anon), and then proceeds to remark—"The gentlemen appointed had not been remarkable for their large practice, or for many years standing at the bar; they had seldom been of a standing at the bar beyond the period required by the statute. In answer to a question put by him last session, the President of the Board of Control informed him, that in any future vacancy which might occur on the Indian bench the claims of the Irish bar should not be overlooked. That promise, however, had not been fulfilled, for the Recordership of Penang had been the only

post which had been conferred upon a member of the Irish bar, that vacancy having been caused by the elevation of the previous Recorder to the Indian bench." We shall stop here; and certainly these allegations, thus plainly and intelligibly put forward in the house, are somewhat startling it must be owned. They do involve rather serious charges, and if unexplained or uncontradicted, do indisputably, and independently of our first return, establish a very gross case of partizanship against the Board of Control, and its responsible head. We shall presently see how some of these very grave statements were met, or rather most lamely attempted to be met, whilst others of them got the "go-by" completely, without contradiction, or even the semblance of contradiction or explanation, from the parties whom they affected. We must, however, in the mean time direct the particular attention of our readers to, and request of them to bear steadily in mind, the circumstance, that Mr. Sadleir palpably and pointedly distinguishes the Recordership of Penang from the "Indian bench." He, in fact, goes so far as to accuse the President of the Board of Control of a breach of his former promise, in having in 1849 appointed "only" to the Recordership, and not to that bench, an Irish barrister, Mr. Jeffcott, thereby expressly treating the Recordership as *not* of the Indian bench, which it most assuredly is not. The necessity for holding this distinction clearly in view will become quite apparent by-and-bye.

And now for the would-be Ministerial answer, or defence—call it which we will—to Mr. Sadleir's very awkward and very ugly broadside. We beg pardon, by the way—"Parliamentary explanation" is the appropriate phrase by which to designate the happy ministerial effort; for we challenge any man to produce to us a more perfect specimen of "Parliamentary Explanation," in all the usual ingredients of incongruity, absurdity, mystification, and moonshine, than is this self-same most exquisite effusion. 'Tis quite a gem in its way—the very *beau idéal* of official elucidation. All the world, of course, knows that the noble president of the Board of Control is Lord Broughton—*quondam* Sir John Cam Hobhouse; but all the world may have ceased to recollect, that this "exalted personage," in early life, was the intimate associate, the familiar friend, of one of the great, if not the greatest, poets of the age. We beg, then, to rescue this interesting fact from oblivion, as affording a charitable, though,

perhaps, not conclusive reason, for the "poetic fictions" in which, as we shall presently see, his lordship rather frequently loves to disport. We do not, be it understood, by any means allude to what he said, but to what he is "reported" to have said, in briefly replying to the honorable member for Carlisle; we trust we shall always be cautiously technical, very guardedly precise, in observing this philosophical distinction; for "privilege," time-honored privilege, one of the glories of our constitution, approves and exacts it; we must, therefore, again have recourse to the services of our oracular friend, Hansard. And now let us see what of pith or moment he reports the noble President to have stated on the occasion in question. We may pass over the exordium, for it is nothing more than a pompous flourish as to the constitutional right of a minister of the Crown to evade—or avoid altogether, if he will—giving any answer whatsoever to a difficult or embarrassing question; and, proceeding at once in *medias res*, we come to "the explanation" or mystification about the Recordership of Penang. This the noble lord is made to describe, first, as a seat on the Indian Bench, "which," as he adds, "the honorable gentleman, under a great misconception, had intimated was not a seat on the Indian Bench." And then, by way of further information, he tells us—"It (Penang) was a settlement under the jurisdiction of the East India Company, and the appointment to the Recordership was considered to give a *good chance* of a seat on the Indian Bench. As evidence of the estimation in which the Recordership was held, he had recommended two for seats on the Indian Bench." Now, we pause here for a second, and beg very respectfully to ask my Lord Broughton, by which of these two utterly irreconcilable statements (as reported) does he mean to abide?—which of them does he adopt as correct? for both cannot possibly be accurate. Is the Recordership a seat on the Indian Bench? or, if not, does it give a good chance of a seat thereon? Which, my Lord, do you insist on? *utrum horum magis accipe*; for we very confidently opine that both are unquestionably erroneous. The Recordership, in our humble judgment, never was nor is understood to be a seat on the Indian Bench. It certainly cannot for a moment be contended that it is a seat on the Bench of any one of the courts authorized by the aforesaid statutes of G. 3., "to be

established in the various Presidencies of India," the judges of which courts (in the contemplation of these statutes, and of every rational individual) alone compose the Indian Bench—that would be going a little too far; well, it is certainly no portion of the judicial patronage of the Indian empire, as alluded to by Mr. Sadlier, for his speech, throughout, emphatically points (as every person who reads it must perceive) "to the office of judge in the various Presidencies," as solely and exclusively constituting that patronage. But the above observations of the noble President himself (as reported) sets the matter at rest, "that it is not a seat on the Indian Bench;" though we may by-and-by understand the "dodge" of insisting on the affirmative, if it was at all likely to go down with his hearers. So much, then, for the correctness of the first proposition; and now for the second. We take the liberty, then, of asserting that the said Recordership neither does give, nor is considered to give, a good, or any chance whatsoever, of Indian judicial promotion, but quite the very reverse. We admit that his Lordship has advanced two *quondam* Recorders to the Bench in India, but the circumstances of his having done so is just about as conclusive of the accuracy of the second proposition, as the accident of two, and only two, of our own twelve Judges having formerly been Assistant-Barristers, is indisputable to establish that the office of Chairman, in this country, gives a good or any chance of a seat on the Irish Bench, when the very contrary is the fact. Surely, every body knows that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, once a Chairman, as well as once Recorder of Penang, there you stick for the rest and remainder of your professional life. But what do our returns say on the subject? Why, that from the year 1832 to 1849, and out of twenty-three appointments to the Indian Bench during that interval, the odd three only (no more) were promotions from this sweet Paradise of Penang. But will it, in addition to all this, be believed, that the very appointment to this inestimable Recordership is accompanied with the express and explicit official intimation, that the fortunate appointee is not to entertain the slightest hope or imaginable expectancy of an Indian step. No no; Penang, and Penang solely, is to be the *ultima thula* of his ambitious aspirings. If you doubt us, reader, ask the question in the "proper quarter," but not of the noble President of the Board of

Control, for of course he is ignorant of the existence of any such practice; and if the answer be not "yea," we'll give you leave to wish us at Penang as expeditiously as you please. Quitting, then, this branch of the case, the next material passage of "the explanation" in Mr. Hansard runs thus:—"With respect to the charge of neglecting Irish barristers, he was satisfied that he had offered either four or five places on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar, and he had the dissatisfaction of receiving a refusal to accept the appointment in each case. On two occasions the office had been accepted—one was by Baron Richards—and afterwards declined." Well, when we first met this very direct and positive statement, we confess it staggered us not a little—it took us quite by surprise; for, if borne out in point of fact, it not only furnished a triumphant answer to Lord Broughton, but it in a great measure removed any reasonable ground of censure which such grievance-mongers as ourselves might be disposed to urge against the partizanship of the Board of Control. Mark, the assertion is rather confidently put forward; that there may be no mistake, we again give the *ipsissima verba*:—"With respect to the charge of neglecting Irish barristers, he was satisfied that he had offered either four or five places on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar, and he had the dissatisfaction of receiving a refusal to accept the appointment in each case." Now, we could not, if we would, treat a matter thus authoritatively put forward either lightly or hastily; for these words, if they mean anything, import that the contemptible caprice of some members of the Irish Bar, and not the uniform favouritism of the Board of Control, was the real cause of that Bar having been overlooked in the manner complained of. Accordingly, we cautiously and most carefully inquired of the facts of the case, in quarters almost sure to be correctly informed on the subject; and the result of very patient and very pains-taking enquiries warrants us in stating, that the noble President, to borrow a phrase from his own vocabulary, "labours under a delusion," in saying he offered "four or five seats on the Indian Bench to members of the Irish Bar;" for, with the exception of Baron Richards—of whom, by-and-bye—we defy him to name even one Irish barrister to whom he ever made such an offer. He certainly offered the Recordership of Penang, on three several occasions, to three members

of the Irish Bar, including the present holder of that office; and these offers may, perhaps, have been running in his mind when he used the language in question; and we shall not, we think, be straining a point if we say, that the recollection of these three offers may possibly have suggested "the dodge" of his originally describing the Recordship as a seat on the Indian Bench. But, be that as it may, we deliberately reiterate, and *advisedly*, that the President of the Board of Control "labours under a delusion" in supposing he made the offers he alleges; we *must* have heard of them, had they been realities. And now for the case of Baron Richards. In the year 1835, Baron (then Mr.) Richards, K.C., was, unquestionably, amongst the ablest of the very able men then in the Hall. He, and one or two more equally eminent practitioners, had the Rolls all to themselves, whilst his general business in the other courts was very considerable. Few, if any, at that period, realized a larger income at the Bar than did he; and his eventual promotion to the highest honors of the profession in this country—which so soon afterwards took place—was regarded as a matter of course, if he chose to remain at home. He fancied, however, to go to India; and, at the "solicitation," if not "demand," of the Viceroy of the day, the Chief-Justiceship of Madras was offered to, and accepted by him, in that year. He had, however, scarcely accepted it, when he was *required* to throw it up, in order that he might fill the office of Solicitor-General in Ireland.

The why and wherefore of this sudden change, at whose particular instance it took place, and "the delicate reasons of state" which induced certain parties to prevail on Mr. Richards "to decline" the Chief-Justiceship, and to remain amongst us in the subordinate capacity of an Irish law officer, no one knows, or at least ought to know, better than my Lord Broughton. What, then, he can possibly mean by his "dissatisfaction" at receiving that gentleman's "refusal," we candidly confess we are at a loss to comprehend. Well, at all events, Mr. Richards did stop at home as Solicitor-General, and his subsequent rapidly successful career is familiar to us all. But let it be borne in mind, that this sudden change, this "most satisfactory arrangement," left the aforesaid Chief-Justiceship of Madras, with its £5625 per annum, again vacant. The Board of Control had done much—far more than could have been legitimately

expected from them—in very reluctantly yielding, on one occasion, to the “solicitation,” if not “demand,” of the Lord Lieutenant. But now they were again free—the Viceregal pressure was now withdrawn—once was surely quite enough for them to have succumbed; and they, accordingly, resolutely determined, if it were again applied, never to submit to it. Lord Clarendon, if he would, could corroborate us here; for all his exertions hitherto—and we believe them to have been active, zealous, and persevering—on behalf of the Irish Bar, in this obstinate quarter, have as yet been utterly fruitless. When “their mighty honors” did condescend to listen to the urgency of an Irish Lord Lieutenant, ’twas only in the case of an Irish K.C., a gentleman of the highest professional repute, a Solicitor-General all but *in esse* at the time; no one of less eminence, if you please, would have come up to their hypercritical standard of Hibernian qualifications. Well, but that gentleman was, as we have seen, otherwise disposed of; and what then became of the Indian Chief-Justiceship so disagreeably “declined by him?” Why, in simple truth, there was no other person of sufficient ability, of sufficient experience, of sufficient respectability, of sufficient legal acquirements, of sufficient discretion, of sufficient competency in a word, in this “benighted country,” to be entrusted with that dignified and important office, and it was, in consequence, necessarily given to an English barrister of *just the requisite statutable standing*. Oh! but then, *he was* an English barrister, and that made all the difference in the world; for every body must admit, that an English barrister, of five or six years’ standing, though his name have never figured in a Report—though he have never even gone through the solemn mockery of “opening an answer,” nor otherwise have been alarmed at the musical echo of his own sweet voice in court—though he know as much about the practical conduct of a cause as we do of the working of a war-steamer—nevertheless, either by a species of intuition, or by the force of *innate* professional ideas, or by the inspiration of the “law-laden” atmosphere of his own lone chambers in Chancery-lane, or by a peculiar idiosyncrasy or legal organization of mind, or by the combined operation of all these causes together, he will *instantly*, and upon the emergency, be more experienced, more accomplished, more erudite, more ready, more versatile, more everything a lawyer ought to be, than the very

best and ablest old plodders in our Irish Courts. That is the first, grand, leading, essential, characteristic distinction, between the Saxon and Celtic professions. Why, have we not under our own very eyes, the most striking proof that such a "juvenile prodigy" is, in every respect, far, far superior to, immeasurably beyond all our own senior "crack chaps;" "by reason whereof" he now most meetly lords it over them all, as Junior Judge in an Irish court, beside one of the Celtic Barons of the Irish Court of Exchequer. Yea, when Mr. Richards, K.C.—to the consternation and dismay of the President of the Board of Control—declined the Chief-Justiceship aforesaid, there was no other Irish barrister, "silk or stuff," to be found at all fitted for the situation: and the noble lord was, therefore, constrained and compelled to give it to one of those English "gentlemen" so graphically described by Mr. Sadleir as constituting the Indian Bench; and which gentleman of "just the statutable standing," being, nevertheless, an English barrister, was, *as such*, more than the equal of Solicitor-General Richards, and transcendantly above the best picked man of the Irish Bar, *at least*, in the estimation of my Lord Broughton. Well, the tide of judicial patronage in India, after this momentary Irish diversion, was thus most happily brought back to its pristine British course. Since then, the stream has constantly and uninteruptedly flowed on, in its proper old channel. We cannot perceive the slightest imaginable probability or possibility, under existing circumstances, of altering the current; so we must only make up our minds to see it glide on, in its usual and accustomed way.

"Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."

For the present we must, however, make our *congé* to the Indian Bench, and also bid adieu to our kind, sweet friends of the Board of Control. There are, to be sure, one or two other passages in my Lord Broughton's "explanation" which we should like, had we leisure so to do, to explain in our own very *intelligible method*; but we have not, in sooth, the leisure; we, therefore, hope he will excuse us, and console himself with our promise of referring to them on a future occasion. He may rest assured we shall not forget him or them.

And now we come to our other two precious returns, which, however, we shall dismiss rather summarily; for almost every syllable we

have written of the Board of Control, with respect to the Indian Judgeships and the first of Mr. Keogh's returns, would, *mutatis mutandis*, equally apply to the Colonial Office, as regards the remaining returns now before us, and the disposal of the legal patronage of the British colonies, as detailed therein. We find, then, by No. 2, that from January, 1832, to July, 1848—an interval of little more than sixteen years—there were no less than 217 legal appointments made in the colonies, at annual salaries ranging downward from £3,750, the highest. We further find that the aggregate yearly amount of all these appointments reached the enormous sum of £175,916. Of these 217 “judicial or other legal offices,” JUST 13—NOT ONE MORE; AYE 13, THE “BAKER'S DOZEN,” NO MORE AND NO LESS, AT ANNUAL SALARIES IN THE WHOLE, OF £12,689—WERE MAGNANIMOUSLY CONFERRED ON MEMBERS OF THE IRISH BAR. Thirteen out of 217 appointments!!! the yearly sum of £11,689 out of £175,916 per annum!!! Could any proportion be more fair, more just, more generous? Oh! most kind-hearted, most high-minded, most impartial, most goodnatured Lord Grey; what deep, everlasting obligations of gratefulness are we, poor Irish, placed under to “yourself and fellows?” How *can* we ever requite you for your innumerable favours? It is utterly hopeless, impossible, to think even of doing so.

We have gone through “the list” for each of the seventeen years, and here follows the result, as regards the number of appointments, and on whom—English or Irish—conferred, during each:—

Years.	Appointments.	English.	Irish.
1832	6	6	0
1833	16	16	0
1834	15	15	0
1835	9	9	0
1836	13	12	1
1837	11	10	1
1838	11	9	2
1839	12	11	1
1840	14	14	0
1841	20	18	2
1842	9	9	0
1843	6	5	1
1844	9	7	2
1845	14	12	2
1846	19	19	0
1847	17	16	1
1848	16	16	0
	217	204	13!!!!

Two hundred and four English to thirteen Irish appointments!!! Oh! let not these numbers be forgotten; they should be posted up on every pillar in the Hall; they should be "familiar in our mouths as household words." Will you look through these lists, courteous reader, and you will perceive that, during eight several years of the seventeen, *not one single appointment was given to an Irish barrister*. Eight years, in the period from '32 to '48, and not one single judicial or other legal office in the colonies doled out to an Irishman! We really shall not trust ourselves to comment on this most iniquitous, this most nefarious system.

And now for a few, a very few words anent our third and last "little tell-tale," and we shall gladly quit, for the present at least, this most mortifying subject. The period, then, this return embraces is very short—a little more than a year and a half—but its details, nevertheless, are not less significant than are those of its predecessors, as to the practical meaning of that most hacknied and most lying of all modern phrases, "British fair play." The number of appointments it gives us—exclusive of 21 in Canada, with which we have now nothing to do—is 33 (a very tolerable sprinkling for the brief interval over which it extends), the aggregate salaries of which amount to £35,818 6s. 8d. per annum. Of those 33 "offices," "British fair play" graciously condescended to bestow—or perhaps we are nearer the mark in saying *most sulkily and sullenly, and after no ordinary amount of angry remonstrance, submitted to bestow*, three—aye, no less than three!!!—on members of the odious Irish Bar. Three Celts to thirty Saxons, in little more than eighteen months!!! Could any proportion be more reasonable or more just? Impossible! The three obnoxious individuals were, Mr. (now Sir) William Jeffcott, who, in 1849, obtained the Recordership of Penang, which our friend Lord Broughton has already so pleasingly and poetically described; Mr. James Michael O'Neill, who, in January, 1850, was sent to "the white man's grave," as Queen's Advocate; and Mr. George John Crawford, who, in February, 1850, was promoted to a Judgeship in South Australia. These are the only three Irish barristers whose names figure in this last return before us. And having thus rapidly—too rapidly, we fear—run through these returns, we would here, if time allowed us, suggest a few of the remedies

which occur to us for redressing the flagrant and flagitious injustice they so palpably disclose. We must, however, stop here just now, for we have (quite unconsciously) extended our observations to far greater length than we had originally purposed. The means of redress—as appearing to us—we shall, at a future day, freely and unreservedly communicate to our readers. For the present, however, we would simply and sorrowfully ask them, have we overcharged or overstated one iota?—have we, in the slightest particular, “set down aught in malice” in establishing—which we think we have done—our proposition—that the spirit of British domination over this hapless country is now as busily at work as ever, in the stern and studied exclusion of Irishmen from the service of the sovereign.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Whigs—Free Trade—Emigration—Decimation—Scully's Land Tenure—The League—The Tablet v. The Irish Bar.

THERE is at this moment growing in Ireland a most luxuriant and plentiful harvest. Newspaper after newspaper is filled with accounts of wonderful ears of wheat, and the health of the general crops is cheering in the extreme. We have seen old gentlemen of agricultural connections, and bucolic tendencies, and distinguished by a talent for perspiration, grow ruddy in expatiating on the prospects of Ireland. But, alas! if the harvest should exceed all that the most sanguine can hope for, how much will it raise the condition of the Irish farmer? The demon, Free-Trade, has been suffered to overpower him; the wealth of nature is spread in glorious profusion around him; God has lavished upon this land of Ireland his chiefest gifts; but man has marred it all. We may toil, and work, and till, with close energy, with indomitable will; with hope that lives in a region of despair, yet doubts not, our poor people have labored, but can scarcely find subsistence; they are swamped by the foreigner. In our own land the Turk, the Greek, the Frenchman, can undersell

us. Notwithstanding the fertility of his native land, the Irish farmer's life is a struggle with beggary; riches are around him, but poverty is beside him. In the great game of life he is, for the most part a loser; comfort is often within his reach, but never in his grasp; his condition is like that of the Ancient Mariner, who saw

" Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink. "

We have not written this for the purpose of showing the poverty of Ireland. We do not believe that Ireland is poor owing to any fault of her own people, but owing to the foul fault of English statesmen, and political Charlatans. We know she is a pauper, a bankrupt, a spectacle of misery, to the congregated world. There is not a slave, with gashed and bleeding body, amongst the cotton fields of Alabama—there is not a serf, toiling deep in the mines of Russia, whose life is not of more consequence to his master, than the interests of the mere Irish seem to be in the minds of the present ministry. We care not upon which of our Irish questions the reader may fix. It matters not whether he selects that of the Galway Packet Station, or of Public Works, or of the Poor-Law, or of the Dublin Hospitals, or of Landlord and Tenant Law, or, above and before all, of Free-Trade. The honest and calm consideration of any of these questions will prove how shamefully Irish interests are neglected, or how ignorantly they are treated.

The Whigs, as every body knows, *should* be the friends of Ireland; and yet, until the last disastrous era of the Peel Government, the Tory administrations were generally the best for the Irish people. Peel, it is true, was only a bastard Tory, or a Tory who had gone to seed, and become, what slangy people call, a "Conservative." He passed all kinds of measures to meet the pressing exigencies of the hour; and played at one time the partizan to the Northern Orangemen; at another, the serf of O'Connell; at a third, the finnkey to Cobden, Bright, and Co. But why should Lord John Russell follow in the steps of Peel? Why ruin Ireland that Manchester might fatten? Why, when our trade has vanished, and our resources are almost exhausted, destroy our only remaining hope—agriculture, and swamp us by continued Free-Trade, when

moderate Protection would ensure our prosperity, at least that prosperity which we may expect under Whig rule—sufficient food to support the industrious, though poor, Irishman. Lord John Russell was not called upon to support Peel's measures in their integrity, or in another sense—their open and destructive policy; and yet the tail-piece to the repeal of the Corn Laws was the plundering Incumbered Estates' Act. We do not wish to write in harsh terms of the late Sir Robert Peel; but we believe him to have been for the kingdom—for Ireland in particular—the most destructive minister that ever ruled the nation. It is quite true that the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the hacks of any party, or any cabinet, who may buy them, write and re-write, that the country is progressing; but how? Like the crab—backwards. See, they cry, the increase in our shipping since the repeal of the Navigation Laws. What is the increase? For the two years, ending the 5th of January, 1851, no increase whatever; but there has been a decrease of 311,831 tons per annum in the shipping of the kingdom, whilst the foreigner has, each year, increased nearly 330,000 tons.*

But great as is the glorification which prevailed in Manchester on the increase of the exports and imports, let us consider these exports for a moment, and we shall find no occasion for any glorification whatever. We give the returns for nine years, and during these nine years, it must be borne in mind, France, and Europe in general, have been convulsed by revolutions, and California has been discovered. Thus the old world has been for a time unable to supply itself with even its own ordinary home-made goods, and the new world has opened a field of commerce fresh and craving. These two circumstances have, no doubt, served to increase the exports; but even *with* these extraordinary aids to development, as Mr. Newman would say, the exports have not increased more within the past five years than during any other five years since 1820. In our minds the following table proves the case clearly:—

* For the year ending August 13th, 1851, there had been an increase of 20,000 tons, foreign, in the port of Bristol.

IN FIVE YEARS BEFORE FREE TRADE.			IN FIVE YEARS FOLLOWING FREE TRADE.		
Year.	Exports— Declared Value.	Imports— Declared Value.	Year.	Exports— Declared Value.	Imports— Declared Value.
1841	£51,634,623	£64,377,962	1846	£58,786,876	£75,953,875
1842	47,381,023	65,204,729	1847	58,842,377	90,921,866
1843	52,279,709	70,093,353	1848	52,849,445	93,547,134
1844	58,584,292	85,441,555	1849	63,596,025	105,874,607
1845	60,111,082	85,281,958	1850	65,756,082	103,000,000
	£269,990,929	£370,399,357		£299,830,745	£469,197,482

Thus it will be seen, that for five years before Free-Trade, the exports were £269,000,000; after Free-Trade they rose to £299,000,000, making an increase of just £30,000,000 in five years, exactly the increase which might have been looked for under ordinary circumstances, and protective duties, and without Continental revolutions, which drove Europe to buy from England.

And then as to the import; these foreign ships bore to the shores of this kingdom of Ireland the very species of freight which is the destruction of Ireland's only hope, For the month ending the 5th of July, in four years last past, we give the imports of bread-stuffs from the *London Gazette*:—

	Month ending 5th July, 1841.	Month ending 5th July, 1850.	Month ending 5th July, 1849.	Month ending 5th July, 1848.
Wheat,..... qrs.	451,010	397,098	264,110	182,376
Barley,..... —	95,092	118,404	96,307	112,347
Oats,.... —	149,018	106,609	94,575	99,368
Rye,..... —	2,291	24,362	26,035	858
Peas,..... —	11,725	18,472	13,040	8,155
Beans,..... —	24,647	31,181	53,905	68,693
Indian Corn,..... —	316,495	171,111	180,763	118,822
Wheat Flour,..... cwt.	463,632	232,685	213,285	48,460
Oatmeal,..... —	213	1,137	8,605	48
Indian Corn Meal,... —	60	226	6,232	11,691

Let the reader consider, if he be an Irishman, the effect of this foreign importation upon his country. What says the miller

to the 463,632 cwts. of flour? What thinks the farmer of the 451,010 qrs. of wheat? Thus it is, that the shipping interest has increased by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and emigration, too, has helped to swell the shipping list. And why should it not do so? Land is worth little now in Ireland. Our people fly to all points of the globe from famine or the poorhouse; and the tourist in Ireland sees by the way-side the tenantless peasant hut, and learns that the progress of misgovernment is marked by these ruins, as was the march of the eastern tyrant through the desert by the pyramids of skulls. Oh! the horrors of the Irish emigration! Read, if you are one with a mind to think, and a heart to feel, the following melancholy table:—

Year.	Emigrants.	Year.	Emigrants.
1840	90,743	1846	129,851
1841	118,592	1847	258,270
1842	128,344	1848	248,089
1843	57,212	1849	299,498
1844	70,686	1850	280,896
1845	93,501		

And then the folly, the madness, of continuing Peel's measures until, and during, and since the famine. The landlords have been beggared, the poor have been slaughtered, the country has been, in one place a lazaretto, in another a vast poorhouse. Look at Castlebar, at Kilrush, at Scariff, at Skibbereen; and what is the result of all? That in ten years our population has decreased 2,059,340. In all our counties there has been an awful falling off, as the following table will show; it suggests a sad, sad history of want, of pain, of disease, of woe, of inexorable death, of damning misgovernment. Read, and remember, that it is the history of your country's decline and degradation, brought about, too, not by the fault of the Irish people, but through the blunders of the legislature. Well may we say,

• “Notre mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on lui donne.”

Places.	Number of Persons.	
	1841.	1851.
Antrim,	276,188	250,353
Wexford,	202,033	180,170
Down,	361,446	317,778
Londonderry,	222,174	191,744
Donegal,	296,448	244,288
Kildare,	114,488	96,627
Armagh,	232,393	196,420
Louth,	111,979	91,045
Tyrone,	312,956	251,865
Kerry,	293,880	238,241
Carlow,	86,228	68,157
Wicklow,	126,143	99,287
Waterford,	172,971	135,836
Kilkenny,	183,349	139,934
King's Co.	146,857	112,875
Westmeath,	141,300	108,510
Meath,	183,828	139,706
Tipperary,	435,553	323,829
Fermanagh,	156,481	115,978
Clare,	286,394	212,720
Monaghan,	200,402	143,410
Cavan,	243,158	174,303
Cork,	773,398	551,152
Limerick,	281,638	201,619
Longford,	115,491	83,198
Queen's Co.	153,930	109,747
Leitrim,	155,279	111,808
Sligo,	180,886	128,769
Galway,	422,923	219,129
Mayo,	388,887	274,716
Roscommon,	253,591	173,798

In ten years, Cork County lost 222,000; Galway, 124,000; Mayo, 114,000; Tipperary, 111,000; Limerick, 80,000; Roscommon, 79,000; and yet, whilst there is this decrease in the county population, there is an unnatural increase in that of the towns, as the next table will show; and we quote it with sorrow and humiliation. There is no table in that record of Irish woe—the census of 1851—so piteous and ominous in all its parts. The misgovernment of England is in no particular more clearly shown—it cries to heaven for vengeance; but

“Deus patiens quia æternus.”

Places.	Number of Persons.	
	1841.	1851.
Dublin,	232,728	254,850
Belfast,	75,908	99,660
Cork,	80,720	85,485
Limerick,	48,391	55,268
Waterford,	23,216	26,667
Galway,	17,275	24,697
Drogheda,	16,261	16,876
Carrickfergus,	8,488	9,379

But why has there been so great an increase in these places? Simply because there is no means left of supporting life in the country, for the great body of the poor, and, therefore, they hurry to the towns. The farmers will give no voluntary charity; the poor-rate collector has dried up all the springs of feeling in the hearts of the once liberal people; and the Irish peasant, so hospitable by nature, has become, from circumstances, like to that boor, who

“Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.”

Thus our population has fallen off; and we are at present 6,515,787 in number, being 286,043 less than in 1821. And this decrease is the result of bad government, of misrule, of Manchester and Brummagem quackery; it has gone on in spite of all the money squandered on Public Works, and wasted in carrying out the Utopian projects of dilettanteish legislators. The people of Ireland cannot hope to live in common comfort, if the present wild policy is continued. We are purely and entirely an agricultural country; by agriculture we must live, if we live at all; and the moment agriculture fails to repay the farmer, that moment he will, of course, abandon it, and his country too, if he be able; if incapable of emigrating, he will rush to the town. And to this frightful condition the country is fast falling. By Captain Larcom's tables of agricultural returns we find that there were under corn crops, in

	ACRES.			
1847	3,313,579
1849.	3,174,424
1850	3,149,556

If we compare the amount of crops in 1847 with those of 1850, we find a decrease, in the latter year, of 139,004 acres in wheat, of 58,274 acres in oats, of 20,237 acres in barley; the entire falling-off being, for the three items, 217,515 acres. From these same most useful tables it further appears, that upon farms of and under fifteen acres, as between the years 1847 and 1850, there is a falling off in the value of live stock of 13 per cent. But there is nothing in the tables to excite surprise. We are, as we have written, solely an agricultural nation; our exports of manufactures, such and miserable as they are, amount to something about £230,000 per annum in value; and, with wheat at 38s. a quarter, we read that ten, and sometimes twenty, vessels enter our ports in a single day, laden with foreign corn; and although in 1845 we exported to England 3,250,000 quarters of grain, yet in 1849 we sent but 1,426,000 quarters; whilst in 1850 England imported from the stranger 1,500,000 quarters. Thus the reader can understand the position to which Free-Trade has reduced this country; he can also appreciate the statesmanlike qualities which distinguish the present cabinet. We don't mean to call Sir Charles Wood a statesman, far from it—we have no intention of nicknaming him; but he must be a happy man indeed, when he can glorify himself on his budget, whilst there is a decrease upon the year of £210,739; and upon the last quarter of £95,354. Oh, glorious statesmen! Sir Charles withdraws the duty on windows, and places a tax on houses. Lord John pledges himself to support the emancipation of the Jews, and passes the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Happy Sir Charles; thrice happy Lord John, fortunate in a World's Fair, blessed with a Papal aggression. However, let the Whigs be statesmen or fools, they have, as far as in them lay, tried to carry out those measures of destruction to Ireland, concocted by the "late illustrious and lamented statesman, Sir Robert Peel," who recommended Ireland to the public as a good field for investment of capital, but placed a special clause in his will that none of his own cash should, after his death, be expended on the Irish soil. Truly he was right who said human nature is composed of half dirt, half deity. It seems to us that some men, being carelessly mixed, are three quarters the former.

From Mr. Sharman Crawford, to that long-suffering and prison-breaking patriot, Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy,* with the "domey brow," as D'Arcy Magee used to say, every one is, or says he is, anxious to right the tenant, "whilst preserving to the landlord his just rights." Mr. Vincent Scully has accordingly "come out strong," as the slang is, upon the question; but we regret to say, that however we may applaud his good intentions we cannot give our support to his plans of amelioration. If his book† were the production of one of the hangers-on of the *Nation* or the *Tablet*, we could pass it by, and think it worthless, as the speeches made at the after-dinner meetings of the Tenant League, when the orators are, like Washington Irving's hero, "brimful of wrath and cabbage;" but Mr. Scully is a gentleman, a landed proprietor, and a Queen's Counsel. When a man in this position writes upon the law of landlord and tenant, and suggests improvements in the code, it is quite natural that the thinking portion of the country should read his opinions upon the subject with anxious attention. We object to Mr. Scully's system, because it is calculated to render the land question still more confused than at present. We object to it as in part impracticable. We object to it because it has a tendency to introduce the system of peasant proprietary, or, at least, the *metayer*, or half profit system, for neither of which this country is in our minds calculated or prepared. We object to it because his system, if carried out, would amount to a confiscation of the landlord's property; and we object to it because it assumes and requires a so frequent intervention of government, that in the end the legal management of land in Ireland would become one vast chain of vile jobbing, and slavish bureauism. Mr. Scully, we are quite sure, means well; but has he read late works upon political economy? Has he observed the vast attention paid by great minds to the theory of rents? In our opinion a man of his

* We are, perhaps, wrong to couple names in this way; but we follow a great example, no less than that of "glorious John," as witness—"From Spenser to Flecknoe—that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry."—*Dryden's Dedication of Juvenal*.

† *The Land Question, with Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure and New Land System*, by Vincent Scully, Esq., Q.C. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1851.

position should not commit his work to the press without fully understanding these things, and being intimately acquainted with the working of the small proprietary system on the Continent. We will not assume that Mr. Scully has written his book in ignorance of the primary rules of economic science. He must remember the ironical compliment, paid by Socrates to one of the sophists, in the "Platonic Dialogues," "You are fortunate, Callicles, to have been initiated at the *great* mysteries, without proceeding through the lesser;" and yet, with all his reading, Mr. Scully has started theories, and proposed projects wilder and more destructive than those of the most rampant Leagner—projects which make thinking men look grave,

"While Folly claps her hands, and Wisdom stares."

We regret this, from our heart we regret it, because we consider all the good, and there is much of it, in the book before us, is rendered useless, by the impracticable ground-work upon which Mr. Scully means to rear the edifice of protection to landlord and tenant. He tells us that the condition of the tenant in Ireland is in a position, destructive to national advancement, injurious to him and to the landlord.

Nobody denies the truth of this statement; but the question is, how can we remedy the evil? And Mr. Scully suggests a new system,

"As simple as may be consistent with its possessing such peculiar advantages as will effectually induce its speedy adoption, and tend to carry out its leading objects, of uniting the ownership with the occupation of the land, and of increasing its value by facilitating its future transfer. To effect these objects, the state should enforce and continue, as appurtenant to the land, the several incidents to become attached to it by the voluntary adoption of the improved tenure. For this purpose, it will be necessary that a land tribunal shall be constituted, in order to represent, in each case, the interest of the state, in sanctioning an adoption of the improved tenure, as well as in superintending its original creation and future continuance."

This is what may be called slashing legislation, and is only surpassed in eccentricity of suggestion, by the exposition of the manner in which the "land tribunal" shall discover and fix the fair letting value, or the net annual rent, which a solvent tenant can afford to pay, above all rates, taxes, and public charges, including the entire

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poor rates, quit rent, and tithe rent-charge," and the tenant will then "have a perpetual interest so long as he may continue to pay the rent agreed upon, and fixed at its fair letting value." But Mr. Scully is not satisfied with this arrangement: he will enable the tenant, if the latter be so inclined, to purchase his holding by paying instalments of its value, he may borrow money on debentures, or the government may lend it to him. We are sure our author has not read Mr. John Stuart Mill's book, on "The Elements of Political Economy." The latter gentleman is the pet of Cobden and the beloved of Bright—he would tie up the landlords in all points, and suffer the Manchester white slave drivers to wear out the lives of their people by over toil; but, absurd as Mr. Mill's theory of rent undoubtedly often is, his book would have shown Mr. Scully the necessity of caution and attention in treating a very important subject. Mr. Scully wants a fixity of tenure, so does Mr. Mill; the reader has before him Mr. Scully's plan, now for Mr. Mill's opinion of the only method in which fixity of tenure can be fairly carried out:—

"Let us, then, examine what means are afforded by the economical circumstances of Ireland for carrying this change into effect on a sufficiently large scale to accomplish the complete abolition of cottier tenancy. The mode which first suggests itself is the obvious and direct one of doing the thing outright by act of parliament; making the whole land of Ireland the property of the tenants, subject to the rent now really paid (not the nominal rents) as a fixed rent-charge. This, under the name of 'fixity of tenure,' was one of the demands of the Repeal Association, during the most successful period of their agitation; and was better expressed by Mr. Conner, its earliest, most enthusiastic, and most indefatigable apostle, by the words, 'a valuation and a perpetuity.' In this measure there would not, strictly speaking, be any injustice, provided the landlords were compensated for the present value of the chances of increase which they would be prospectively required to forego." And he continues, at page 405—"But though this measure is not beyond the competence of a just legislation, and would be no infringement of property, if the landlords had the option allowed them of giving up their lands at the full value, reckoned at the ordinary number of years' purchase, it is only fit to be adopted if the nature of the case admitted of no milder remedy. In the first place, it is a complete expropriation of the higher classes of Ireland, which, if there is any truth in the principles we have laid down, would be perfectly warrantable, but only if it were the sole means of effecting a greater public good."

* See article entitled the "Tenant League v. Common Sense," *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. II., p. 256.

We are not attempting to prove that all the suggestions in the book before us are bad, or useless, but we really think that those suggestions assume an amount of honesty and highmindedness, and at the same time a species of hopeless helplessness, amongst our people, very pitiable indeed. It has lately become the fashion amongst a certain set of politicians, to angelize the Irish peasant and to varnish his moral qualities in a very suspicious manner. When treated fairly and looked after sharply, he pays his rent with very becoming regularity; when, on the other hand, he is used unjustly or harshly, he will not pay, because he is unable to do so; and if the injustice be accompanied by oppression, he will, if possible, shoot his landlord, or failing in this, will make him suffer vicariously by assassinating the agent. Mr. Scully is a Tipperary man, and a North Riding landlord, he is also a member of the Leinster Bar, he has therefore every opportunity of knowing the people and their ways. He cannot be ignorant that bad management and misrule, and poverty and want of employment, and accursed Free Trade, have all conspired to make the tenant class careless and demoralized; and yet at this very time, with the peasantry in this condition, he comes forward to urge the adoption of his pet theory, a theory which, if all the tenant farmers in Ireland were cherubs in corduroy breeches, with the ten commandments in their hearts, and the bible in their pockets, would go far towards reducing them to their present dishonest state of anti-pay-rentativeness. If Mr. Scully were a man of humour, and not a grave equity lawyer, we could, in fact we should, imagine that his book was meant as a pleasant satire upon the Tenant League, worthy of our old friend Rabelais, or wise Sydney Smith. Our chief regret is, that Mr. Scully has not read, or at least attended to, M'Culloch's edition of "The Wealth of Nations." If he had read the editor's notes carefully, and referred to the paper by Lafitte, "Sur La Reduction de la Rente," in the Dictionnaire d'Agriculture, he would have rendered his book valuable, and would not have written the chapter which we have so much reprobated. He would have paused before he gave the weight of his authority and position to the proprietary system, whilst, at the same time, recommending a continued pottering governmental intervention; he would, in a word, have remembered the doctrine of Mr. Mill upon state interference, "*laissez faire*, in short, should be the general practice; every de-

parture from it, unless required by some great public good, is a certain evil." Strike off the restrictions upon leasing which lurk in old settlements and wills, give to native agricultural industry a moderate protection, assure to the honest tenant the full value of his outlay, enable the landholder to borrow money in some such way as Mr. Scully very properly and very judiciously points out, but save us from the inflictions of jobbing valuations and vexatious government "land tribunals."

The Tenant League, as every body is aware, never had a settled plan of action; it never knew what its objects really were. It began by demanding the Ulster Tenant Right; it then, incited by Duffy and Lucas, resolved to adopt the theory advanced by the *Nation* in 1848, "That the sole and only title which can be pleaded to any right of private property in the substance of the soil, is nearly or altogether conventional," and raised the cry for a valuation and a permanent possession in the land; and now, after twelve months' shouting and slander, it has rushed to support Mr. Sharman Crawford, and has taken for its charter the bill introduced to the House of Commons in June, 1850, which was little more than an extension of the Tenant Right of Ulster to the Irish farmers generally.

We admit that Mr. Crawford is a very excellent gentleman, but we consider that he is wrong in his theory of perpetuity. He is, he says, unwilling to injure the landlord in any way. We are quite sure he is sincere in this statement, but he should remember that he is about to league himself with men who have ever tried to excite the people against the class to which he belongs—the landlords of Ireland. He should bear in mind, too, that Mr. Smith O'Brien was as honest and as disinterested as he can assume to be; and yet, through the flattery of some of Mr. Crawford's present associates, he was lured to rebellion and destruction, and deserted by a base faction, in the hour of danger. Mr. Crawford may, perhaps, remember this when Mr. Duffy shall compare him to Lafayette.*

* Has Mr. Crawford ever considered the following case?—A. leases to B. 100 acres, for 31 years. The 31 years elapse, and A. is anxious to resume possession of the land, for the purpose of setting up his son as a farmer. Although the lease has expired, although A. may be quite willing to pay B. for his improvements, yet B., having paid his rent, being able to pay future rents, is entitled to continue in possession, according to the Tenant League Fixity of Tenure dodge. A. wants the ground—it is his beyond a doubt, B.'s term having expired—but the latter takes his stand upon the Magna Charta

There is just one other subject to which, in this Postscript, we must refer. Our readers are aware that, on the 19th of August, an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was held at the Rotundo, for the purpose of protesting against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. With this meeting or its objects we have nothing whatever to concern ourselves; but, edited and supported, as the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW* is, by gentlemen who have the high honor of being members of the Irish Bar, we think it right to offer a very few observations on an editorial article which appeared in the *Tablet* newspaper of Saturday, August 23rd. The writer, after referring to the attendance at the meeting, indulges in a series of most insolent, most insulting observations, on the absence of what he calls "the Catholic Bar," who were, he says, represented by Messrs. Vincent Scully and W. Keogh. Mr. Scully is a most excellent gentleman, and the son of one who fearlessly supported the religion which he believed oppressed, at a period when to be an indignant Roman Catholic entailed some greater inconvenience than a fit of dyspepsia, induced by over-feeding at public dinners. Mr. Keogh is an eloquent and able Irishman, and to support the freedom of his faith, he comes with all the freshness and vigor which should distinguish the neophyte; but it is not with either of these gentlemen we have to do.

We object, we protest against any man, or any body of men, using the phrase "Catholic bar." There is no such thing as a Catholic bar, or a Protestant bar, or a Presbyterian bar, in this country. There are Catholic members, Protestant members, Presbyterian members of the bar; but, God forbid, that our noble profession, whilst our English rulers permit it to remain unswamped by centralization, should ever become sectarian, or acknowledge any title save that glorious one—the *IRISH BAR*. When Lord John Russell asserted that the Irish people were not opposed to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, all the Roman Catholic members of the Irish bar assembled, with two exceptions, and protested against the measure, lest their silence might be construed as assent. At this meeting Mr. Sergeant Howley presided, and we know, from the surest

of the League, and inquires of the bewildered owner of the soil, "Don't you wish you may get it?" Does Mr. Crawford—do the Catholic and Presbyterian clergymen of the body, consider this a just case? It is only one of many in which the Fixity plan would be a foul wrong, a deep injustice to the landlord.

sources, that the phrase "Catholic bar" having been unintentionally used, the speaker was reminded that no such thing was known. The same Catholic members of the bar attended the first Rotundo meeting, held to protest against the bill; lawyers were then the chief speakers; and having thus fairly discharged a duty, which they considered due to the free exercise of their faith, they retired from the bustle of the platform, where, having borne themselves as gentlemen, having taken precautions that the usual slang-whangers should for once restrain their tongues, no man of another faith was outraged by reading abuse of his creed in the next day's *Freeman*. The Roman Catholic members of the Irish bar recollected they were but a section of the great body of their profession.

But this man, Lucas, not contented with endeavouring to excite disunion in our profession, has the audacity to accuse its Roman Catholic members of a dastard meanness, of a self-seeking craving spirit, which, he alleges, kept them from joining in the movement of Tuesday, the 19th of August. Does he forget the facts above stated? Does he remember that at the bar meeting men attended who have much to lose by crossing the government in its purpose? Does he know that the Irish bar is now, as it ever has been, the ally of nationality and freedom—the unrelenting foe of base and factious demagogueism? Who, upon the 28th of February, 1782, resolved to "support their representative, if necessary, with their lives and fortunes?" The Lawyers' Corps of Volunteers. Who upon the 27th of May, 1782, when the Irish people had resolved to wrest their just rights from the king of England, when College-green was filled by the armed men of Ireland, and with excited hearts, and earnest eyes, the populace thronged around the House of Parliament, when the wild shouts of an indignant nation swelled upon the viceroy's ear, fierce and terrible,

"Like the roar of a burning forest,
When the strong north wind blows,"

who then held the post of danger and honor? who that day formed the vanguard? The Lawyers' Corps of Volunteers. When rebellion was crushed—when the rebel was before the judge—when terror was in men's hearts, and suspicion in every mind—when the pitch-cap, and the triangle, and the gallows, were ready for the

victim, from what body came the dauntless advocate of the prisoner? From the Irish bar. Whence, in our own time, came the brilliant advocates of the Ballingarry maniacs? From the Irish bar. With true hearts, and stout arms, at one period—with honest, earnest purpose, with bright, glorious, and heroic courage, at another—with an undying, unchanging love of Ireland in all—the Irish bar has ever stood forth the foremost of the first in all national struggles; yet this is the profession slandered by a political buxter—a newspaper Bobadil—a Saxon flunkey of St. Jarlath's. We know that slander is his stock in trade; he slandered Doctor O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway; he slandered Archbishop Murray; he insulted Archbishop Whateley; and he now slanders the Irish bar. We might, it is true, have passed him by, as did those gentlemen, and as did Sir Robert Kane. We might have followed the high example set us, and cried,

" Pardon is for men,
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,
And no resentment ; things like him must sting,
And higher beings suffer ; 'tis the charter
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fangs
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger :
'Twas the worm's nature ; and some men are worms
In soul, more than the living things of tombs."

We might have suffered him to lie unchecked; but we are not willing that he should attempt unopposed to sectarianize our profession—to defame or slander that last remaining remnant of our country's glorious days—THE IRISH BAR. We think there are limits beyond which no literary Swiss can be suffered to proceed, even though he were of that class described by Macaulay, as " venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman;" even in such a case, low as the " scribbler" may be, he is still capable of mischief, if his efforts to destroy be too long despised.

August 26th, 1851.

THE
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ART. I.—THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

The English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick," &c., &c.
2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn, 1851.

IF any body had informed us that Keeley was announced to play Ion, or that John Parry had composed an oratorio, or that Sir Charles Wood had made a financial statement without a blunder, or if we had been told any other piece of astoundingly incomprehensible news, our astonishment could not possibly be greater than that by which we were seized upon receiving the book now before us. The author was in our minds associated with "Sister Sally," and "Father," and "the Minister," and "the Squire." We believed him to possess a power of humour and sarcasm, second only to that of Rabelais or Sydney Smith, and a genuine pathos worthy of Henry Fielding or Charles Dickens. In his particular line of literature we believed him to be unrivalled; we read with pleasure his tales of colonial life, of Yankee shrewdness, of soft-sawder working upon human nature, of well varnished clocks made only to sell, of successful, roguish ventures in timber nutmegs and wooden hams. In the volumes before us, the author breaks upon a new—and according to his method of treating the subject—untrodden ground. We hail this book with pleasure; we consider it an honor to Judge Haliburton, as by it he has proved himself to be a Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, and, in the true sense of a misused word, a patriot.

"The English in America," is the calmly-written and clearly-reasoned production of a man who is fully aware of all the bearings of his subject, and deeply impressed with the weight which must attach to a work proceeding from his well-known pen. He feels, we are sure, that his book supplies a want long felt by those who are interested in that great and wonderful people who now rule America, and who are the descendants of those hardy sectaries and unrelenting bigots who hated Royalty, and anathematised Episcopacy. Upon the everyday life of America—America bragging and boasting—America, at the play with its coat off—America, eternally tobacco chewing and spitting—America, proud of its heroes and their great deeds—America, not sufficiently ashamed of its Scadders and their *fourberies*, and bowie-knives, and revolvers; in a word, social America has been shown to us by Trollope and by Marryat. America, geological, has been laid open to us by Lyell—America, as a whole, her social, moral, free, slave, legal, executive, administrative life has been sketched for us by Mackay—America, agricultural and economical, has been exhibited by Johnston; and Mr. Haliburton places before us, fairly and impartially, the history of English rule in America. The result of that rule is humiliating, its philosophy is sad, and the warning it conveys, momentous, grave, and ominous. The book is not only a boon to the historic student; it is also filled with reflections, such as may well engage the attention of the legislating statesman. The histories which we possess of the early English settlements in America, are but the annals of separate states—they are only the petty personal histories of struggling colonists, and their want of continuity deprives them of that general interest which of right belongs to them; and our author tells us,

"A connected sketch of English 'rule and mis-rule in America,' it is hoped, may, to a certain extent, supply the deficiency, while it will correct some popular errors on the subject, and furnish valuable material for reflection, not only to those statesmen to whom our destinies are entrusted, but to those restless politicians who imagine a republican form of government suitable to the inhabitants of every country in the world.

"Warned by past failures, the former may learn, ere it be too late, to abstain from making experiments which have long since been tried and condemned; to supply deficiencies which have heretofore cost the nation so dearly, to correct abuses arising from inconsiderate concessions, and to

cherish and foster those establishments which in every stage of colonization have been the nurseries of loyalty to the monarch, and attachment to the nation. It will at least convince them that to substitute democratic for monarchical institutions is not the safest or best mode of retaining colonies, or enlisting the sympathy of their inhabitants."

The grave moral which Mr. Haliburton endeavours, all through his book, to inculcate is, that for two hundred years, the whole colonial policy of England, at least, so far as America is concerned, has been unwise and ill-considered; injurious to the colony, and destructive to the firm sway of the mother country. In the early times of the first settlers, the government looked with cold contempt, or wilful neglect, upon the emigrants; and as years passed on, and when, by stout arms and willing, they had made the colony a possession for which the crown might well be anxious, laws were enacted by parliament, repugnant to the wishes, and foreign to the peculiar customs of the settlers. When these laws were neglected or resisted, force was used to compel obedience; but the force was insufficient for its purpose, and served but to increase the insolence of the turbulent colonists, whilst it proved the weakness of the home government. Thus, year by year, the people grew strong, and the crown became powerless; every vote of money to defray the expense of the colonial government, was the price of some concession from the minister at home; and at length, the colonists learned that their connection with England, was for the advantage only of the latter; and thus they became, patently and avowedly, what they had from the earliest been silently or covertly, self-reliant and republican. Most men believe that the American Republic took its origin from the successful effort made by the colonists to resist taxation by a parliament in which they were unrepresented; but truly has Mr. Haliburton written—

"This is a very natural mistake for those persons to fall into who are not acquainted with their early history, but a republic *de facto* was first formed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1620, and another far more extensive and flourishing one was erected in Massachusetts, in the years 1628 and 1629, both which subsisted in full force for a period of more than fifty years, without submitting to the power, or acknowledging the authority of, the Parent State.

"These independent communities founded the institutions, and dissemi-

nated the democratic opinions that were subsequently adopted by the continental provinces. The former are, with some small modifications, such as are in existence there at the present day, and the latter are identical with the views of their descendants."

That the first English settlers in America were in heart republicans, cannot be denied. Their religion was democratic in its tendencies, and its practices and teachings were fanatical. When England threw off the creed of Rome, and substituted a freer, if not a wiser or truer rule of faith, men learned, amidst the conflicting opinions of wrangling theologians, that a very flattering doctrine had been started, by which each member of the Christian world might, by his own private interpretation of the Bible, form for himself a peculiar gospel and a particular creed. The more ignorant the expounder of a new faith might be, so much the more credit did he obtain, because *his* ministration must be the work of heaven, as the gospel of Christ had been originally published to the universe by poor and humble apostles. The cobbler, or the tailor, who, having saturated his mind, and clouded his limited reason, with all the grandeur of the Apocalypse, dreamed of damnation, or the beast, or the vials of wrath, and awoke secure of salvation, and commissioned, as he fancied, by Eternal Wisdom, to instruct and save the world, was followed, and revered as a prophet or a saint. Sect upon sect sprung up. God's word was tortured into a thousand meanings; and a sensual, debauched scoundrel like Hugh Peters, who had deserted his boon companions, through the subsidence of passion, or the satiety of dissolute excess, was welcomed as "a brand plucked from the burning;" was placed high in the conventicle of the sectary, and his words were heard with more attention than would be paid to the preaching of the most pious and most learned of the regular clergy. A churchman, as we all know, will not, if he can help it, suffer his adversary in religion to extend his doctrine, if it be possible to prevent it, and the Puritans having agreed, however they might differ on other points, that Episcopacy and Episcopal ordination were administrations unauthorised by Scripture, and invented by Rome, all the clergy were aroused against them, and the king and the parliament were urged to exterminate the growing heresy. In vain did the Puritans protest their love for truth—in

vain did they proclaim their loyalty—in vain did they fall back upon the reasonings of the Reformers, and demand religious freedom. They found that whilst the Church of Rome made dissent a damnable heresy, the Church of England made it a heresy equally damnable, and a treason far more atrocious. Thus, attacked on every side, hunted down by the Church, and oppressed by the government, the sectaries became martyrs—persecution made converts for them far more quickly than could have been accomplished by their preaching; they became shining lights in the martyrology of Calvinism—it is so much more easy to die for religion like a martyr, than to live for heaven like a saint. At length the chief members of the sect resolved to place themselves and their followers beyond the reach of persecution, and, knowing that the crown was anxious to see the newly-surveyed district of New England occupied, and some of the members having migrated thither, they applied to the king for a charter, which, after some delay, was granted to them; and so perfectly had they concealed their objects in their self-imposed exile, that in their charter, they were directed, as one of its conditions, to spread the gospel among the heathens. They sailed from Plymouth, and arrived in America on the 10th of November, 1620; and late in the month of December following, having found a safe harbour, and a suitable spot for a settlement, they landed, and commenced to erect a village, which, as a mark of gratitude for the kindness with which they had been treated at their port of embarkation in England, they called Plymouth. Thus was the first English colony in New England formed. Its founders were sectaries, without the courage to be fanatics; their charter was obtained by fraud; they imposed upon their friends in England by false representations, by promises which they never meant to keep, and by engagements which they never intended to perform; they bound themselves to spread a faith which they believed to be false—they fled from what they called persecution for conscience sake—they became themselves, in their adopted land, the most ruthless of all bigoted and tyrannical oppressors; and whilst paying an abject lip-homage to the king, they were the vilest, the blackest traitors that ever abused the confidence of a trusting sovereign. They wanted money, and, knowing that men's minds were at the period engaged

by three subjects—one set anxious to avoid ecclesiastical control; another, to spread the gospel amongst the savages; a third, to extend commercial pursuits—they resolved to enlist the sympathies of each class. With a ready cunning they succeeded, and then induced their partners in this society, for spreading the gospel and extending the cod fisheries, to join them in obtaining from the crown a patent, or second charter of confirmation. The manner in which they obtained it, was, to use a mild expression, ingenious. Our author thus describes it—

“ It was one of the best veiled, deepest laid, and most skilfully executed schemes to be met with in history. After these three parties were engaged in the work, and had pledged their funds to forward the undertaking, they purchased from the Council of Plymouth all the territory extending from three miles north of the river Merrymack, to three miles south of Charles River, and in breadth from the Atlantic to the Southern Ocean. Their legal advisers, however, expressed some doubts as to the propriety of founding a colony on the basis of a grant from a private company of patentees, who might convey a right of property in the soil, but could not confer the jurisdiction or privilege of governing that society, which they contemplated to establish. As it was only from royal authority such powers could be derived, it became necessary for them to lose no time in making their application to the king. But how was he to be won over and cajoled? They were aware that he was open to flattery, but they knew also that he was suspicious of Low Churchmen, whom he very justly considered as little better than Dissenters; that he was surrounded by able counsellors, and alive to his own interest and that of the State. The task was a difficult one, but as its success was indispensable to their future objects, they approached it with the firmness and courage of determined men. With the most unblushing effrontery they spoke to him of their dear Mother Church in terms of great affection and regard, enlarged upon his duty to christianise the heathen, who all over the world were falling a prey to the Jesuits, while discontented Protestants were quarrelling about small matters of forms. They descanted with great apparent sincerity upon the danger of leaving the Continent open to other nations to intrude upon, and portrayed in glowing terms the vast advantages that would accrue to his Majesty's treasury from an increase of commerce. The king was delighted to find that the doubts he had entertained of the loyalty and orthodoxy of some of the company were groundless, and the offer to extend the limits of his dominions, to plant his Church in America, and, by stimulating commerce, to add to his revenue (which was very inadequate to his wants), was too agreeable to be refused. A charter of confirmation was, therefore, granted to his loving subjects, dated 4th of March, 1628.”

Having thus attained their object, the colonists continued the old plans of religious bigotry and secret treason; but finding themselves hampered by the provisions of the charter, which bound them to make no laws repugnant to those of England, they resolved to take the bold step of removing it surreptitiously to Massachusetts. They argued, with all the casuistry of their Calvinism, that loyalty is local; they reasoned that,

“From actual residence within any government, there naturally arose an obligation to submit to the laws and authority thereof. But birth was no necessary cause of allegiance. The subjects of any prince or nation had a perfect right to remove to any other state or part of the world, unless their own country were weakened or exposed by such removal, and even in that case if they were deprived of liberty of conscience it would justify a separation, and upon their departure their co-relative obedience determined and ceased altogether. The country to which they were about to remove was claimed and possessed by absolute princes, whose title to the lordship and sovereignty thereof had been acknowledged by kings of England, by purchasing some portion of their territory; this they also proposed to do, and then they would stand in their place, as original and independent proprietors of the soil. It was obvious, therefore, they said, that as their migration from England would terminate their necessary civil subjection, their patent would be a great protection, not merely from foreign aggression, but from the king himself; for at most it would only create a voluntary sort of dependence, and if any question should arise as to its nature and extent, it must be decided by the document itself. Their situation, and that of the people of London, it was argued, was widely different. The compact between the sovereign and the inhabitants of that city, as contained in its charter, was not the origin of their allegiance, but their actual residence, and so soon as any of them removed out of the kingdom, that necessary subjection immediately changed its nature, and became optional.”

After the removal of the charter, the first General Court was held in Boston, on the 19th of October, 1630, and then the purloined document was produced, and read. This, as we understand it, was the real establishment of republicanism in America. The settlers had left their father-land through hatred of the Church, they had stolen away the charter through a dislike to the king, and they founded a democratic government through a hatred of the two Houses of Parliament. These same dislikes their descendants cherished to the last moment of British rule: they were the excit-

ing topics in the speeches of Patrick Henry—they were the chief sources of Franklin's determination—they nerved the arms of the rebellious soldiers of Bunker's Hill—they forced Washington from the loved quietude of his humble home, and sent him to the field from which he returned illustrious, with all the glory of a conquering hero, and all the power of a mighty ruler, had it pleased him to assume it. The history of this settlement is full of deep and grave instruction for the statesman of our day—the minds, and feelings, and hopes, and wishes of those who yearly now pass in thousands from the Irish shore to the Canadas and New Brunswick, with heartfelt curses, deep and terrible, upon English rule in Ireland, are, as we believe, analogous in a very ominous degree to those which filled the breasts of the first settlers in Massachusetts.

Having set themselves up as an independent state, they elected a governor, a deputy, and four assistants, with the same power as justices of the peace in England; having no statute book to guide them, they selected the Bible as a code; they would not acknowledge the royal authority, as they held the people supreme, and not the king, and in the oaths of the justices, the king's name was struck out, the oath of allegiance was laid aside, and one of fidelity to the local government substituted; the royal arms were not warranted in Scripture, and the royal colors were likewise objectionable—to substitute new ones would be treason—but their form was changed and their identity destroyed. The cross was struck from the standard as a Popish superstition; drinking healths at table was abolished, in the hope that in this way drinking, "The King, God bless him," would grow into disuse; and finally, in 1652, silver money, shillings, six-pennies, and three-pennies were struck off in large quantities. Each piece was encircled by a double ring, the inscription, "Massachusetts," with a native tree (pine), emblematical of the country, on one side, and the words "New England, A. D. 1652," on the other. These pieces were coined and circulated during thirty years, always, however, bearing the same date.*

* After the Restoration, Sir T. Temple, who had lived some years in New England, and was a Puritan, upon his return to England was sent for by the king, who spoke with great anger against the colony. Sir Thomas said the people there knew little about law, and thought they might make money for their own use, and, taking one of the coins from his pocket,

During the reign of Charles I. the colonists had been turbulent and disloyal; they had, as we have seen, broken each article of their charter; they had left their native land to find a refuge amongst the heathens, and proclaimed themselves sufferers for conscience sake. Their charter required them to throw open the settlement to all classes and all religions of the subjects of the crown of England. They drove out the Episcopalians; they oppressed the Roman Catholics in Maryland, who had received them in a friendly and liberal spirit; they would permit, in Massachusetts, no marriage, no baptism, no funeral service, unless the ceremony was performed after the manner of their own peculiar worship, and the unoffending Quakers were the first objects of their vindictiveness. Mr. Haliburton writes—

“Without entering into the heart-rending details of the cruelties practised upon them, it is merely sufficient to state what enactments were made against them. One of the first imposed a penalty of £100 upon the master of any vessel who should bring a known Quaker into any part of the colony, and required him to give security to carry him back again; in the meantime, the unfortunate man was sent to the house of correction, and whipped twenty stripes, and afterwards kept at hard labour, until transportation. They also laid a fine of £5 for importing, and the like sum for dispensing, their doctrinal books, and for defending their heretical opinions. The next year, an additional law was made, by which all persons were subjected to the penalty of forty shillings for every hour's entertainment given to any known member of the sect; and any Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man, was to lose one ear, and the second time, the other; a woman, each time to be severely whipped, and the third time, man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a red-hot iron; and every one who should become a convert in the colony was subjected to the like punishment. Afterwards, a fine of ten shillings was laid on every person present at any of their meetings, and £5 upon any one speaking there.”

As might be expected, having despised governors and parliaments, the Puritans of New England hailed with delight the success of their party in the old country; they gloried in the beheading of

handed it to the king. The pine tree on the coin had a large, flat top. Charles asked what tree it was, and Sir Thomas, with a quickness and duplicity worthy of his creed, said it was the royal oak which had preserved his Majesty's life. This put the king in a good humour, and he dismissed Temple, calling the Puritans, “a parcel of honest dogs.”

Charles, and in the final triumph of Cromwell. They sent Hugh Peters to England for the purpose of hastening on the rebellion; their preachers harangued against the court; but even with Cromwell and their co-religionists in power, they still resolved to stand by their own independence of the mother country. They refused to join England in the war with Holland; they declined making common cause with Cromwell against the Manhattan settlements, stating it was more agreeable to the Gospel of Peace, and safest for the provinces, to forbear the use of the sword; but to show their respect for his Highness the Protector, they gave *permission to the commanders of his forces to enlist 500 volunteers within the State*. It is worthy of remark, as it shows the care with which settlements should be formed, and the attention which should be paid to mixing persons of different political opinions in the same colony, that whilst Massachusetts was lost to the king, at the very outset of the civil war, Virginia was the last State to lay down its arms in the crown's defence, and the first to replace the royal standard at the Restoration—Barbadoes, Antigua, and Bermuda were also loyal; and to revenge themselves upon those States for their faith to the royal party, the Parliament directed that foreign ships should not trade at these loyal and refractory provinces.

From first to last, these Puritan States were opposed to the sway of England. They hardly acknowledged the king at the Restoration; and so insolent did they become, that a commission was sent out to report upon the condition of the provinces. The authority of the commissioners was despised; they found the trade and navigation laws, such as they were, neglected; the council refused to obey their commands, and, finally, a *Quo Warranto* was issued. The council sent home a memorial against it, and further, resolved to avail themselves of the want of formal notice of its service. This objection was held bad, judgment was entered upon the *Quo Warranto*, in Trinity Term, 1684: a copy reached Boston on the 3rd July, 1685, and put an end to the government of Massachusetts.

Mr. Haliburton, as we think, has treated these first settlers with full and fair justice. Their virtues, were the virtues of the English race, their vices were peculiarly their own; they had all the faults

and virtues which, to this day, distinguish America. They bought the neighbouring land when they could do so; if unable to purchase, they seized it upon a clever pretext. They paid a lip-worship to freedom, but they would suffer no faith in Christ but that which they themselves held. Is not the purchase of Georgia—is not the seizure of Texas—is not the invasion, the unchecked invasion, of Cuba, a proof of our first statement? and as for the lip-worship of freedom, look to slavery; as for religious liberty, is the Roman Catholic safe in Philadelphia? is not the Episcopalian often insulted? is not the Mormon outraged, his property plundered, or burned, his life insecure? and all this in a land of liberty. Truly, the history of New England, is but the history of America in our day—a great, a mean, a wonderful, a despicable, a brave, a bragging, boasting nation. Of the colonists, Mr. Haliburton writes—

“ Their faults were engendered by the age in which they lived, their seclusion from the world, the severity of their morals, and the confused and imperfect knowledge they had of the relative obligations of the Old and New Testament; and as it would be manifestly unjust to omit those circumstances that palliated or accounted for their conduct, so, on the other hand, the narrative would be equally incomplete if no mention were made of their glaring inconsistencies. By quitting the reformed and pristine Church of England to which they belonged, they gave up fixed principles for the unsettled licence of that unmeaning term, Protestantism, and decent and necessary ceremonies, for an exemption from all order and established observances. They measured what they were by what they were not; and, as they protested against the errors of Popery, very complacently assumed that the whole Roman Church was a vast and complicated error, and that whatever she did not believe, practise, or enforce—and that only—was primitive. In their pious horror of its unauthorised assumptions, they adopted a system that consisted of nothing else but human inventions. They resisted a prelate with disdain, for the Pope was a bishop. They suppressed confirmation, transferred ordination to the brethren, and marriage to the civil magistrate; and, as prelatic clergy bowed in reverence, and kneeled in supplication, they abolished both as superstitious, and voted to stand up boldly before their Maker, and plead guilty or not guilty like men. They did not think it Scriptural to call the Apostles saints, who were unlettered men like Congregationalists (with no other possible advantages but the accidental one of being inspired), but they thought it by no means superstitious to appropriate the designation to themselves, or to regard old women as witches, and consistent with religion to execute them. They denied the authority of the General Council, composed of learned

divines, but they established synods, consisting of men who compensated for their want of erudition by their superior gifts of extemporaneous preaching. They maintained the right of private judgment in religion, but they hanged Quakers; for it was manifest that they who differed from them had no judgment whatever. Determined to limit the authority of the clergy, they elected and ordained them themselves, and gave them to understand that the same power that made could discharge them. They then, with singular inconsistency, invested them with privileges that made them infinitely more despotic than those of any Church in the world. They emigrated, they said, to avoid persecution: more than fifty years elapsed before the Church of England could compel them to be tolerant."

The laws of those early settlers were well adapted for the peculiar manner in which they lived, and formed a strange jumble of rules, half made up of the stern precepts of the Old Testament, and the soul-persuading teachings of the New. Our author writes—

"Whilst they were without a code or body of laws, their sentences seem to have been adapted to the circumstances of a large family of children and servants, as will appear from the following, which, from amongst many others of the same sort, I have extracted from the public records:

" 'John Blastowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josiah, instead of Mr., as formerly.' 'Sergeant Perkins is ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort for being drunk.' 'Captain Lovell to be admonished to take heed of light carriage.' 'Thomas Petit for *suspicion* of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, to be severely whipped and kept in hold.' 'Catherine, the wife of Richard Cornish, found *suspicious* of incontinency, seriously admonished to take heed.'

"The Connecticut laws, which were framed and executed by people vastly inferior in ability and education to those of Massachusetts, are conspicuous for their harshness as well as their absurdity:

" 'No. 17. No one shall run of a sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.'

" 'No. 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day.'

" 'No. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child upon the Sabbath-day.'

" 'No. 31. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make mince pies, dance, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jews' harp.'

"Equality of condition was secured by a law regulating the descent and distribution of the real and personal property of intestates. The exclusive claim of any one heir was not listened to, but an equal division was made

among all, reserving only to the eldest son a double portion, to reward him for his labour and assistance in acquiring the estate, and to enable him to stand in *loco parentis* to the family when deprived of its natural guardian. This fundamental law in a country where people generally marry early and have numerous children, effectually destroys the natural tendency of property to accumulate in the hands of a few. Hereditary claims were also rejected, their public officers being all annually chosen from the body of freemen without regard to distinctions. Old associations and early prejudices in favour of rank and fortune, though theoretically disclaimed, were not inoperative at first in the choice of the Governor and Assistants; but they gradually gave way to the principles they had laid down for themselves, and in time, station or family connections were found to be aristocratical barriers to public favour. At an early date perfect equality was aimed at. Not more than half a dozen gentlemen took the title of Esquire, nor more than four or five out of a hundred freemen that of Mr., although they were, in general, men of substance. Goodman and Goodwife were the common appellation. Destroying the distinctions of rank, conferring equal rights on all the freemen, and sanctioning a distribution of real estates among the children of intestates, were the foundation and support of the first, as they now are of the second, American Republic."

From the revocation of the charter to the final overthrow of the British power in America, the history of the colony is one continued series of blunders, petty squabbles, and ignorant misrule. Governors were sent out who were totally unacquainted with the conditions and the wants of the people, and when well informed upon those points, they were unable or unwilling to suggest or carry out the necessary reforms. Inured to warfare with the Indians and the French, the colonists were soldiers before they were freemen. Shrewd and far-seeing, they well understood the statesmanship which used them but as instruments to swell the revenue of the mother country. They had ever objected to taxation upon their imports—they had been in effect free from the control of the crown; and the Parliament, being blessed with statesmen like our Lord Grey at present, acted with weakness, or unnecessary harshness, and, as was natural, the people threw off the foreign yoke at the very first favourable moment.

The new States which had sprung up after the settlement of Massachusetts were all, as they fancied, injured and oppressed by the new charter; a deeper hatred of England became fixed in their

hearts, that hatred they transmitted to their descendants, and it was only appeased when the British bayonets were driven from the blood-stained breastworks of Bunker's Hill. Mr. Haliburton writes—

“It must be admitted, that it is difficult for loyal colonists to look back upon the annals of those revolted provinces, without the deepest regret, and the most humiliating mortification. That the task of reviewing a series of absurd, negligent, and illegal acts of needy governors and ignorant boards of control, all terminating in discreditable miscarriages and defeats, is too painful even to be attempted by English statesmen, is manifest from the fact that it has given neither prudence to their measures, wisdom to their councils, nor vigour to their conduct. When the independence of the old colonies was acknowledged, an immense number of despatches from several governors were found in the public archives unopened. The pen had been laid aside in despair for the sword, and both were disgraced by imbecility. It is to be feared that the provincial history, every page of which is filled with valuable instruction, has shared the same fate as the official correspondence, and remained unread. A natural or accidental defect of vision is an infirmity well entitled to commiseration, but a statesman who disdains the labour of research, and remains wilfully blind, is a criminal on whom expulsion or censure impose no adequate punishment.

“Unhappily merit is not always the passport to office. Party convenience or family interest, parliamentary influence or successful intrigue, too often elevate men to important stations, who, from vanity, ignorance, or want of principle, are utterly unable to discharge their duties. Sad indeed is the condition of a people when such is the temper of those who govern them. This, however, is an evil that no revolution can ever cure; and it would seem to be a law of our nature, that we must depend on the lottery of life for the selection of our rulers. It has indeed become a parliamentary maxim, that Provincials must be content to have their work “coarsely and roughly done;” inasmuch as a colonial minister, who has never crossed the Atlantic, cannot, in the nature of things, be supposed to know much about the young and vigorous empire committed to his charge. It is difficult to pronounce our opinion on the state of an invalid without visiting him. But when not only the disease, but its seat and its symptoms are differently represented, he who ventures to prescribe is generally found to be bold in proportion to his ignorance.”

We do not agree with Mr. Haliburton in his estimate of the American constitution. It has defects which must in time lead to dismemberment. Whilst vast territories lie unclaimed about it—whilst population is scanty—whilst the world is at peace, and no

European nation is interested in sowing the seeds of discord in the Union—whilst this state of things exists, no doubt America will continue an undivided nation; but as the South finds, as it is discovering every day, that the North is a drag upon its resources, that the cry against slavery is growing louder, that the advancement of New York is not the aggrandizement or benefit of the Carolinas, or of Georgia—and when England, or France, or, in time, Russia may find it advantageous that the States should no longer continue united, then will the Union crumble, and crumble through that federalisation, which now apparently adds to its stability.

A few more aggressions such as that on Cuba, or a few organizations such as that “for the liberation of Ireland” in 1848, or a series of intermeddlings like that for the freedom of Smith O’Brien, and America will become a pestilent nuisance to the governments of Europe, who must bind her by treaties to act as a civilized state, rather than as the Robin Hood of nations; and failing in this, must crush her at any cost, or be rough-riden or dictated to by a President, who may be but the deputy of all the vagrant rascality of the world. We know that the American Whigs—that Webster and his friends—must ever win respect for themselves and honor for their country, but what can they do against the Democratic rabble, and universal suffrage? Who gets up humbug meetings to “liberate Ireland from the Saxon yoke?”—The Democratic party. Who raises the anti-rent cry?—The Democratic party. Who shouts that America should interfere in Cuba, or in any other place, wishing to be freed from kingly rule?—The Democratic party. Who calls meetings to hear cowardly scoundrels, or drunken loafing slang-whangers from Ireland, mouthing about liberty and Smith O’Brien?—The Democratic party. Who talks of crushing “the bloody old British Empire”—forgetting that America, has but a population of 23,000,000, the 3,000,000 being slaves, and the 20,000,000 pretty much divided in opinion as to whether the union of the States should be preserved—who talks thus madly?—The Democratic party. Who talks about “our glorious navy,” forgetting that it is half manned by British seamen?—The Democratic party—the Democratic party, who will ruin America by ignorant bluster and brutal violence.*

* Our own people are about the worst of this class, and they are so foolish that they in general follow the advice of a vulgar truculent dema-

We do not quite agree with Mr. Haliburton in his estimate of the great perfection of the American constitution. It was for many years the custom, if the Presidents were of the Whig party, to elect Vice-Presidents from the Democratic rubbish. This very injurious practice is now abandoned, but the Vice-President is still in a position which acts most detrimentally on the interests of the Union. He knows nothing whatever of the intentions of the President and his Council; he is in fact looked on as a species of necessary evil—a feeling of ill-will grows up between him and the members of the administration, and when, as has on two or three occasions happened, the President has died during his term of office, the Vice-President has assumed the post with quite other intentions than those of his predecessor, and has very unceremoniously dismissed the Council. There is another very injurious practice in the constitution—that which deprives the heads of the different departments of seats in the House of Representatives or in the Senate. Fancy Sir George Grey and Lord Palmerston, incapable, as holding office, of sitting in the House of Commons, and trusting the defence of their measures to Lord Marcus Hill, or Mr. Tufnell, after Disraeli had played Jupiter Tonans, and demolished some Whig absurdity—yet, bad as this state of things would undoubtedly be, it is just the custom, as directed by the constitution, which prevails in America. As to the

gogue like Doheny, or of a needy adventurer such as Magee, who first abuses his own clergy, the Catholic, and finding Archbishop Hughes more than his match, then turns round, like a false whipped hound, to lick their feet. A Whig—the Whigs are the Conservatives of America—friend of ours, had an Irish groom named Pat Malley—the latter was, of course, a Democrat; at the last election, our friend, who lives a short distance from Philadelphia, wished to go into town for the purpose of voting, and he accordingly told Pat to get the horses ready. “Might I be bould to ax your honour if it’s to the polls (the hustings) ye’r goin’?” said Pat. “Yes,” replied the master. “An’ I suppose, ye’r honour ’ill be voting the Whig ticket?” continued Pat. “Yes,” said his master. “Well, ye’r honour, we’ll not wear out the horses’ shoes, for ye’r vote wont be any good at all at all, because if you vote the Whig ticket, upon my soukins, I’ll go the Democratic, and ye see it will be a dead vote, for mine will kill yours.” The horses were not brought out, for Pat was right; he understood the value of the beautiful institution, “Universal Suffrage”—it means that men who have nothing to lose, make laws for those who have all at stake. The Roman Catholic clergy in America are in a very disagreeable position, owing to universal suffrage and the Democratic party. If they vote with the Whigs, their flocks (the greater part being Democrats) say the priests are deserting them; if the priest votes with the Democrats, he knows he is serving neither his faith nor the interests of the country.

short period for which the President holds his office, all sensible Americans agree that it must be changed eventually; and if any thing can injure the States, and shake the Union to its very foundation, it is that point in the constitution which directs, that if both Houses approve of a bill, and they send it to the President, he shall, if he disapprove of it, return it to the House in which it originated, stating his reasons, and his objections to the measure; if, after reconsideration of the bill, two-thirds of the members in each House adhere to their former votes, the bill becomes law, notwithstanding the President's veto. This rule has always seemed an anomaly to us. Why give the President a veto at all, unless it be binding upon the Congress? The rule says, in effect, the President shall have a veto on the proceedings of Congress, so long as he shall agree with the majority; but the moment he shall presume to think for himself, that moment he shall become a mere cypher.

• The judges in America, Mr. Haliburton thinks, are a more exalted body than those of England, because they are nominated by the President, and approved or rejected by the Senate. Has Mr. Haliburton heard that political partizanship has much to do with these same nominations and approvals? Has he ever heard that a Democratic President always presents a Democratic lawyer, and that this Democratic lawyer is certain of being approved by the Democratic Senate; and these facts apply to Whig Presidents and Whig Senates. The whole judicial system of America is one chain of partizanship. The inferior judges in the different States are, as every man who is at all acquainted with America knows, only appointed after political party services, and long and anxious canvassing. We remember well, that during the Native American, or Anti-Catholic, riots in Philadelphia, and during the inquiry afterwards held, lawyers who hoped for office, and had been all their lives the most rampant bigots, made themselves the partizans of the Roman Catholics, thereby expecting to secure the Irish vote; and it was afterwards clearly proved that these same lawyers, and would-be-judges, had played their Catholic clients false. Who that reads the State Trials of England will not be proud of the courage, and learning, and coolness of Hale, of Mansfield, and of Ellenborough? Who is there that knows the honorable paths by which the present

judges have risen to their high positions, that will not admire the English system of appointments? Who is there aware of these things, and recollecting the "nomination and approval" lauded by Mr. Haliburton, that will not say with us, *Nolumus Mutari*?*

The chief merit, in our estimation, of the book before us, lies in its sound and just remarks, its sober and well considered opinions upon the very grave question of the policy and design of British rule in Canada. Upon the mere abstract ethics of statesmen, the wisest men may differ, but upon the practical executive and administrative government, there can be no possible doubt where the plan has been fairly tested. Mr. Haliburton, it seems to us, is peculiarly adapted to write, and to write with weight and authority, upon the subject of Canadian government. He has lived long in the colony, he is intimately acquainted with the hopes, the prospects, and the condition of the colonists, he is a judge of great learning and ability, therefore, we consider that few men are capable of bringing to bear upon the question so profound a knowledge, or an insight so deep.

As most persons are aware, at the conclusion of the American war of independence two provinces—Nova Scotia and Canada—remained in the possession of England. To the former of these Mr. Haliburton does not devote his book at all, but refers entirely to the more important settlement, Canada; and as we are anxious that our readers should understand the question fully, a short sketch of English rule in the colony may not be misplaced.

By the treaty of peace made in the year 1763, Canada was ceded to the Crown of England, and its French inhabitants who were willing to remain in the country, were secured in the possession of their property, and in the full and free discharge of their religion. A few months afterwards a royal proclamation was issued, the seat of government was fixed at Quebec, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland were invited to emigrate. All persons going to the colony were assured of the royal protection; they were to have the benefit and enjoyment of the laws of England, and all civil and

* To the legal reader, we strongly recommend Mr. Mackay's "Western World." His chapter on the judicial system of America is extremely well and carefully written.

criminal cases were to be heard and adjudicated upon, agreeably to the constitution of the mother country. This proclamation is as clear as words can make it; and further, General Amherst, when requested to continue to the French Canadians the old laws and usages, most positively refused, and stated that all the inhabitants of Canada should be ruled and bound by the laws of England. The officers and soldiers who had served against the Americans, were in many instances presented with plots of land on which to settle, and thus the government hoped to form a defensive power in the colony, by means of which the stability of English possession would be rendered more secure. Thus it appears that certain promises were made to the French settlers, certain other promises were held out to the English colonists; but the promises, so far as related to the English, were almost all forgotten, the laws were changed to suit the wishes of the French, and in the year 1775, it was enacted, that the English laws and practice of the courts should be annulled, and Mr. Haliburton states—

“ This flagrant violation of the promises held out in the proclamation, and of the terms upon which the people of British origin had settled there, filled them with dismay. They felt that they had the wretched choice presented to them of abandoning their property, or of remaining in a miserable minority, to be ruled and governed by foreigners, whose favour could only be conciliated by their forgetting their country, their language, and their religion as soon as possible, and becoming Frenchmen.”

That the English settlers had every reason to feel indignant no reasonable man can deny; and a few years later, the constitution of the colony was so formed, that the French law was almost the only one in use, and by the trickery of the French, the English settlers became in the colonial parliament a miserable minority. Upper and Lower Canada were made separate states, Quebec and Montreal were handed over to the French; thus the English, or Upper Canadians, were cut off from all communication with England, except such as the Lower Canadians, or the Americans of the States, wished to afford, and the records of the courts and the rolls of parliament were directed to be kept in the French language. The evil did not rest at this point. The French Canadians were the most ill-educated of all the American people. Few could read or write; they were idle and

listless; they followed the dictations of their political leaders, or obeyed the directions of the clergy, they never judging for themselves; and when the Assembly met on the 17th December, 1792, the representation having been based on population, the house consisted of thirty-five French, and fifteen English members, and a speaker was elected, who admitted his entire inability to express himself in the English language. This was the first false step taken in England's government of Canada, and taken too with the full knowledge of the fact, that when Louisiana, inhabited by Frenchmen, was admitted into the confederation of the United States, it was specially directed that all minutes and records should be made exclusively in the English language, the language of the States.

The French party being thus in power, they lost no opportunity of extending their influence; this they were with great facility enabled to accomplish, through the agency of the parliament, in which, within a very short period, the English Canadians had but three representatives. They attacked the judges, they insulted the Governors, they inveighed against the Crown. For forty years this state of things continued, but the sole object of England seemed to consist in an anxiety to show her alien subjects, that they, and not her own people, were the masters of the colony. In the year 1832, every grievance of which they could complain was redressed; but in 1834, the Parliament told the Governor, Lord Aylmer, that their grievances had increased, and at that period consisted of ninety-two complaints, which they embodied in a series of resolutions demanding redress. This document is one of the most absurd and impudent papers ever presented to a Viceroy. The ninety-two complaints were, some false and some personal, some praised political friends in England, some abused those who were supposed enemies, some repeated former complaints which had been redressed, and the result of all was, that the Frenchified Canadian Assembly would be satisfied only with independence. They refused to support the colonial government by a money vote till their demands were granted; and Papineau declared, "the people of this country are now preparing themselves for a future state of political existence, which I trust will be neither a monarchy nor an aristocracy." For five years no supplies had been voted; there was no power to make laws, no means

of paying those who administered the old ones; schools were neglected; the roads, the bridges, and the jails were unrepaired; and finally, disorganization extended every where, and ripened at length into a fierce, but unsuccessful rebellion. Truly has Mr. Haliburton written:—

“This rebellion had scarcely been put down, when Lord Durham was appointed with extraordinary powers to complete the pacification.

“On this part of the history of Canada it is needless to dwell. It has proved a failure, not from a deficiency of power, but from want of conduct, in the dictator. Instead of assembling around him a council of the most influential and best informed men in the colony, according to the evident spirit of the act, and his instructions, he thought proper to appoint to that responsible situation officers attached to his household, or perfect strangers, with the magnanimous view, as he said, of assuming the whole responsibility of his own measures. But alas! that which is a mere mistake in a statesman, is often an irretrievable misfortune to a whole people.

“I have now shown that after the conquest of Canada, it was governed by English laws; that the royal proclamation invited British subjects to remove there; and promised them the protection and enjoyment of those laws; but that in violation of that promise, in order to conciliate the French, their legal code was substituted in their place; while an injudicious division of the province was made, in consequence of which it became a Gallic and not a British colony. We have seen that by these means, and by permitting the recording language of their parliament to be French, they were kept a distinct people, and that they always had an overwhelming majority of members of their own origin in the legislature, who were distinguished by an anti-commercial and anti-British feeling, which had been gradually growing with the growth of the country until they were in a condition to dictate terms to Government. If this part of the review could be followed into detail, it would be found that this feeling was manifested by the manner in which they have constantly resisted local assessments, and made commerce bear every provincial expenditure—in the way they neutralized the electoral privileges of the voters of British origin—in the continuance of the oppressive tenure of the feudal law—in taxing emigrants from the mother country, and them only—in their attempts to wrest the crown-land from Government—in their attack on the Canada company, and the introduction of settlers by them—in their opposition to a system of registry—in their mode of temporary legislation—in their refusal to vote supplies, and in the whole tenor of their debates and votes. It will be also found that the policy of every government, whether Tory or Whig, was conciliatory, and every reasonable change required (with many very unreasonable ones) was conceded to them; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless an undeniable fact, that the only party who had reason to complain, were the injured and traduced loyalists.”

But what is English government now in Canada? Is it stronger? Are its interests more cared for? Is the English name more respected? Is the Governor in a more secure position, and has he power to discharge his duty for the advantage of his Sovereign? Not one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative for England. The Governor is deprived of patronage, which is given to the loudest brawler of the Assembly; his power of a veto is worth nothing. Owing to "responsible government," if he do well he gets no credit, if his council do ill, he receives all the blame. His duty is to keep up a smiling face, and a well filled table, and to sign his name to state documents when desired so to do by his French Canadian masters in the Council. The rebels who fought hardest against England have been petted, and rewards and premiums have been held out to hungry agitators. The laws are no longer submitted to England for approval, and the present Governor is a well-meaning man, unfitted for his office; married to a French Canadian, he always remembers the deep moral of Virgil's line,

*"Infelix, qui non sponsæ præcepta furentis
Audierit."*

But what is the remedy for this state of things? Thus Mr. Haliburton advises:—

"It is clear that one of two things must be done; either the former checks, so incautiously removed, must be at once restored, or further concessions made to invest the different branches of the Legislature with independent action. Either too much has been done or too little. To retrace one's steps is humiliating as well as difficult. The pride of man revolts at an acknowledgment of error or ignorance; and power, when once parted with, is not easily recovered. Progression is safer, and more agreeable. To give due weight and influence to the Upper House, its members must not receive their appointment from a political leader, but directly from the Crown or from the people. If it must be from the latter, then since they are to represent the upper class of society in the province, let that class select them. Make the property-qualification of the elector so considerable, as to ensure the exercise of discretion and judgment in the electors; and to impart character, stability, and authority to the members, let the property-qualification of the candidate be still higher than that of the voter, and let the term of service be not less than ten years at least. Restore to the Queen's representative some of his authority, and assign to him some duties to perform; and suffer him to be in reality, what he now nominally is, the Governor. Such an arrangement would elevate the

whole character of the Legislature, and acquire for it the respect and obedience of the whole people; thus each branch of the provincial Parliament would be independent in its action."

With regard to annexation we cannot fully agree in all the views of our author. We do not see that the Canadians have any just grounds of complaint against England, so far as enabling the colony to cultivate its resources. The Welland Canal, between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, has been constructed at the expense of £1,500,000. On improving and constructing canals, from the upper lakes to the Atlantic, £3,000,000 have been expended, and thus the vast extent of the St. Lawrence has been thrown open to the colonists, and taxation is nearly ten times higher in the States than in Canada. It is not the people, those who make up the money-paying population of Canada, who wish for annexation. It is the loud-talking demagogue, the aspiring lawyer, who may hope to rise to a position in Congress, if Canada were incorporated with the Union, whilst in the English parliament he can never expect to take his seat. The Roman Catholics, too, are anxious to shake off the rule of England, and we think unwisely. "In America," said a Roman Catholic prelate of the States to us a short time since, "the Catholic is not as free as in Ireland or England. If I walk through the streets of Philadelphia, and other towns, I will probably be called, 'Priest,' in derision, by the women and children passing. The changing one's religion in the States, from Catholic to Protestant, is often brought about by a desire to get into better society. The Wesleyans despise us, and the Baptists hate us; and we have a continual struggle with our flocks to prevent their running into all the follies of the Democratic party." This, it must be confessed, is not a very enticing prospect; and although Mr. Haliburton seems to hold the opinion, that eventually America must become Roman Catholic, we think there is, for the present at least, a truer freedom for the members of that faith in Canada than in the Union. We have given the words of a Roman Catholic prelate; we now give the opinion of Mr. Haliburton—

"In America they know that the natural course of events will ultimately put them in possession of the government. Their language, therefore, is

more guarded, and their conduct more circumspect ; but still no public man can safely resist them. Whatever party they patronise must succeed ; and if that party expect to retain office, it must, as far as is compatible with the present Constitution, gratify their wishes. If there be any meaning in terms or definitions, a republican form of government is one that is built on the independent exercise by every individual of his own judgment. It is obvious, then, that if the head of a Church like that of Rome, can command, on any popular question, a million or two of votes, a power is brought to bear upon the administration of the country, totally at variance with its institutions, and that, as that power increases, the chief ecclesiastic, whether he be a Cardinal or Archbishop, will gradually direct the affairs of the nation. In the meantime its fate and destiny, if not controlled, are at least most materially affected.

" In the ephemeral experiment now trying in France, this power of the priesthood has been already sensibly felt, in her extraordinary intervention in the affairs of Rome ; by which, after founding a republic at the expense of the blood of thousands of her subjects, she exhibited the sincerity of her love of freedom by crushing the first effort of the Italians to follow her example. That this body now exerts a powerful influence in the United States is most certain ; and that it is likely to increase and greatly preponderate is more than probable ; to assert broadly, however, that such a result is inevitable, would be, to say the least of it, presumptuous."

We agree most fully with the author in his estimate of European Republics ; he thinks no country of the Old World adapted for such an institution as that on which America so prides herself. France cannot learn common sense—England is too strong, and too self-reliant ; she can alter her constitution, she need never overturn it—so great, so wise, so time-tried, and so time-proved. America alone, of all the universe, could so long endure her Republic. As the author states—

" America was prepared for her republic from her earliest childhood ; trained, educated and practised in democracy, and knew of nothing else but by report. How widely spread, how deeply laid, how well constituted, must those institutions have been, to have enabled her to receive the countless thousands of the lowest refuse of European ignorance and degradation, without injury or danger. But she had room for them, they were not shut up in cities to engender fears and famine ; but were consigned at once to the canals, railroads, tunnels, mines, bridges, and other public and private works, which engrossed and required the whole labour of the people. If this stream of immigration had been limited to one channel it would have burst its bounds, and submerged a whole state. It was widely diffused over

the entire country, and was instantly absorbed like a summer's shower. England, on the contrary, is filled to the brim, and has opened every sluice of emigration to relieve herself of her redundant population."

We trust these volumes may be read extensively and thoughtfully. They are not the outpourings of party, nor are they written to support a faction, or pander to a Ministry. The author was, like many other men, a very sincere admirer of the late Sir Robert Peel, until he proved himself to be a coward in politics, and a charlatan in statesmanship. The book before us gives the Whigs all the credit they deserve—they may have meant well; but if the Canadas shall be lost to the crown, what Minister, though cursed by all the rashness of a Russell, will dare to tell the nation, "It is true one of our best colonies is taken from us, but our dear Lord Grey meant to govern it well, and upon his own wise principles!" The Cape, in effect, is lost to us—Van Diemen's Land is in something the same condition; and Mr. Haliburton, anxious to save one possession if possible, shows us the true position of the Canadas, explains the evils of our colonial system, points out the remedies by which these evils may be counteracted, that thus the rule of "The English in America," may be something better than a history of the blunders, the follies, and the ignorant temerity of colonial secretaries. We do not expect statesmanship from the Whigs; a smiling assumption of it we look for from Lord Palmerston; but who is there amongst the whole "ruck" of the Treasury Bench, with the slightest claim to the title statesman. Five years ago the government was told that the Cape would be lost, or could be preserved only by a ruinous expenditure, unless the natives were driven beyond a certain district, one extremity of which should be the Fish River, and the other the Orange River. This advice was unheeded; the blatant folly of Exeter Hall and the Bible Society, had more weight than all the experienced teaching of old colonists; the natives were suffered to remain around our settlements for the convenience of the missionaries, who made them bad savages and drunken Christians. Rognery and debauchery served to keep the Caffres in our territory, and after years of labour, we find our troops engaged in a war with blood-thirsty savages; and all our statistics prove, that civilization and syphilis have advanced with a melancholy equality. Thus

we have succeeded with the natives—the boors and English settlers we have alienated for ever. Van Diemen's Land is shaken in its loyalty likewise, and the Catholic French Canadians have shown their regard for England by burning the national flag on the public square of Montreal, when the intelligence was received that the Queen had signed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. By this same bill—by the petulant letter of Lord John Russell—one-third of her Majesty's subjects have been goaded into a spirit of fierce hatred of England and the Established Church; and now, with the bill a law, almost every provision has been broken with impunity—the labour of a whole session of the English parliament furnishes a jest for the Papal lackey in the French-guarded palace of his master; the bill is burned by the shouting mob of Cashel; and its name must excite a smile amongst the crimson-clothed firmkeys who announce the visitors at the thronged levee of the Cardinal in Golden Square. This is Whig rule! Whig statesmanship!—ignorant, rash, unconciliating, and destructive—two colonies in effect lost—a penal law, as it is considered, enacted—the agricultural interest half ruined—two Manchester cotton-spinners dictating to the nation. Rough, true-hearted, old Samuel Johnson was right—"Sir, the devil was the first Whig!"

ART. II.—M A R I A E D G E W O R T H.

Memoirs—Essays—Tales—Novels.

INSTANCES are not wanting wherein we observe the glory of one family to have been illustrated by numerous scions, and transmitted from sire to son like a heritable thing. During three generations, and in many persons, fair Florence beheld her Medici ascendants, and, from Cosmo to Leo, saw the statesmen and popes of her time stand "hand-in-hand together," linked by a double bond—the tie of blood and the communion of fame. The Pitts and Russells of England, the Guises of France, the Rothschilds of all lands, cannot escape our memory in illustration of this topic. Even in the instance of those who have achieved a restrictedly individual distinc-

tion, resemblances and analogies between their characters and fortunes, and those of their kindred, are the delight of the biographer and historian. The sources of the Nile do not possess a greater interest for the geographical student, than do the fountains of genius for him who loves to explore and to map the recesses of the mind of man. Do we not know that, long before the great Mirabeau became the orator—we might rather say the prophet—of the French revolution, the fiery and eccentric race from which he sprung, had given, through many generations, successive proofs of that clear insight and impulsive energy, though exercised upon a minor scale, and conversant about less remarkable events, which made their descendant the great man of a great time—a crowd-compeller, at a period when a crowd that embraced a people convulsed and changed all Europe? Do we not know that, long before Byron “awoke one morning and found himself famous,” the family of which he was a scion had “frighted the isle from its propriety,” by the waywardness of will and morbidness of feeling, which, mixed with the richer yeast of genius, gave *Manfred* and *Childe Harold* to the world of poetry? Then, there are the Neckers, the financier of the Revolution, and the authoress of *Corinne*—the Edgeworths of France. The Edgeworths of Ireland—the Edgeworths *proper*, if we may borrow a word from geography—are our theme. They exemplify, under Irish names, and on this Irish soil, that distributive and heritable distinction which attracted our notice in the instance of foreign families above mentioned. Maria Edgeworth was not alone of all her race. If Lovell Edgeworth’s greatest boast might well have been that he was Maria’s father, she, in turn, had she been less gifted than she really was, might have found support for her less brilliant reputation in her claim to the title of Lovell Edgeworth’s daughter. Whatever inscription marks the grave of their mortal remains, for both, in the mausoleum of fame, one epitaph suffices—“*Here rest the Father and Daughter.*” To two works that bear the name of Edgeworth—*Practical Education* and the *Essay on Irish Bulls*—both Maria and her father contributed their respective shares; and many of these graceful productions in which he had no active share, and of which she can claim the whole merit, were the objects of his care and criticism. Her fame owes

so much to the careful culture of her understanding in youth, under the immediate direction of her father—a culture not discontinued even when she reached the years of womanhood—that some account of the life of *a parent fitted to educate a woman of genius*—surely a character of the rarest stamp—must prove in some degree interesting, if not wholly instructive. Of the very Memoirs of Lovell Edgeworth's life, one volume is the work of his own pen, and the other of Maria's; and these we shall notice in their proper place.

Nor has the name of Edgeworth been spoken but in one tongue—known but in one land: it was familiar to French ears in the last century—blessed by the poor, revered by the penitent, invoked by royal agony, honored by royal gratitude, and only not written down in the blood-stained annals of the martyrs, since Providence reserved the saint for a renewed apostleship and a riper day. From the “Memoirs of the Abbé Edgeworth,” edited by G. C. Sneyd Edgeworth, it appears, that the parents of Henry Essex Edgeworth, converts themselves to the Roman Catholic faith, educated their child in that communion; and he finally embraced the priesthood in France, to which country his father and mother had emigrated. In process of time he came to be known as the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont. This title, which he took in accordance with the prescribed ideas of the “*ancien regime*” in France, was derived from a portion of the family estates in Ireland, called Fairymount, corrupted into Firmont. The fame of his piety and virtue, at first confined to the knowledge of the poor and the lowly, at length reached the throne itself, like the “odour of sacrifice,” which ascends from the plain, and is wafted to high places. It passed the channel, and was joyfully recognised in the land of his birth.

The heads of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland offered him a bishopric in his native country, but “the urgent entreaties of those who were under his care determined him not to abandon his charge, or change his humble situation for any dignities or temporal advantages that could be proposed to him.” He continued to discharge his duties in the French capital; “and,” says the Abbé de Bouvens, in the funeral sermon on the Abbé Edgeworth, “this evangelical man was often seen with a countenance radiant with joy, surrounded by the poor, and by the lower orders of workmen in Paris, leading them to his tribunal of

peace." He was at length selected as spiritual adviser and confessor to the Princess Elizabeth, the sister of the king, and became esteemed by all the royal family. Though unambitious of making proselytes, "so great was the fascination of his manners, that their influence alone convinced those who were too weak to examine for themselves that his religious tenets were well founded. It happened that an American gentleman, in the suite of La Fayette, spent a day in the society of the Abbé Edgeworth. He was so struck by his manners, and the excellence of his sentiments on every subject upon which he conversed, that he declared he would adopt the Abbé de Firmont's religion, as he was convinced from his serenity that it must be the best. * * He embraced the Roman Catholic faith, took orders, returned to America, and became a zealous controversial writer."

The Revolution broke out, and the Revolution "horrors." The Abbé Edgeworth was not exempt from those sufferings to which all of his creed and class were, at that period, doomed in France.* Instinctively the Jacobins felt conscious that the Cross could never make a fitting flag-staff for the Tricolor, and they warred against it accordingly. The clergy were proscribed, and the Abbé Edgeworth shared the sufferings of his brethren. He was called from his obscurity to administer to Louis the Sixteenth the last consolations of religion—obeyed the summons with alacrity—fulfilled his duty, despite of difficulty and danger, with zeal and courage, and never left the hapless king till the latter expired beneath the fatal knife.†

In the annals of history, the reader cannot fail to have noted a few sayings, of "just pith and moment," to which the actors on the world's stage, have, from time to time, given utterance, and the nature of which it is, to embody in a few brief words a meaning more pregnant than the boasted apothegms of philosophers, an eloquence more thrilling than the periods of orators. "Fear not," cried the Roman to the trembling sailor, in the storm, "you carry Cæsar and his fortunes!" "*Et tu Brute!*" will ring in the ears of all time, as it did at the foot of Pompey's pillar, two thousand years ago. Posterity will repeat "Up, guards, and at them!" when antiquarians dispute of the spot where the words were uttered. That great cry of Wolsey's—"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I

* See Barruel's History of the Clergy during the French Revolution, London, 1793.

† See Carlyle's French Revolution, vol. iii., pp. 132, 133.

served my king, he would not have abandoned me in my grey hairs!" has been repeated many times, and its memory will not pass away. To the number of those unpremeditated sayings—a few of which we have just quoted, and whose nature is to present in the narrowest compass the very cream and pith of circumstance, of feeling, or of experience—the Abbé Edgeworth has added one, and that one unsurpassed for appropriate truthfulness and thrilling eloquence. As the fatal axe fell, and the blood streamed from the severed head of the French King, the courageous priest exclaimed—" *Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au ciel!* " *

The Abbé finally escaped to England, "where," says his biographer, "he received marks of high respect and of the kindest attention from persons of the most distinguished character in England; and from all classes he had proof of the good and generous feeling of the British public." Mr. Pitt induced George III. to settle a pension on the Abbé, but he declined the proffered service. He was subsequently appointed almoner to Louis the Eighteenth. His death was worthy of his life:—

"In the spring of the year 1807, the power of the usurper having increased with rapidity, Bonaparte directed the arms of France against the dominions of Russia. During the course of this war, it happened that some French soldiers, who had been taken prisoners, were sent to Mitton. Though they had borne arms against the House of Bourbon, yet, in the true spirit of Christian forgiveness, their errors were forgotten by Louis the Eighteenth. The Abbé Edgeworth went, with his Majesty's permission, to attend them, to give them all the comforts which humanity could procure, and all the consolations which religion could bestow. A contagious fever raged amongst these prisoners, but the venerable Abbé persevered in his visits, nor would he abandon those who had no earthly hope but in him. Day and night he continued his attendance, assisted by his faithful servant, Bousset, who emulated the virtues of his master. The Abbé caught the fever. When the daughter of Louis the Eighteenth heard that he was taken ill, she declared that she would go immediately and see this friend of her family. She attended the death-bed of the Abbé, administered medicine to him with her own hands, and received his dying breath. The court of Louis went into mourning, and Essex Edgeworth's epitaph was written by the king himself."

* "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" *Saint Louis* was the ninth king of that name who reigned in France, and was an ancestor of Louis the Sixteenth. He flourished in the 13th century, and was one of the ablest and most virtuous princes who have ever swayed the sceptre. He was canonized by Pope Boniface the Eighth.

It was in Latin, nor can we perceive that its merits soar in any way above the usual tomb-stone style. Be that as it may, the true epitaph of the Irish priest is written on the heart of posterity, in the words of that sublime apostrophe which he himself pronounced from that awful rostrum, the scaffold of the guillotine—" *Fils de Saint-Louis, montez au ciel!*"

The *Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, the father of the authoress, give us to understand, that the Edgeworths, as the name implies, were of English origin, and settled in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. One of the family was Bishop of Down and Connor, in 1593. From the bishop's brother Richard Lovell Edgeworth was lineally descended. In the time of Charles the First—

"Captain John Edgeworth married an English lady, and brought her to his castle of Cranallagh, in the county of Longford. He had by her one son. Before the Irish rebellion broke out, in 1641, Captain Edgeworth, not aware of the immediate danger, left his wife and infant in the Castle of Cranallagh, while he was summoned to a distance by some military duty. During his absence the rebels rose, attacked the castle, set fire to it at night, and dragged the lady out, literally naked. She escaped from their hands, and hid herself under a furze bush till they had dispersed. The rebels plundered the castle completely, but they were persuaded to extinguish the fire, from reverence to the picture of Jane Edgeworth, which was painted on the wainscot, with a cross hanging from her neck, and a rosary in her hands. This lady, being a Catholic, and having founded a religious house in Dublin, was considered a saint. The only son of Captain Edgeworth was then an infant, lying in his cradle. One of the rebels seized the child by the leg, and was in the act of swinging him round to dash his brains out against the castle wall, when an Irish servant of the lowest order stopped his hand, claiming the right of killing the little heretic himself, and swearing that a sudden death would be too good for him—that he would plunge him up to the throat in a bog-hole, and leave him for the crows to pick his eyes out. Snatching the child from his comrade, he ran off with it to a neighbouring bog, and thrust it into the mud; but, when the rebels had retired, this man, who had only pretended to join them, went back to the bog for the boy, preserved his life, and, hiding him in a pannier under eggs and chickens, carried him actually through the midst of the rebel camp safely to Dublin. This faithful servant's name was Brian Farrel. His last descendant died within my memory, after having lived, and been supported always, under my father's protection."

His wife dying, Captain Edgeworth married a widow Bridgman, who had a daughter by her previous marriage; and this daughter,

and the son whose life was so providentially saved, as above narrated, in time came to be joined in wedlock. The young lady was heiress to her father, but her mother was averse to the match projected by the young people. An elopement was agreed upon. The law, however, forbade young gentlemen to run away with young ladies; and, with that respect for the law which has at all times characterised the Irish, young Edgeworth and Miss Bridgman submitted to their fate, and loyally arranged, that, as he could not run away with her, she should run away with him. "The young lady took her lover to church behind her on horseback," reversing the usual order "in such case made and provided." It does not appear that the abducted youth interrupted the marriage ceremony by any hysterical exhibition; the narrative is simply to the effect that "their first son, Francis, was born before the united ages of his father and mother amounted to thirty-one years. If they began the world *more Hibernico*, not less so did they progress—

"After the death of Captain Edgeworth and his wife, which happened before this young couple had arrived at years of discretion, young Edgeworth took possession of a considerable estate in Ireland, and of an estate in Lincolnshire which came to him in right of his wife; he had also ten thousand pounds in money, her fortune. But they were extravagant, and quite ignorant of the management of money. Upon an excursion to England, they mortgaged their estate in Lancashire, and carried the money to London, *which they kept in a stocking, on the top of their bed*. To this stocking both wife and husband had free access, and of course its contents soon began to be very low. The young man was handsome, and fond of dress. At one time, when he had completely run out all his cash, he actually sold the ground plot of a house in Dublin, to purchase a high-crowned hat and feathers, which were then the mode. He lived in high company in London, and at court. Upon some occasion, King Charles the Second insisted upon knighting him. His lady was presented at court, where she was so much taken notice of by the gallant monarch, that she thought it proper to intimate to her husband that she did not wish to go to court a second time; nor did she ever after appear there, though in the bloom of youth and beauty. She returned to Ireland. In this lady's character there was an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. She was courageous beyond the limits of her sex in real danger, and yet afraid of imaginary beings. According to the superstition of the times, she believed in fairies. Of her courage and presence of mind I will now give an instance. While she was living at Lissard, she was obliged, on some sudden alarm, to go at night to a garret at the top of the house, for some gunpowder which

was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle, without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half-way down stairs again, she observed that the girl had not her candle; and being asked what she had done with it, the girl answered, that she had left it stuck in '*the barrel of black salt!*' Lady Edgeworth bade her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was, found the candle as the girl had described, put her hand carefully underneath it, carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs, dropped on her knees, and thanked God for her deliverance."

Her son, Francis Edgeworth, raised a regiment for King William, and such was the zeal of his loyalty, and fervor of his sectarian sentiments, that he obtained the nickname of *Protestant Frank*. He was otherwise notorious, as we shall presently see.

"He was a man of great wit and gaiety, fond of his profession, quite a soldier, totally regardless of money, and was involved in difficulties by his taste for play. One night, after having lost all the money he could command, he staked his wife's diamond ear-rings, and went into an adjoining room, where she was sitting in company, to ask her to lend them to him. She took them from her ears, and gave them to him, saying that she knew for what purpose he wanted them, and that he was welcome to them. They were staked, and he won back all he had lost that night. In the warmth of his gratitude to his wife, he, at her desire, took an oath that he would never more play at any game with *cards or dice*. Some time after he was found drawing *straws out of a hay-rick, and betting with a friend upon which should be the longest!*"

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH was born in 1744. His birth was, in one sense, an affliction to his mother. Her sad fate is briefly told by her son. During her confinement, "she lost the use of her right side—a misfortune the more severely felt by her, as she had been a remarkably active person. From a sprightly young woman, who danced and rode remarkably well, she, in one hour, became a cripple for life." While yet very young, his mother sought to implant principles of right conduct in his tender mind. He says—

"She began to point out to me the good and bad qualities of the persons whom we accidentally saw, or with whom we were connected. One of our relations, a remarkably handsome youth of eighteen or nineteen, came one day to dine with us, and I had an opportunity of seeing the manners of

this young man. My mother told me that he had received no education, that he was a hard drinker, and that, notwithstanding his handsome appearance, he would be good for nothing. Her prediction was soon verified. He married a woman of inferior station, when he was scarcely twenty. His wife's numerous family and relations—father, brothers, and cousins—were taken into his house. They appeared in public in a handsome coach, with four grey horses—the men dressed in laced clothes, in the fashion of those days; and his wife's relations lived luxuriously at his house, for three or four years. In that period they dissipated the fee-simple of £1,200 a-year, which, fifty years ago (i.e. in the middle of the eighteenth century), was equal at least to £3,000 of our present money. The quantity of claret which those parasites swallowed was so extraordinary, that when the accounts of this foolish youth came before the Chancellor, his lordship remarked, that had the young gentleman's coach horses drunk claret, so much as had been charged could not have been consumed. He had, for some time, partaken of the good cheer in his own house, but disease, loss of appetite, and want of relish for jovial companions, soon confined him to his own apartment, which happened to be over the dining-parlour, where he heard the merriment below. In this solitary situation, a basin of bread and milk was one day brought to him, in which he observed *an unusual quantity of hard, black crusts of bread*. He objected to them, and, on enquiry, was told, *that they were the refuse crusts that had been cut from a loaf of which a pudding had been made for dinner*. This instance of neglect and ingratitude stung him to the quick. He threw the basin from him, and exclaimed, 'I deserve it.' To be denied a crumb of bread in his own house, where his wife's whole family were at that instant rioting at his expense, *'quite conquered him.'* He never held his head up afterwards, but in a few months died, leaving a large family, totally unprovided, to the guidance of a mother who kept them destitute of every sort of instruction. When the affairs of my relation were, at his death, the subject of conversation, my mother observed to me, that the cause of all his misfortunes was *an easiness of temper*, that led him to yield to every creature who attempted to persuade him."

The reader will recognize in the story of this ill-fated young man many features—especially the "easiness of temper"—which will remind him of *Sir Condy*, in Miss Edgeworth's celebrated tale, *Castle Rack-rent*. While Richard Lovell Edgeworth was yet very young, an accidental acquaintance formed by his mother with a Mr. Deane, gave a bent to his genius, and directed his tastes in a course to which they ever after fondly clung. Mr. Deane was a scientific gentleman, and made some electrical experiments on poor Mrs. Edgeworth's palsied limb, of which she had never had the use since

young Edgeworth's birth. During the experiments, the boy's acuteness and observation attracted Deane's attention, and he was in consequence admitted to the philosopher's study and laboratory, in which he was then at work on an orrery, afterwards presented by him to the University of Dublin. He initiated the mind of the child in several mechanical experiments of a nature more or less simple.

"The apartment and its contents are now present to my memory, though it is near sixty years since I was there. Mr. Deane bestowed praise upon my attention, and upon what he was pleased to call my intelligence; so that from the pleasure I received, and the impression made upon my mind that morning, *I became irrevocably a mechanic.* These are circumstances in themselves so trifling, that I should not think of relating them, were it not to show, in one instance at least, the truth of what I have elsewhere asserted, *that what is usually called in children a genius for any particular art or science, is nothing more than the effect of some circumstance that makes an early impression, either from a strong association of pleasure or pain.*"

He was sent to school to England, but was subsequently removed to his native country, and placed under Irish care. The Latin grammar he had previously and early been instructed in by the Rev. Patrick Hughes, the preceptor of Goldsmith, commemorated by the poet in the well-known lines:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew."

He entered Trinity College, Dublin, before he was seventeen years of age, but his father removed him to Oxford, and placed him under the care of a Mr. Elers, an old friend of the elder Edgeworth. This gentleman, in his earlier years a successful practitioner at the bar, commenced his misfortunes by—marrying an heiress! His father-in-law induced him to become a country-gentleman, but poor Mr. Elers was more skilful in the conveyance of acres than in the management of them; so that in a few years he found himself in distress, without having been guilty of extravagance. When the elder Edgeworth proposed the reception of his son into the house of Mr. Elers, the latter gentleman replied, "that considering the disposition of which young Edgeworth had been described, he thought it right to represent that

he had several daughters grown, and growing up, who, as the world said, were pretty girls, but to whom he could not join fortunes that could make them suitable matches for Mr. Edgeworth's son." Notwithstanding this honorable warning, old Edgeworth persevered in his plan, and the result was such as might have been anticipated. Young Edgeworth ran away with one of the "several daughters, who, as the world said, were pretty girls," and was a father before he was twenty. The elder Edgeworth, after having, as we have seen, wilfully exposed his son to danger, of course burst out into the conventional rage which we not seldom see exemplified on the stage of our day, in the person of a choleric old gentleman, in powdered hair, a court dress, and shoe-buckles, whose constant occupation is to afford his heir every opportunity for getting effectually disinherited, does disinherit him accordingly, and winds up with, "Damme, Tom, I forgive you, my boy—and a fine woman, too, begad—hey, you dog, you!" The usual rain-storm which precedes the fall of the curtain, reconciled young Edgeworth to his father. "*Rain-storm!*" exclaims the reader. Even so, thou who art by courtesy termed courteous. "My kind sister," says Edgeworth, "who was a favorite with my father, used all her influence in my favor. *By her tears and supplications*, she obtained for me his forgiveness."

On his arrival in Ireland with his wife, his mother was on her death-bed. She called him to her side, and bequeathed to him that advice recorded in *Vivian* as given under similar circumstances—"My son, *learn how to say no.*" She was a woman of cultivated mind, and worthy to be the mother of Maria Edgeworth's father. We shall hear her son's testimony—

"At a time when *Stella* and *Mrs. Delany* were looked up to as persons of a different class from the ladies who were commonly to be met with in the best circles in Ireland, my mother had stored her mind with more literature, than she ever allowed to appear in common conversation. In her own family, domestic order, decent economy, and plenty were combined; and to the education of her children her whole mind was bent from every ordinary occupation."

Herein do we not plainly behold the early dawn that heralded the glorious day of Maria Edgeworth's fame? That we live before we

are born, is an assertion less akin to a bull than to a fact. Our dispositions and our talents have had a silent growth in times gone by, and in other hearts and heads than our own; and the tendencies of those who have gone before us so vitally influence *our* dispositions, that we recognize these two classes of mental manifestation, thus illustrated in different individuals, as but component links of an unbroken chain of destiny. From that death-bed of *Mrs. Edgeworth's* to her grand-daughter *Maria's*, is for us but a step. Their spirits were akin, and a whole century cannot keep them asunder. But for the character of the age in Ireland wherein she lived, which was unfavorable to female culture—"a time when *Stella* and *Mrs. Delany* were looked up to as persons of a different class from the ladies who were commonly to be met with in the best circles in Ireland"—*Mrs. Edgeworth* might have been a *Maria* in the *eighteenth* century. Had she lived at a *later* date, when circumstances more favorable to female progress existed, we cannot see but that she might have changed places with the gifted authoress of the nineteenth century—always barrin' that a woman can't be her own grand-daughter, whispers honest Thady in our ear.* Be that as it may, we can venture to assert that in that death-bed, in the year 1764, we see born a better hope for the future. The phoenix re-appears in *Maria*. Before the date we have just referred to, the Edgeworths were only remarkable for escaping getting their brains knocked out (if they had any) by "wilde Irishe"—for running away with, and being run away with by, heiresses—for selling out ground plots of houses, wherewith to buy high-crowned hats and feathers, "which were then the mode"—for raising regiments for King William, to win an honorable title, such as "*Protestant Frank*"—for drawing *straws* out of a hay-rick, betting which should be longest (having taken an oath against all manner of *dice* and *cards*)—for teaching clowns how to drink claret, and being instructed in turn by the grateful graduates how to live on "refuse crusts." Nor should we have printed at length the extracts to such effect from the family annals, were it not that they afford such interesting pictures of manners which have

* Vide *Castle Rack-rent*. Honest Thady is the supposed narrator of that story. See the original for fuller particulars of this worthy.

disappeared, and were it not for the opportunity thus afforded to contrast the fox-hunters and papist-hunters of the "dark ages," in Ireland, with the better Edgeworths of a better time. With the mother of Richard Lovell Edgeworth we see a new era commence. *She* was the foundress of the family.

"Incapacitated by disease from any other enjoyment, she was enabled to lull the sense of pain by the charms of literature. Besides fortitude, exemplary piety, an excellent understanding, and much decision of character, she had the most generous disposition that I ever met with." [It is her son that speaks.] "Above all, she could forgive, and sometimes even forget, injuries. In her own family, domestic order, decent economy, and plenty were combined; and to the education of her children her whole mind was bent from every other occupation." To the influence of her instructions and authority, I owe the happiness of my life."

And to the same influence, we may safely add, did her celebrated grand-daughter primarily owe "the happiness of her own life," and Ireland a brilliant addition to its national literature.

Soon after his mother's death, young Edgeworth entered at the Temple, and made the acquaintance of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, a man of wit and fashion, who culminated early in the reign of George III. He possessed considerable talents; but levity and dissipation distracted a mind fitted for better things, and the world lost an ambitious man in a rake. His acquaintance introduced young Edgeworth to "the great world." The following account of a *Joseph Ady*, in high life, we have compressed from Edgeworth's narration. It throws a strange light upon the lax manners of a century ago in the "seeming-virtuous" England of our day.

"Sir Francis Delaval, with Foote, the actor, for a coadjutor, had astonished the town as a conjuror, and had obtained from numbers belief in his necromantic powers. This confidence he gained chiefly by relating to those who consulted him past events of their lives, whence he persuaded them that he could easily foretell what should happen to them in future, and his prophecies were frequently accomplished. The former habits and acquaintance of Sir Francis Delaval, and of his associates, who were in fact all the men of gallantry of his day, furnished him with intelligence of secret intrigues, only known to themselves. It was said that he had revealed secrets which had for years been buried in obscurity. Ladies as well as gentlemen, among the fools of quality, were soon found to flock to the

wizard tribunal, where Sir Francis, disguised in eastern costume, and a flowing beard, was seated, with a huge drum before him, which contained his familiar spirit. He employed an agent acquainted with all the intriguing footmen of London, through whose means he obtained much additional information. It was said that in the course of a few weeks, whilst the delusion lasted, more matches were made and more intrigues broken off by Sir Francis and his associates, than all the meddling old ladies in London could have effected in the one instance, or suspected in the other, in as many months. *The great object of the whole contrivance was the marriage of Sir Francis to eighty thousand pounds, in the person of Lady N. P.*"

We may well exclaim—

" Was ever woman in such humour wooed ?

Was ever woman in such humour won ? "

In the year 1767, Mr. Edgeworth revived telegraphic communication, and about the same time invented a carriage which was propelled *by sails*, on dry land, with "amazing velocity." Indeed, during his whole life he was employed upon mechanical inventions of various kinds, and, in many instances, with great success; but a detailed account of his various experiments would prove unprofitable. Since Edgeworth's early days, material civilization has progressed with startling strides, and Steam is now the king of the world. We read with a smile, (in vol. i. p. 170)—"It is already certain that a carriage moving on an iron railway may be drawn with a fourth part of the force requisite to draw it on a common road;" but we should remember that all things have a beginning; and were it not for the humble but earnest efforts of the pioneers of progress, amongst whom Edgeworth was distinguished in his time, we should not now enjoy a position so advanced on the path of material well-being. Let us not forget the discriminating and generous lines of Coleridge:—

" The ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn !
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn ;
Lest so we tempt th' approaching noon to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our morn—"

Edgeworth's early marriage seems not to have been a fortunate one. "My wife," he says, "was prudent, domestic, and affectionate; but she was not of a cheerful temper. She lamented about trifles; and the lamenting of a female with whom we live, does not render home delightful. Still I lived more at home than is usual with men of my age." Poor Mrs. Edgeworth had little sympathy with the pursuits of her husband, and he in turn recoiled on himself, or sought that sympathy in society which was denied him at home. It was their "misfortune, not their fault." Edgeworth cultivated the friendship of men of science and literature; and in the list of his friends we find many names of great note in the last century, amongst them the excellent Doctor Darwin, the author of the "*Botanic Garden*," and Miss Seward. In the phrase of the day, these latter "cultivated the Muses," a very different thing from writing poetry, however; and the verses of Darwin and Seward are now hardly known, except to the poetic antiquarian. Another friend of his was Mr. Day, an eccentric in private life, but favorably known to the world as the author of "*Sandford and Merton*."

With him he visited France, and finally settled at Lyons, where he assisted in a project for enlarging that city. The object of the scheme was to turn the course of the Rhone, and give the city "growing-room" in that direction. For some time success promised to crown his efforts; but at length, after great trouble and expense, a sudden inundation of the "rapid Rhone" swept away the fruit of much toil and invention. Edgeworth gives many anecdotes more or less characteristic of the manners of the age in France, and we will select the following one, which has for us a sinister significance. The reader should note that it was *before* the French Revolution the occurrence took place which gave occasion for the strange, and but too ominous, expression we are about to record, and which throws no small light upon *one* of the causes of the great convulsion we have just alluded to:

"I was riding with a lady near Lyons, when a carter did not immediately make way for us. I called to him—he made some answer unfit to be made before a lady; I gave him a stroke with my whip. I saw him feel in his pocket for his knife, and instantly I knocked him down, and we rode on. I was much surprised when I went into company in the evening, to

find that all my French friends looked coolly on me. I inquired what was the matter, and was informed 'that I had *failed* towards the lady with whom I had been riding, and towards myself; that I ought to have left the man dead on the spot.' In consideration of my being a foreigner, and ignorant of what French honor required, I was, however, pardoned, and re-instated in public opinion."

Verily, reader, we, and you, and Thomas Carlyle, can now see many things in this "*failure*" of Edgeworth's, which to his eyes were invisible; amongst all Edgeworth's mechanical contrivances, we do not find him solicitous to construct improved gibbets, and yet we cannot help connecting this little story of his "*failure*," with *another* Edgeworth, of whom we have made mention above—with a scaffold red with no common blood—with a time prolific in no ordinary events. "*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel*," appears to us, who can prophecy *ex post facto*, only another way of saying "that he had failed towards the lady and towards himself; that he ought to have left the man dead on the spot."

The death of his first wife in childbirth recalled Mr. Edgeworth to England. Subsequently he married, as we shall see, three times; but the circumstance that his first wife was the mother of his celebrated and beloved daughter, Maria, must have been frequently recalled by him when the brilliant fame of the latter was securely established. We before stated the nature of the domestic relations between Edgeworth and his first wife, Miss Elers, and that the want of union between them was the misfortune of both, the fault of neither. And yet, if Edgeworth ever *did* fail, even for a passing season, in duty or affection towards his first-chosen, surely the Nemesis of his hearth took a subtle vengeance—a vengeance with something of humour in it, too; for, was it not so? the least cherished wife gave birth to the most cherished child of the four-times-married! Be that as it may, he soon after married Miss Honora Sneyd, a lady of great personal attractions and of most accomplished mind, with whom he lived very happily. But she, too, died, and again was Edgeworth left a widower; whereupon, "Nothing is more erroneous," says he (vol. i., p. 376), with a *naïveté* that would provoke "the good St. Anthony" himself to smile, "than the common belief, that a man who has lived in the greatest happiness with

one wife, will be the most averse to take another. On the contrary, the loss of happiness, which he feels when he loses her, necessarily urges him to endeavour to be again placed in a situation, which had constituted his former felicity."

He soon made another choice; it fell upon Miss Elizabeth Saeyd, the sister of his last wife; the lady, at first indisposed to his attentions, finally rewarded them by bestowing her hand on Mr. Edgeworth; and, so, we find it, "*Nothing is more erroneous,*" &c.

The second volume of the Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth is, as we before stated, written by his daughter Maria, and commences with the memorable date of the year 1782; at which time Mr. Edgeworth settled on his estate, and for a period of nearly thirty-five years continued to reside in Ireland. He was an excellent landlord, and endeavoured to improve his tenantry by rousing them to industrious habits, and awakening their self-respect. His was a character far from common—he was a good man, but not a weak one.

"If the people had found or suspected him to be weak, or, as they call it, *easy*, there would have been an end to all hope of really doing them good. They would have cheated, loved, and despised a mere *easy* landlord. As a magistrate, his conduct was unexceptionable. Mr. E. leaned neither to Protestant nor Catholic, to Presbyterian or Methodist; he was not the *favoured* of his own or any other man's followers. The law of the land was not in his hands an instrument of oppression, or pretence for partiality. He did even justice; neither leaning to the people for the sake of popularity, nor to the aristocracy for the sake of power. '*Go before Mr. Edgeworth, and you will surely get justice,*' was soon the saying of the neighbourhood."

The two first chapters of the second volume contain a vivid, but, we have no doubt, an accurate account of the relations between the owners and cultivators of the soil at that period. In newspaper phrase, we can "recommend" their studious perusal to "every" landlord—and, to "every" tenant, too. We should be careful to extract at length from the portion of the memoirs we have just referred to; but that in reality every sentence of the forty-two pages which compose it is to be read with profit; and, so closely connected are the topics both in their own nature and in the able treatment of

them by Miss Edgeworth, that to condense in this instance would be merely to weaken; extract would prove mutilation.

Edgeworth had his share in the political transactions of that *annus mirabilis*, which even now awakens so many happy and glorious memories in the national mind. "At a country meeting, he proposed, and, with some difficulty, carried resolutions and a petition for *parliamentary reform*. *These were the first resolutions, and this was the first petition on that subject in Ireland.*" It would appear, however, that, notwithstanding his boldness upon some occasions (as upon that but now referred to), he was not free from the discretion that is the better part of valour. We have no sympathies with armed revolutions in our day, though we admit the efficiency of some few which, in other ages, have renewed the life of nations, and whose effects form part and parcel of the body of our time. Neither are we advocates of the demonstration *ad absurdum* in politics, however suitable it may be found in mathematics. That a revolution can be a revolution and not be a revolution, is plainly enough for us a proposition including incompatible ideas; yet, history tells us that the patriots of '82 were not so clear upon the point. What men want with arms unless to use them we cannot conceive; or why they should use them upon one, and forego their use upon another, and *similar*, occasion. When a whole people go a-soldiering, and present the spectacle of a *review*, a *battle* cannot be far off, if the doctrines of cause and effect be true. At one time Grattan declared that "Ireland sprung from injuries to arms—from arms to liberty," a kind of national hop, step and jump, however, for which Irish patriots did not a second time gird their loins, as we shall presently see.

"At length," say the Edgeworth Memoirs, "the convention, consisting of one hundred and sixty delegates from the volunteer corps, met at the Royal Exchange in Dublin, November the 9th, 1783. Parliament was then sitting. An *armed* convention assembled in the capital, and sitting at the same time with the houses of Lords and Commons, deliberating on a legislative question," was a new and unprecedented spectacle. It was *feared*, from the general fermentation of men's minds, and from the *particular enthusiasm*

* That of *Parliamentary Reform*.

of some of the delegates, that the convention" [remember, reader, an "armed" convention] "might be hurried into acts of imprudence, and that affairs might not terminate happily. * * * The armed convention continued sitting the whole night, waiting for the return of their delegates from the House of Commons, and impatient to hear the fate of Mr. Flood's motion. *One step more, and irreparable, fatal imprudence might have been committed.* Lord Charlemont, the President of the" [armed] "convention, *felt the danger*; and it required all the influence of his character, all the assistance of the friends of moderation, to prevail upon the assembly to dissolve, without waiting longer to hear the report from their delegates in the House of Commons. The convention had, in fact, nothing more to do, or *nothing that they could attempt without peril*; but it was difficult to persuade the assembly to dissolve the meeting, and to *return quietly to their respective counties and homes.* This point, however, was fortunately accomplished, and early in the morning the meeting terminated."

There was, in fact, amongst the Volunteers, as the reader is well aware, an *earnest* party and a *moderate* party. The latter prevailed, and its success was in a great measure due to the skilful and energetic exertions of Edgeworth himself. The history of the political transactions of the period are now commonly known to every Irishman; and the *Memoirs of Edgeworth* throw no new light upon them, except so far as refers to Mr. Edgeworth, and his conduct at a period of public and party anxiety.—(Vol. ii, pp. 60—64.)

On the establishment of the Royal Irish Academy, in 1785, Mr. Edgeworth was nominated one of the original members; and not long after—

"In carrying limestone for the improvement of a mountain farm, he made the first trial of wooden moveable railways, and small carriages with cast-iron wheels, supported on friction rollers; he proposed, as early as the year 1786, to employ these moveable railways in *public works* in Ireland."

In one of his letters, written about this period, he says, "I saw the speaker this evening at the House, and mentioned my idea of applying for a clause in the Navigation Act to permit me to *lay railways on the banks of unfinished canals.*" We have merely to observe, that the shares of the Irish Great Western are at 34. If the reader has travelled by that line, he will remember, that, from a short distance beyond Dublin to Mullingar, it is identical with one bank of a *finished* canal. "Steam, sir, steam!"

When the disturbances broke out which, in a few brief years, ripened into the insurrection of '98, Mr. Edgeworth made repeated applications to government on the subject of telegraphic communication, to be used in case of a French invasion. The government "heard him, but heeded not." We must, however, be just to the authorities;

"The French are in the Bay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,"

whereupon there were despatched to Bantry, cannon and ball, and ball and cannon, and not only that, but official ingenuity devised it so that the cannon and the ball were of *different calibre*.—(Vol. ii., p. 166.)

In the year '98 he was elected as Member of Parliament for a borough in the county of Longford, and in the same year he was a fourth (and last) time married—(his third wife, Elizabeth Sneyd, had died the previous year.)

"On the 31st May, he was married to Miss Beaufort, by her brother, the Rev. William Beaufort, at St. Anne's church, in Dublin. They came down to Edgeworthstown immediately, *through a part of the country that was in actual insurrection*. Late in the evening they arrived safe at home, and my father presented his bride to his expecting, anxious family."

The summer is past and gone, and "at last came the dreaded news. The French, who landed at Killala, were, as we learned, on their march towards Longford." A partial rising took place near Edgeworthstown—the Edgeworths fled to the garrison town, Longford.

"He," says his daughter Maria, speaking of her father, "was a friend not only to his own tenantry, but to all within his influence as a country gentleman; not merely by relieving their temporary wants, but by protecting them as a magistrate from injustice and oppression, by instructing them as to their real interests, and showing them the consequences of their bad habits. * * Reclaimed from the effects of ignorance and bad example, or raised from the indolence of despair, they have become good subjects and useful members of society. In various lines of humble life he educated and forwarded in the world many excellent servants, workmen, and tradespeople; and in classes much above these, several young persons, sons of tenants, who looked up to him for protection and advice, and whose

early habits and principles he happily influenced, have advanced in different professions, and have succeeded in situations beyond his or their most sanguine expectations. He took pleasure and pride in counting the numbers of those who, from this remote little village, have gone out into the world, and have made their way in foreign countries. Letters from many of these, from France, Spain, America, from the East and West Indies—news of their success, evidence of their good conduct, and tokens of their affection and gratitude—have often, in his latter years, and to his latest days, gladdened my father's heart."

Devotees of the God of Battles! learn, *this* man was forced to fly for his life from a home of fifty years, and to abandon that community to which every breath of that life was a blessing! We pass on to other extracts.

"All our concern now," says Miss Edgeworth, (vol. ii. p. 220,) "was for those we had left behind. We heard nothing of our housekeeper all night, and were exceedingly alarmed; but, early the next morning, to our great joy, she arrived. She told us that, towards evening, a large body of rebels entered the village; she heard them at the gate, and expected that they would have broken in the next instant. But one, who seemed to be a leader, with a pike in his hand, set his back against the gate, and swore that, if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man who should open that gate, or set enemy's foot within that place. He said the housekeeper, who was left in it, was a good gentlewoman, and *had done him a service, though she did not know him, nor he her*. He had never seen her face, *but she had, the year before, lent his wife, when in distress, sixteen shillings, the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand her friend now*. He kept back the mob; they agreed to send him to the house with a deputation of six, to learn the truth, and to ask for arms. The six men went to the back door, and summoned the housekeeper; one of them pointed a blunderbuss at her, and told her that she must fetch all the arms in the house; she said she had none. Her champion asked her to say if she remembered him?—'No; to her knowledge she had never seen his face.' He asked if she remembered having lent a woman money to pay her rent of flax-ground the year before?—'Yes, she remembered that,' and named the woman, the time, and the sum. His companions were thus satisfied of the truth of what he had asserted. He bade her not to be *frighted*, 'for that no harm should happen to her, nor any belonging to her; not a soul should get leave to go into her master's house; not a twig should be touched, nor a leaf harmed.' His companions huzzaed and went off. Afterwards, as she was told, he mounted guard at the gate during the whole time the rebels were in the town" [of Edgeworthstown], "and thus our house was saved by the gratitude of a single individual."

This noble conduct was rewarded by Mr. Edgeworth, when the troubles had ceased. Miss Edgeworth has not preserved the honest rebel's name; his memory should not be suffered to pass away; that he was quite as great a man as Kossuth, we firmly believe. Great natures are highly susceptible of kindness on the one hand, of injury on the other. Dr. Johnson "loved a good hater," inferring that a man, with strong feelings for evil, must have equally strong feelings for good. Nature had been liberal of the latter to the brave peasant, whose wife "had the year before, when in distress, been lent sixteen shillings for the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand the lender's friend." The unnamed Irishman was as much a gentleman as Sir Philip Sidney, and in his humble way was the Leonidas of, at least, a—well, out with it!—a gentleman's mansion and demesne. "With a pike in his hand he set his back against the gate, and swore that, if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man who should open that gate, or set enemy's foot within that place."

Meantime, General Lake decided the affair at Ballinamuck; and, for poor Mr. Edgeworth, though a staunch loyalist, and commander of the Edgeworthstown Infantry, he was nearly stoned to death in the streets of Longford for not being an Orangeman.

"Our housekeeper burst into the room, so much terrified that she could hardly speak—'*My master, ma'am! it's all against my master—the mob*' [of Orangemen] '*say they will tear him to pieces—they say he's a traitor, that he illuminated the gaol to give it up to the French.*' Illuminated! what could be meant by the gaol being illuminated? My father had literally but two farthing candles, by the light of which he had been reading the newspaper late the preceding night. These, however, were said to be *signals* for the enemy."

Indeed, Richard Lovell Edgeworth's days had nearly ended, but for the interference, at the eleventh hour, of some British officers sword-in-hand.

The following beautiful extract the reader, we feel assured, will peruse with the liveliest gratification. By how much does the romance of real life exceed that of Paternoster Row! Not in all Miss Edgeworth's novels do we remember to have met with any passage so replete with interest, so graced with the simple ele-

gancies of pure narrative style, as the extract from the actual memoirs of her father and family, which we now submit to the reader's approbation:

"As early as we could the next morning we left Longford, and returned homewards, all danger from rebels being now over, the rebellion having been terminated by the late battle. When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the road-side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade, and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. Within our gates we found all property safe, literally 'not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed.' Within the house we found everything was as we had left it—a map that we had been consulting was still open on the table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream. The joy of having my father in safety remained, and gratitude to heaven for his preservation. These feelings spread inexpressible pleasure over what seemed to be a new sense of existence. Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green lawn, the still groves, and the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniences of life, seemed to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrecoverably."

Mr. Edgeworth spoke and voted against the Union,* but, however useless his exertions, in common with those of others, proved in reference to that measure, another subject elicited his energy and intelligence in furtherance of a project practically beneficial. He drew the attention of the House of Commons to the *education of the people*. A select committee was appointed, and the members adopted

* The following brief extract from a letter of Mr. Edgeworth's to his friend Doctor Darwin, will be read with interest:

"March 31, 1800.

"So far for politics. I had a charming opportunity of advancing myself and my family, but I did not think it wise to quarrel with myself and lose my own good opinion at my time of life. What *did* lie in my way for my vote I will not say, but I stated in my place in the House, that I had been offered 3,000 for my seat during the few remaining weeks of the session,"

the resolutions drawn up by him. "Leave was granted to bring in a bill for the improvement of the education of the people of Ireland; and thence proceeded (after the Irish Parliament was no more) the appointment of a Board and Commissioners of Education." In the year 1809-10, though far advanced in life and weakened from illness, we find Mr. Edgeworth energetic and successful in the cause of public utility:

"Commissioners were appointed to examine into the nature and extent of the bogs of Ireland, and to determine whether they could be reclaimed. One of these commissioners, a private friend, was particularly anxious to engage my father's active assistance in the business; but seeing the state to which he was then reduced," [by illness] "his friend imagined that it would be impossible for him, at his advanced time of life, to undertake an employment where he must be exposed to great bodily fatigue. My father, however, said he could only die, and that he would rather die doing something than doing nothing. He undertook the charge of a district, containing about thirty-five thousand acres; and after near a twelvemonth's hard work, his part of the undertaking was completed, and his report was given to the Board."

To this very day the labors of Mr. Edgeworth, in connection with, and under the direction of, the Commission, are found profitable to a generation not in existence when he died, and his unprofessional skill and unprofessional zeal are even now gratefully acknowledged by the engineers of our time.

The closing years of his life present few salient points to which the reader's attention might be directed; and active, honorable, and useful as that long life had been, the term was at length reached. "Thus far, and no farther." After rallying from some attacks of illness, Nature at length succumbed to her ancient enemy Decay. In June, 1817, he departed this life. It is not because the world lost in him so much energy and intelligence that we linger over his memory; it is because his family buried with him so much wisdom and affection. "We live in our own world," says Shelley, and "in

* "The scheme of improving the bogs of Ireland is by no means new. The Dutch, in the time of King William, offered, upon condition of being governed by their own laws, to form a colony in the Queen's county, and to make meadow of the whole Bog of Allen."—(Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, quoted by Mr. Edgeworth in his report to the Commissioners.)

his own world," Mr. Edgeworth was as extraordinary a man as any of his time. *He influenced the dispositions, the tastes, the acquirements, the pursuits, the characters, yea, even the destinies and genius of his children, to a greater extent than did any other man in similar circumstances with whom history or biography makes us acquainted.* In this the patriarch of Edgeworthstown stands alone. He was a "representative man." If Napoleon was *par excellence* the conqueror and ruler, O'Connell the type agitator, Edgeworth was emphatically *the educator*. Hear his daughter:

"The variety of my father's employments never prevented him from attending to his great object—the *education of his children*. On the contrary, *the variety of his occupations assisted in affording daily and hourly opportunities for giving instruction after his manner*, without formal lectures or lessons. For instance, at the time he was building, or carrying on experiments, or work of any sort, *he constantly explained to his children whatever was doing or to be done; and by questions adapted to their several ages and capacities, exercised their powers of observation, reasoning, and invention.* He explained, and described clearly,

'With words succinct, yet full without a fault,
He said no more than just the thing he ought.'

This is as good a description of a judicious preceptor, as of a great orator. He knew so exactly the habits, powers, and knowledge of his children, that he seldom failed in estimating what each could comprehend or accomplish. He knew how far to assist, how far to urge the mind, and when to leave it entirely to its own exertions. * * * Whenever I thought of writing anything," (Miss Edgeworth goes on to say,) "I always told him my first rough plans, and always with the instinct of a good critic, he used to fix immediately upon that which would best answer his purpose—'*Sketch that, and show it to me.*' These words, from the experience of his sagacity, never failed to inspire me with hopes of success. His decision in criticism was peculiarly useful to me. It was the happy experience of this, and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. * * * His knowledge of the world, and all that he had had opportunities of seeing behind the scenes in the drama of life, proved of inestimable service to me; all that I could not otherwise have known was thus supplied in the best possible manner. *Few female authors, perhaps none, have ever enjoyed such advantages, in a critic, friend, and father, united. Few have been blessed in their own family with such able assistance, such powerful motive, such constant sympathy.*"

We will now draw the reader's attention to a vivid and interesting portrait of the patriarch *Educator*, from the hands of his daughter:

"Fifteen years had now passed since his last marriage. The sisters of a former wife continued to reside in his family, having become the most attached friends of the fourth Mrs. Edgeworth, and of her children. Under her uniting influence, he saw his sons and daughters of three previous marriages, living together with six of her children, all in perfect harmony and happiness; all looking up to him with fond affection, confidence, and gratitude. From the great difference in the ages of his children (his eldest being at that time above five and forty, the youngest only one year old), he enjoyed, as a father, preceptor, and friend, an extraordinary variety of interest and amusement, as well as occupation and friendship in his own family. Some had been for years his friends and companions, had joined with him in all his pursuits, thoughts, and feelings, and had lived with him on terms of equality, which, diminishing nothing from respect, added incalculably to our happiness, gratitude, and affection."

We before stated, that *Practical Education* and the *Essay on Irish Bulls* were the joint production of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and of his gifted daughter Maria; and it now becomes our duty to endeavour to account in some degree for the defects of the former work. A man may perform many feats of skill and activity, may exhibit surprising dexterity, and all the time may be unable to explain, with sense and clearness, to the inquiring bystander, *how* he has performed those very feats which have attracted universal admiration. It is in this way, we think, that *Practical Education* did not fulfil the intentions of the authors. That Edgeworth was the ablest of all teachers we have already seen; to that effect we have his discerning daughter's unimpeachable testimony; to *teach* was the business of his life, and in that pursuit his success was brilliant and complete. Yet, when he sought, in his work "*Practical Education*," to initiate all the world in the arts which made his own fireside prosperous, happy, and famed, all the world stared, and censured. Of the "secrets of the toilette" we have all heard mention—the Study has its secrets, too. Nor is it wise, in all cases, to make them known. Great is the risk of being misunderstood; and the communicative wizard, expecting sympathy, "blushes to find it" distrust. Again, we know no subject more dangerous for a writer than *Education*, not the less so because it is seduc-

tive. It is the very Circe of the pen. Supply any one with paper enough, bid him give you his "ideas" on Education, and he will forthwith furnish you with reams of the most plausible—nonsense. The topic is eminently *unpractical*, and therein lies its fatal defect; since, in all unpractical matters, conceit and conjecture may readily usurp the place of reflection and experience. We do not hesitate to submit to the reader, in connection with this subject, the following extract from a contemporary Review; and, if apology for so doing be necessary, we beg to state that the article dates from a period now long past. The ink in which it first saw the light is dry those many years—mayhap, the hand that penned it is dust:—

"We have no great faith in any pretended *discoveries* in this, more than in any other department of mental philosophy—and are no way curious or sanguine as to any new or *patent* method of making men wise, virtuous, or free. * * * When we speak of improvements in education, we mean either contrivances for teaching what is commonly taught with more ease and security than is common—or such observances as promise more effectually to excite and strengthen the intellect and judgment, or to form the character by the cultivation of moral habits and sensibilities. The last is, beyond all doubt, the most important; but it is in the first only, we think, that any real improvement has ever been made by the ingenuity of individuals. There have been infinite and undeniable improvements in the methods of teaching all the different branches of knowledge; and, as long as society continues to be progressive, such improvements will necessarily multiply and accumulate. * * * As to all such improvements in education, therefore, and especially when confined to expediting the acquisition of a single branch of knowledge, we are so far from entertaining any general scepticism, that we consider their frequent occurrence as among the inevitable consequences of a progressive advancement in the other arts of civilization. * * * The case, however, we cannot help thinking, is widely different with regard to those methods and practices by which it is sometimes pretended, not merely that some branch of knowledge may be better or sooner learned, but that the intellect may be improved, and the character exalted to a degree unattainable under any other system. Of such pretensions we confess we are in the highest degree distrustful. * * * Fortunately indeed, for mankind, the development of our intellectual and moral capacities has not been left, in any *great* degree, to the contrivances of human genius, or the efforts of human skill and industry. Like our bodily powers, they for the most part develop themselves by an inward impulse and energy; and by far the most important guidance and direction they can receive, is that which is derived from the general habits of the society into which we

are thrown, rather than from the anxious efforts of individual and elaborate instruction. Unless in some very extraordinary cases, the common education of the times will do all for a man that the spirit of the times will allow any education to do for him. * * * There is a *vis medicatrix nature*; so that we thrive just as well under an ordinary treatment as under an exquisite one—and may safely leave to Providence all that we cannot regulate without a great deal of trouble and contrivance" [attended by not a little of peril.]

The *Essay on Irish Bulls* indicates, to some extent, the fate to which even the best jest is liable; and though in its day it might have been pronounced the cleverest and most amusing production of its kind, we cannot but think that much of its humour—at least that which is of a more obvious character—would prove stale to modern taste. We have grown to be a *fast* generation, and even *Punch* himself, like Homer, sometimes sleeps. The nature of wit is to be evanescent; few sayings of the wits of old bear repetition in our time; generations go out of fashion, even as their clothes do. Nations grow old like individuals, and wear out early feelings and habitudes. Time tears the bandage from our eyes, and that which we once called elasticity of spirit, perchance we now regard as levity of heart. In these days of bankrupt poor law unions and incumbered estates, when we hear of "Irish humour," we feel inclined to cry out with Cromwell, "Take away the bauble!"

Of the works of Miss Edgeworth's proper pen, in which her father had no share other than that of critical care and revision, *Castle Rackrent* has ever been our favorite. This tale has, in our opinion, attained perfection, so far as the latter word is compatible with mundane conditions. Once read it can never be forgotten; nor is there any specimen of fiction in any way like to it; it is alone of its class; it is as different in the kind, as it is superior in the degree of its merit. Its brevity and force, its verisimilitude, the wonderful ease of its transitions, its simple unity of style, which is found sufficient to exhibit such variety of character, and to express so many emotions, grave and gay, the valuable picture it presents of a state of manners long since decayed and counted amongst "the things that were," unite to render *Castle Rackrent* a curiosity of literature. She had the advantage, too, of having been the first to explore the field of Irish fiction, and her successful labours therein roused the modern

and the greater Boccaccio to emulate her example. Scott resolved to do with Scottish, what Miss Edgeworth had done with Irish materials. No one has ever been so foolish as to compare the fair authoress of Edgeworthstown with the "mighty master;" nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and we have Sir Walter's own testimony to the fact, that her brilliant and truthful delineation of Irish character first directed his ambition in the path of Scottish romance. Lockhart's authority is to the effect that "Scott, in the general preface to the last edition of his works, states that he should never in all likelihood have thought of a Scotch novel, had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character. He used to say to Ballantine,* 'If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as beings in your mind, I should not be afraid.'"

The high place in literature Miss Edgeworth gained thus early at the commencement of the century, she never forfeited; and each successive product of her pen was found amply sufficient to sustain—if not to increase—her reputation. Nor was that reputation of a merely literary complexion. She became a Power, a Domination; and, thereupon, O'Connell expressed disapprobation of her reserve inasmuch as that one possessed of so much influence as she enjoyed did not wield it in an effective manner as a force allied to the purposes of Agitation. Amongst those from whom such a course might have been expected, Miss Edgeworth could at no time have been one; since the essential characteristic of her genius was, that it was genuinely *feminine*. She was the most womanly of women; and had O'Connell discerned the spirit of her works, the conclusion would have been forced upon him, that a mind so delicate, so refined, and so well-ordered, could never ally itself to the tumult of politics. A strong-minded article was what he wanted, a Roland or a De Stael; Maria Edgeworth was of a finer texture. Other women have shown a masculine vigour of understanding, a masculine promptitude for action; but Miss Edgeworth differed from most of the sisters of her sex who are known to fame, in the fact that her genius had nothing in common with the "lords"—or "brutes"—(the difference is merely

* His publisher.

orthographical—some people spell it one way, and some the other)—“of the creation”; she was a woman, a complete woman, and nothing but a woman. The tendency of her works is to call forth sympathy with a class of virtues which flourish most under the fostering care of female minds, or which, at least, have their being much in connection with the world of woman; and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same may be said of the kind of failings and foibles which her pen was skilful in dissecting. To trace the deviations of a *weak mind* was her forte. How skilfully she unfolds the origin, progress, and consequences of a fault, which by repetition has become a vice, but has never reached to the hardihood of crime! She seldom trusts herself to paint the last; she lays a gentle hand upon the frailty of human nature. She fears to pass beyond the bounds of pity, or, at the worst, of poetical justice; she does not contemplate great iniquity, because her loving and womanly instinct is turned aside by the presentiment of a rigorous punishment. But her greatest triumph is to be found, perhaps, in her stories for the young. In this apparently easy, but in reality most difficult style of writing, no one has ever approached her. Half a century has elapsed from the date of *Castle Rackrent*; since then, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, with others whose names the reader can easily recal, have risen, and been recognised as stars of the first magnitude. We do not say that in their presence Miss Edgeworth “paled her ineffectual fire”; yet, we must remember that, from their uprising, she ceased to be the “sole particular star.” But her tales for children have never been challenged with success.

Few have won and worn so long a fame brilliant as that of Miss Edgeworth; but there remains for us who stand by her grave something more than the memory of her genius. Was not her career in the highest degree *instructive*? Was not her life, taken in connection with her father's—from which you cannot separate it—a signal *example*? The glory of others may be an *accident*, if you will; that of Maria Edgeworth was emphatically *a result*. To that result three generations contributed. The mother of Richard Lovell Edgeworth it was that quarried the rude block of marble—he shaped it, and endowed it with a meaning for the general eye—it was reserved for Maria's genius to complete what was so well begun, for her deli-

cate hand to develop, to polish, and to place the statue on a pedestal, supreme.

If the reader should not approve of the point of view from which we have considered Miss Edgeworth's literary reputation, still, we submit, we are not without solid reasons for the course we found ourselves bound to adopt. We strenuously protest against the conclusion that Miss Edgeworth, of herself alone, unaided, unadvised, unencouraged, would never have emerged from obscurity. On the contrary we believe and affirm, that even under circumstances unfavourable to mental culture, her native talent would have asserted itself. But, with the memoirs of her family open before us, and with her own testimony fresh in our ears,* we cannot, even if we could, ignore the fact that her careful education, and the unceasing culture her distinguished father bestowed upon her, even when she had reached the years of womanhood, constituted the *foundation*, we do not say, the *superstructure*, of her fame. From the mother of Richard Lovell Edgeworth to him, and from him to Maria, you cannot refuse to discern a continuous chain of action. And this educational tradition, this inherited unity of doctrine and discipline, was strongly reflected in her work—an assertion in support of which we submit to the reader the evidence of a strong and sound thinker, a man of learning and experience—Abernethy. In the postscript to his *Physiological Lectures* (Edin. 1821), he expresses an opinion that the best exposition of the working of the mind, as displayed in the *continuous chain of actions*, is that given in many of Miss Edgeworth's works, particularly with regard to that most difficult and yet most interesting psychological speculation, the working of a child's mind.

Goëthe says of Balzac, perhaps with more vigour than grace, that "his best tales seem dug out of a suffering woman's heart." The world says of Maria Edgeworth, that her best works are wrought from the mine of Nature, whether the ore lie in the bosom of childhood, or the deeper heart of woman.

* See extract at p. 572.

ART. III.—A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF IRELAND.

“WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH IRELAND?”—*Morning Chronicle*.

To say that Ireland, of all the European nations, presents the most difficult problem to the statesman, the strangest anomaly to the political economist, and the saddest spectacle to the philanthropist, is only to utter what has grown trite by the melancholy repetition of ages. Not to go farther back, however, than the reign of Elizabeth, we find Bacon describing, in the most glowing language,* the rich and varied natural capabilities of this country; while the great poet of his age, the immortal author of the “Faery Queen,” describes to us, in words as vivid, the unparalleled wretchedness of its inhabitants.† Truly, indeed, has it been said, that “a nation, once enslaved, may groan for ages in bondage;” yet, although this melancholy dictum is illustrated by Ireland, in common with many other countries, both ancient and modern, the history of no other people presents us with so great a uniformity of suffering and misfortune. The famines and tumults of one age are only equalled by those which succeed them in another; the devastating wars of Elizabeth are only surpassed in atrocity by the desolating massacres of the Commonwealth—the harrowing details of Archbishop Boulter, Bishop Nicholson, and other writers, who describe the terrible years of scarcity endured by the Irish people in the middle of the eighteenth century, are only thrown into the shade by the horrors of the famine in the middle of the nineteenth!

In reading the following fearful description, the present generation might think they were perusing only a recital of the terrible scenes of Skull and Skibbereen:

“I found the country,” says this writer, himself an eye witness, describing the famine of 1741, “the most miserable scene of distress I ever read of in history. Want and misery in every place; the rich unable to relieve the

* Works, vol. iii., p. 221.

† “View of Ireland.” Works, vol. vi., p. 134.

poor; the road spread with dead and dying bodies; mankind the colour of the docks and nettles which they fed on; two or three—sometimes more—on a car going to the grave, for want of bearers to carry them; and many buried only in the fields and ditches where they perished. This universal scarcity was ensued by fluxes and malignant fevers, which swept off multitudes of all sorts; so that whole villages were laid waste!"*

Such were the dismal scenes of 1741, which render it memorable in the gloomy annals of Ireland; but henceforth they will be overshadowed by the more dismal records of 1848.

A comparison of the unhappy condition of the Irish people, in other circumstances, at different epochs—allowing a little for the necessary improvement inevitable amidst the progress and change all around them—shows the same striking and painful similarity. Sir William Petty assures us, that the people of Ireland, in his day, "were not one-fifth employed." The Devon Commission—that Fabian expedient of the statesman of "expediency," to get rid of his "great difficulty" for a season—has, in our day, made the same report to the Imperial Parliament. Petty describes, as Spenser had done before him, their houses as "lamentable sties," wretched cabins, such as they themselves could make in three or four days, not worth five shillings the building." The *Times* newspaper, not long since, sent over its "own correspondent," accompanied by the clever artist of the *Illustrated News*, to prove to us, with vivid fidelity, how little, in the course of ages, the poor Irish have improved in their domestic architecture!

We will quote one more authority on this point, an ancestor of the present Lord Lieutenant, another Earl of Clarendon, and also Vice roy of Ireland; who, if he lacked the shrewdness and dexterity, exhibited much of the temporising cunning of his descendant; and who, at a period, like our own, of great religious excitement, went the fullest lengths of complaisant servility, in alternately courting Roman-Catholicism or Protestantism, as they happened to be in the ascendant; thus *naïvely*, yet graphically, writes of the mass of the Irish people and their habitations, in the days of the last of the Stuarts:—"It is, indeed, a noble country; but it is sad to see the people—I mean the natives, such proper, lusty fellows—poor and almost naked!"

* "The Groans of Ireland," a tract of 1741.

"Their habitations cannot be called houses, but are perfect pigsties; and out of one of these huts, of about ten or twelve feet square, shall you see five or six men and women bolt out as you pass by, and stand staring about them. If this be so, near Dublin, Lord! what can it be up the country!"* This is certainly said with great simplicity; but without having perused the elaborate despatches of the present Earl of Clarendon (and all are aware of his talents as a letter-writer), we may, nevertheless, safely affirm, that none of them ever contained a truer or more graphic description of a great body of the Irish people. The statistics of Larcom, in our day, are more minute and elaborate than those of Petty. He gives us more figures, if not more facts; but his dry tabular returns tell the same sad story, and proclaim the protracted wretchedness of the Irish people.

When we reflect on this long-continued series of calamities—this ever-recurring train of disasters, which the history of Ireland presents, we are almost tempted to attribute them to some terrible necessity, some inscrutable destiny which governs the fate of nations. That, like individuals, the lot of nations is generally such as they deserve, is, however harsh, we fear, a bitter truth; that they are punished for the wickedness of their people, we sincerely believe, and if punished, it must be in the present life and in their collective character. Believing this, it is impossible not to see that the bloody crimes and fratricidal dissensions, which in every age—and not the least so in ours—disgrace the history of the Irish people, have, in the dispensations of retributive justice, broken their strength, and prostrated them as a nation. But these intestine feuds and deeds of violence have been aggravated, if not produced, by the terrible misgovernment of which Ireland has been the victim. For this misgovernment England, and not Ireland, is mainly accountable. "There are nations," says Voltaire, in his usual sneering way, regarding the relations of the two countries, "of which one seems made to be subject to the other;"† and assuredly the fate of one nation never ap-

* Correspondence of Henry Earl of Clarendon with the Earl of Rochester, vol. i., p. 373.

† Treating of the battle of the Boyne, in his "*Siecle de Louis XIV.*" There is a very complete vindication of the Frenchman's disparaging reflection, in an article in the third number of the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*.

peared so completely placed in the power of another as Ireland has been in that of England. Since the day that Strongbow and his Anglo-Norman followers set foot upon its shores, the government of Ireland has been mainly directed by the policy and will that has swayed the greater island. If this is a subject of boasting to some vain-glorious Englishmen, it is felt as a bitter reproach by others. The few bright spots—and there are such—in the dark and arid waste of Ireland's sad history, are sufficient to show us what she might become, if the energies of her people were only well directed and encouraged, and to convince us how much her present and past sufferings have been the result of misgovernment. In different and distant epochs, the beneficent viceregal rule of "the great Duke of York," and the accomplished Earl of Chesterfield, shewed the world, that the true way to govern the Irish people, like any other nation, was through their interests and affections. Under such rule, the prosperity and progress of the Irish nation has ever been sure and rapid. During the thirty years that immediately preceded the Union,* when the interests of Ireland, for the first time, occupied the solicitous attention of a domestic legislature, we have it on the highest authority—that of Lord Chancellor Clare—that her progress in all the elements of wealth and greatness was unexampled amongst the nations of Europe. This is, indeed, now fully admitted by English journalists, when treating of the present miserable condition of Ireland. "Fifty years ago," says the *Morning Herald*, "we found

* "The evidences of Ireland's prosperity, from 1782 to the Union," writes Mr. Barry, "are both negative and positive. The former is to be found in the absence of those perpetual complaints of poverty on the part of the people, whether in petitions to the legislature, writings of individuals, or representations in parliament, which, year after year, are to be met with in the history of the country under her dependent parliaments; and the latter in the direct testimony of eminent individuals:—Lord Plunket, speaking of Ireland under her independent legislature.—'Her laws are well arranged and administered, a constitution fully recognised and established; her revenue, her trade, her manufactures thriving beyond hope or example of any other country of her extent—within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing to herself!' It is universally admitted that no country in the world ever made such rapid advances as Ireland has done during these twenty years.'—*Mr. Secretary Cooke*. 'There is not a nation on the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity, in the same period.'—*Lord Clare*."

her prosperous; under our rule, she now lies prostrate and half ruined!"

What is the lamentable—we might say astonishing—spectacle that Ireland now presents to the nations? Let us hear it described by the heartless and bigoted historian of the misfortunes and sufferings of the Irish people—the *Times* newspaper. Commenting on the recent significant tone of the American Ambassador, and the amazing tide of emigration across the Atlantic, this great journal, the organ of the monied power of England—aye, and of our present degenerate Whig government—thus loyally speaks of the voluntary exile of millions of her Majesty's bravest subjects. "Ireland," says this lately truculent accuser of the misguided Smith O'Brien—"Ireland, to all practical purposes, belongs to that power whose minister it is now entertaining!" * * *

"The American who stands on the quays at New York, sees a vast human tide pouring in, at the rate of a thousand a-day, to swell the numbers, the wealth, and the power of his country. He sees that it was the direst necessity which drove them from the land of their forefathers, and recognizes in that necessity the providential means by which the vast continent of North America shall be added to the dominion of man. On further acquaintance with these hapless refugees, his interest cannot but increase; for he finds them affectionate and hopeful, jovial and witty, industrious and independent; in fact, the rude element of which great nations are made."

Yes, such is the character extorted, in a transitory moment of remorse, from this diurnal traducer of every class and section of the Irish people!

But, true to his vocation and the sordid interests of his employers, the journalist goes on to tell us, that all our kind wishes are misplaced—nay, that all legislative measures will be in vain; for that the decree has gone forth, "that the Celt must vanish from the land!" "The present place of this tribe," says he, "will be occupied by the more mixed, more docile, and more serviceable race, which has long borne the yoke of steady industry in this island—which can submit to a master and obey the law!"

What is the hidden meaning of these striking disquisitions? What is the strong and impelling motive which induces the *Times*

to assert so boldly the exploded theories, and, in doing so, to revive the dangerous antipathies of races?*

Is it that the capitalists and manufacturers of England really contemplate to carry out Sir Robert Peel's great colonization schemes, and not only traffic but settle in the land? or is it that they fear the astounding and damning evidence which this continued flight of the agricultural population of Ireland affords against the policy which repealed the corn laws; and would therefore mistify us, and try and make us believe that this amazing spectacle passing before our eyes is only in the ordinary course of things, and according to the fixed laws of nature and population? That the Irish people *en masse* are leaving their country the journalist strongly avers, and that they are leaving it "because their misery in it is intolerable;" but he has the hardihood to add, that the chief cause of their misery was owing to their being "Celts," and that the new settlers in this ill-fated land, will not fail to convert it into a real Utopia—a very island of the blessed!

Alas for this new plantation scheme of the *Times*! Were it even practicable, the new colonists we fear would only share the fate of all those who have gone before them—for a time caressed and encouraged; as gradually they became fused and identified with the Irish people, they would experience a common treatment from the English government.

The Anglo-Norman settlers had no sooner begun to intermarry and identify themselves with the native Irish, than they were met by the severest laws for what was termed their "degeneracy;" and in somewhat later times the jealousy of such fusion was expressed in the complaint, that the English settlers in Ireland soon became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

What was regarded in other countries as the most desirable consummation—namely, that the conquerors and the conquered should, as speedily as possible, be blended together and form a common people—was for ages most sedulously counteracted in Ireland.—

* It may be more than questioned, whether three-fourths of these poor emigrants, whom the *Times* stigmatizes (we don't know why) as Celts, have not far more and better Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins than their ignorant traducer.

“*Divide et impera*” was for centuries the ruling maxim of English statesmen in regard to this unhappy and distracted land. We willingly would except the governments of recent times, and above all the present administration; for it would be too painful to think that so tortuous and heartless a policy has influenced the affairs of this unhappy country during the last few dismal years. Yet when we call to mind the warm professions, the peculiar devotion to Ireland once professed by the present Whig ministers, and compare them with their present cold and insulting language—when we recall the bright hopes and beneficent series of measures which Lord John Russell himself held forth to the Irish people on his advent to power, and then remember how bitterly these hopes and promises have been disappointed, while prosecutions, attainders, and exile have relentlessly followed those who, despairing of all constitutional means, would have rashly led their countrymen to seek in civil war a remedy for the evils of their country; but more especially when we recall the adroit coquetings of Lord Clarendon, at one time with the Orangemen, and at another with the Roman Catholic bishops—now caressing the landlords, and now, through the daily organs of his government, surpassing even the commonest ravings of the Tenant League, in fierce and unsparing denunciation of the landed interest—we say, when we compare and ponder on all these things, it is difficult to believe that it has not been the object, as it has undoubtedly been the effect, of the policy of our Whig rulers to revive the animosities, and sow the dissensions; to play off party against party, and set class against class; to divide, and, therefore, to weaken and keep in subjection, the Irish people. It may have been the result of chance, it may be fatuity; they may have been all this time without course or chart, letting the vessel of state, as sailors say, drive before the wind, over this raging and tempestuous tide, this “*gurgite vasto*,” strewn with the wrecks of an entire nation. We would willingly think so—we would in charity give them the benefit of the doubt, and believe that they did not foresee, much less prepare, the evils which their rash and perverse government has brought upon the Irish nation. Yet, if so, how can we account (unless in their madness) for the self-contented complacency and indifference with which they regard the all but completed ruin of the Irish people? When we ask them what they have done to lighten our evils, and improve

our unhappy condition, why do they exultingly cry (in spite of the evidence of their own senses), "Have we not given you free-trade, and the poor-law?" When, by way of rejoinder, we point to the beggared landlords in the lists of the Encumbered Estates Court, and the decks of the emigrant ships crowded with undustrious farmers and "the bold peasantry," once the pride and strength of their country—why do they chuckle, with a look half-cunning, half-idiotic, and whisper us, "That it's all right—all as it should be—that things at last will find their level—only let us have patience, and" —— let us, they would add, continue a little longer in office, and draw another quarter's salary from the Treasury!

"There's a good time coming," says the sleek and smiling placeman, ignoring in his own happiness all the misery that surrounds him—and we too will believe it, for we will not, even in this dark hour, despair of the fortunes of this noble country. Involved alike in her misfortunes, a sense of their common ties and interests, let us hope, will at length induce Irishmen to lay aside their miserable dissensions, and, waving all minor differences, unite in a combined effort to raise their country from "the slough of despond" in which she is now plunged. In this great and good work, however, all classes and orders, in the first place, must do their part by a full and honest discharge of their relative duties, whether peer or peasant, landlord or tenant, and in the next, availing themselves, in a spirit of patriotic independence, of the privileges which the constitution gives them, return members to parliament who will adequately and worthily represent their country. We believe that a general election is close at hand. It is not too much to say, that on the character and capacity of the men she will then select to represent her, the fate of Ireland, it may be for generations to come, will depend—Ireland has only to prove true to herself and all will yet be well. The good sense of the English people cannot be much longer abused; they will at length understand and solve the "Irish Question;" they will abjure for ever these vain schemes of "new plantation;" and far from desiring to banish their Irish fellow-subjects from the homes of their forefathers, will rejoice to bind them more closely by equal laws and privileges, and a just and considerate attention to their wants and interests. The system of Irish undertakers, of job-statesmen and "shave-beggars," as

O'Connell happily described the school-boy statesmen sent with each succeeding viceroy to govern Ireland, will be for ever got rid of; and "the beginning of *this* end," will terminate the viceroyal diplomacy of Lord Clarendon, the dull routine of Sir William Somerville, and the red-tape activity of Redington. Lord Clarendon, it is said, aspired to be the last Lord Lieutenant, but "pleased with his task," and proud of the result of his labours, as Principal Secretary of State in his own abolition bill, though seated in Downing-street, Ireland would still have had the benefit of his genius. But *Dix aliter visum*—that hopeful scheme miscarried—the Irish members were for once more obedient to the wishes and *supposed* interests of their constituents, than to the behests of the Treasury "whipper-in." Lord Clarendon remains Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but it had been well for his reputation as a statesman, that he had never come to Ireland, or that he had left it earlier. There was a time when he might have departed from amongst us with "all his blushing honors thick upon him"—he had with his blandishments alternately charmed both Orangemen and Roman Catholics—he had dissolved all Irish combination and parties—he had crushed rebellion, or at least Smith O'Brien. The thanks of his sovereign, and the illustrious blue ribband, had marked these eminent services, but "there came a nipping frost" which hath blasted all his blossoming greatness; and now, while contemporaries whisper of interrupted letters and delicate negotiations prostrated, he may well fear that the historian will set down the Irish poor-law, and the dread census of 1851, as the memorable *fasti* of his disastrous government.

Strong in the advocacy of the *Times*, Lord Clarendon may possibly look with complacency on what that journal unfeelingly satirises as "the Exodus of the Irish people;" but the day may not be far distant, when, amid the perils and exigencies of an European war, England may look in vain to this deserted land for the gallant men who once crowded her ranks and brought victory to her standards, and like Augustus, exclaim, "Where are my legions?"*

* On the 16th of October, 1851, the "Glenlyon," with 320 passengers, and the "Velocity," with 260, sailed from Waterford for America. On the 17th of October, the "Mara" sailed from the same port for New York, with 395 passengers, and property and money amounting to £10,000. Alas! from one port 975 of our people fly from their native land, in the short space of forty-eight hours.

ART. IV.—THE CELTIC RECORDS OF IRELAND.

Annala Ríogáda Eipeann. Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616. Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation, and copious Notes, by JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law. 7 vols. 4to. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

THAT the history of Great Britain must remain incomplete and defective, until the ancient literary monuments of the Kingdom of Ireland, which now forms an integral portion of the British Empire, have been fully investigated, is a truth requiring but little demonstration. An acquaintance with the annals of the countries whose relations with England have materially influenced her destinies, is indispensable to the inquirer who desires to trace the origin of many of the most important events of European history. The misrepresentations of writers who have hitherto compiled "*Histories of Ireland*," are sufficiently apparent to students even superficially conversant with our original records. To palliate one-sided statements and to conceal their ignorance, those self-styled historians have in general asserted that no native materials existed to relieve the dullness of their arid productions. An inspection of our manuscript collections, and an acquaintance with the documents published within the last ten years, by our literary societies, will fully disprove this gratuitous falsehood, and demonstrate that Ireland possesses ancient historical monuments of a more varied and authentic character than any other nation of northern Europe. The numbers and copiousness of the Hiberno-Celtic documents which have come down to us, are accounted for by the fact, that one of the most stringently enforced of the ancient Celtic laws of Ireland, was that which obliged every clan to preserve its history and records. To carry this peculiar ordinance into effect, each sept maintained a family of hereditary historians, by whom all particulars connected

with the transactions of the clan were committed to writing. The books compiled by those chroniclers became of the greatest importance, as, under the clan system of government, every individual, in order to establish his claim to a portion of the general possessions of the tribe, was obliged to prove his consanguinity with the chief families of the district. In addition to the history and genealogies of the clans, these records contained precise definitions of the extent and boundaries of their territories, and a careful statement of the amount of tribute due to, or to be paid by, the various septs. Thus forming, as it were, the charters of the Irish tribes, by an appeal to which all questions of right and precedence were finally adjusted.* The historians, or *ollavs*, to whom the care of these documents was entrusted, formed a peculiar and privileged class, maintained in a degree of considerable splendour, at the general expense, and enjoying many profitable distinctions and immunities. As the disunited Irish clans sank before the concentrated force brought against them, and as the power of England gradually extended in the country, it became the policy of the more unenlightened and short-sighted of the successful party, to endeavour to obliterate every trace of the former state and ancient Celtic institutions of the kingdom. Hence, the old historical volumes, written in the Irish language, were industriously sought out, and systematically destroyed. On the other hand, the representatives of the ancient possessors of the soil, laboured strenuously to preserve the venerable documents, which contained, as it were, their title deeds, and the history of their fathers. Numbers of these manuscripts were consequently carried by the expatriated Irish to foreign lands, and many were secreted in Ireland, until the arrival of the time, when it was expected that the strange colonists should be expelled, and the descendants of the old

* Dr. O'Donovan, in his recent treatise on "The Tribes and Territories of Ancient Ossory," tells us, that "the Irish poets have, in their poems, recorded the territories with their boundaries, and the families to whom they belonged, with as much truth and certainty as the charters granted by the Kings of England, since the Anglo-Norman invasion, have recorded and defined the estates granted by them to the Anglo-Norman settlers, or to such Irish families as have submitted to their authority." This statement is fully confirmed by an Irish poem, attributed to an author of the fifth century, which recites the qualifications of the *ollav*, or poet historian, and by innumerable ancient Celtic records.

proprieters reinstated in the possessions wrested from their ancestors. Early in the seventeenth century, the contest in Ireland, of more than four hundred years, was finally decided. The last strongholds of the native clans came into the possession of foreign settlers, the ancient institutions and most cherished customs of the old inhabitants were prescribed under heavy penalties, and the Irish Celts and the descendants of the Anglo-Norman invaders began to find themselves strangers and outlaws in the land of their fathers.

It was at this period, so gloomy for the "children of the Gael," that Michael O'Clery, a friar of the Order of St. Francis, formed the project of compiling a body of Irish annals, from the old historical books still remaining in the country.

Stimulated by the patronage of O'Gara,* chief of Coolavin, who had been one of the earliest students in the newly founded University of Dublin, he associated with himself Conary and Peregrine O'Clery, together with a fourth antiquary, named Fearfeass O'Mulconry, and the compilation was commenced in 1632, and brought to a conclusion, after four years' labour, amid the ruins of the convent of Donegal. That venerable institution, founded in 1474, by one of the munificent princes of Tir Connell, had been

* The tribe of *Ui Gadhra*, or sons of Gara, anciently held extensive possessions in the counties of Mayo and Sligo. Their principal castle was on the banks of the lake, named from them, Loch O'Gara. In the wars of the Revolution of 1689-91, Oliver O'Gara commanded a regiment of infantry, raised by himself to support the royal or national cause; and after the capitulation at Limerick he became one of the hostages for the secure return of the shipping which conveyed the last portion of the gallant Irish Jacobite forces to France, under the command of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, and Major General John Wauhop. Having rejoined his countrymen in France, in March 1692, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of King James' Royal Irish Regiment of Foot-guards, under Colonel William Dorrington, and afterwards became Colonel of the Queen's Irish Regiment of "Dragons a pied," in Catalonia. Three sons of Colonel Oliver O'Gara highly distinguished themselves in Spain, in whose service the first was a Brigadier, the second Colonel of the Regiment of "Hibernia," and the third Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of "Irelandia." The fourth son, Charles O'Gara, born at St. Germain in 1699, and for whom King James stood sponsor, rose to distinction at the Court of Lorraine, subsequently attained to high honors in Austria, and died, unmarried and exceedingly wealthy, at Brussels, in 1775-6. Celia O'Gara (*Sighile ni Ghadhradh*) was the heroine of many of the Irish Jacobite poets; the plaintive air accompanying the song in which she is commemorated, has been familiarized to modern ears by Moore's melody—"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own."

dismantled, and converted into a royal garrison, during the wars of Elizabeth. In the interesting autobiographical preface, prefixed to the Annals, the chief compiler gives us the following account of the origin and progress of his labours:—

“I, Michael O’Clery, a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis (after having been for ten years transcribing every old material which I found, concerning the saints of Erin, observing obedience to each Provincial that was in Erin successively), have come before you, O noble Farrell O’Gara. I have calculated on your honor that it seemed to you a cause of pity and regret, grief and sorrow (for the glory of God and the honor of Erin) how much the race of Gael, the son of Niul, have gone under a cloud and darkness without a knowledge of the death or obit of saint or virgin, archbishop, bishop, abbot, or other noble dignitary of the church; of king or prince, lord or chieftain, and of the synchronism or connexion of the one with the other. I explained to you that I thought I could get the assistance of the chroniclers for whom I had most esteem, for writing a book of annals, in which the aforesaid matters might be put on record; and that, should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found, to be put on record or commemorated to the end and termination of the world. There were collected by me* all the best and most copious

* The name of O’Clerigh, or O’Clery, is a corruption of the Celtic words *Ui Cleirigh*, signifying literally, the sons of the clerk or learned man. They descended from *Guairé*, surnamed “the hospitable,” King of Connaught, in the seventh century, and were originally located in Tireragh, in the County of Galway, to which territory they furnished several distinguished chieftains. Having been expelled from their ancient possessions by the De Burghs, shortly after the Anglo-Norman invasion, some of them settled in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, where their descendants became literary men and antiquaries. Others migrated to Breifne O’Reilly, now the county of Cavan; and a third branch settled under O’Dowda, in Tir Awly and Tireragh. “There passed, after some time,” says the old chronicler, “from Tir Awly into Tir Connell, a wise man of the O’Clerys, whose name was Cormac Mac Dermot O’Clery, and who was a learned proficient in the two laws, civil and canon. The monks and ecclesiastics of the Abbey of St. Bernard, called the Abbey of Assaro, loved him for his education and good morals, for his wisdom and intellect, and detained him amongst them for some time. He was at this time a young guest. O’Sgingin had been, for a long time before this period, the historical *ollav* to O’Donnell, the lord of the race of Conall, and he had just come into the land of Connell, from Ardarn, in Moylurg. And there lived not of O’Sgingin’s children, nor yet of his tribe in the country, but one fair daughter, and he joined her as wife to this Cormac; and what he asked as her dower was, that whatever male child should be first born to them should be sent to study and learn history, as all his race had become extinct in the territory, except the daughter whom he wedded to him on that occasion. The other promised to comply with his request; and he kept his promise truly.” Their first-born son, accordingly, became historian, or *ollav*, to O’Donnell. His grandson, Dermot, surnamed “of the three schools,” because he kept

books of annals that I could find throughout all Erin (though it was difficult for me to collect them to one place), to write this book in your name, and to your honor, for it was you that gave the reward of their labour to the chroniclers by whom it was written; and it was the friars of the convent of Donegal that supplied them with food and attendance in like manner. For every good that will result from this book, in giving light to all in general, it is to you that thanks should be given, and there should exist no wonder or surprise, jealousy or envy, at any good that you do; for you are of the race of *Emher*, the son of *Milesius*, from whom descended thirty of the kings of Erin, and sixty-one saints."

schools for teaching general literature, history, and poetry, became so distinguished, that Nial O'Donnell, son of Torlogh "of the wine," granted him the lands of Creevagh, in the parish of Kil-Barran. He was succeeded by Teige Cam O'Clery, whose three sons, noted for their hospitality, wealth, and erudition, erected a castle and other edifices on the hereditary lands of Kil Barran. The ruins of this castle are still standing, on a rock overhanging the Atlantic, at a little distance from Ballyshannon. "From the singularity of its situation, seated on a lofty, precipitous, and nearly insulated cliff, exposed to the storms and billows of the western ocean, the reader," observes Dr. Petrie, "will naturally conclude, that this now sadly dilapidated and time-worn ruin must have owed its origin to some rude and daring chief of old, whose occupation was war and rapine, and whose thoughts were as wild and turbulent as the waves that washed his sea-girt eagle dwelling; and such, in their ignorance of its unpublished history, has been the conclusion formed by modern topographers, who tell us that it is supposed to have been the habitation of freebooters. But it was not so. This lonely, insulated fortress was erected as an abode for peaceful men—a safe and quiet retreat, in troubled times, for the laborious investigators and preservers of the history, poetry, and antiquities of their country. This castle was the residence of the *ollavs*, bards, and antiquaries of the people of Tir Connell—the illustrious family of the O'Clerys. * * The lands annexed would, at the present day, produce a rental of little short of two thousand pounds a-year. * * Alas! it will be long till learning in the history and antiquities of our country be again thus nobly recompensed." Michael O'Clery, chief of the "Four Masters," was born in 1575. His original christian name was *Teige an t-sleibhe*, or "Teige of the mountain," which he changed on becoming a lay brother of the Order of St. Francis. Soon after joining his brethren at Louvain, he was sent into Ireland, by Hugh Ward, guardian of the convent, to collect materials for Irish hagiology. Michael pursued his labours for fifteen years, visiting the most distinguished Irish scholars, and transcribing ancient manuscripts. After Ward's death, in 1635, the documents which O'Clery had transmitted to Louvain, proved of great service to the learned John Colgan, who pursued the collection of the lives of the Irish saints, interrupted by Ward's decease. In addition to his contributions to the "Annals of the Four Masters," Michael O'Clery compiled the *Reim Riaghraidhe*, a Catalogue of the Kings of Erin, the "Genealogies of the Saints of Erin," and the Calendar of their Anniversaries; together with a most important work, entitled *Leabhar Gabhala*, or the "Book of the various Conquests of Erin," now preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy. This learned historiographer died in 1643, in which year, his *Sanasan Nua*, or Glossary of difficult and obsolete Irish words, was published at Louvain.

The peculiar feature of these Annals is, that they supply us with a calm chronological account of the great Celtic tribes, who for so many ages constituted the Irish nation, and whose history—which, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, is the history of Ireland—has been totally and designedly overlooked by English writers. In the works of such authors, the native Irish clans are generally represented as subjected by the first invasion of the Anglo-Normans; and all attempts to preserve their ancient possessions and to expel intrusive foreigners from their territories, are invariably stigmatised as treason and rebellion. The native septa are depicted as wrapped in savagery and barbarism; while the most exalted virtues are ascribed to their opponents, whose successes, however trivial, are magnified into splendid victories and heroic achievements. Such is the character of what has hitherto been styled the history of Ireland; and such might it ever continue, were none but the party eventually victorious, entitled to a hearing. Nor can we be surprised that this should be the case, when we reflect, that the state of things established in Ireland, on the ruin of a large section of the ancient inhabitants, rendered it politic with the successful colonists to represent themselves as the introducers of civilization and justice, and the magnanimous expellers of barbarism and rapine. These partizan views were embodied and propagated by servile authors, who composed histories* of this country, under the surveillance of a tyrannous oligarchy, by whom patronage and emoluments were distributed in proportion to the amount of plausible misrepresentation and adulation exhibited by those venal scribes. On the other hand, the despoiled Irish, and descendants of old English, who passed into the service of foreign princes, found but little time for literary occupations, and were more accustomed to wield the sword than the pen. It consequently devolved on the expatriated ecclesiastics to narrate the details of the reverses of their native land. Writing under the jealous censorship of the Inquisition, their judgments obscured by professional and unavoidable prejudices, they erred in an opposite

* The productions of these writers do not possess the merit of accurate chronology, even on the affairs of the Anglo-Irish. We have the authority of the Ulster King-at-Arms, and Keeper of the Records in Birmingham's Tower, for stating, that "No histories of Ireland yet published synchronize with the records, but, for the most part, are delusive and erroneous."

extreme, and labored to prove, that the gallant struggle of the Irish clans, for their lands and ancient institutions, was a war undertaken in defence of religion.* They thus endeavoured, by their publications, to rouse the Catholic powers of Europe to take up arms in defence of the Irish and old English, whom, not without a certain degree of justice, they represented as suffering, for conscience sake, persecutions nearly as severe as those undergone by the primitive Christians.

Now, however, when, after the lapse of centuries, human society has been set on an entirely new basis, and the fierce passions, which agitated the men of Europe in former ages, exist but in the records of the past—when the bloods of once inimical races have become inseparably commingled, during the successive generations which have passed away on the Irish soil—once the great object of contention—the philosophic mind desires to inquire into the origin and progress of the events which have combined to produce the condition in which we find this island at present placed.

The records, moreover, of a peculiar branch of the great Celtic family, which, although at present widely scattered, and intermixed with the various races of both hemispheres, still continues to retain and forcibly exhibit many of its original and characteristic attributes, and whence has sprung a vast proportion of men, world-famous for their proficiency in every branch of human knowledge and science, cannot fail to possess attractions for the student of the history of mankind.

To notice in detail a compilation of such magnitude and importance as the *Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters*,† which, extending from the semi-fabulous ages to the year 1616, is the only

* The justice of this statement will be fully appreciated by a collation of the highly colored religious history of Don Philip O'Sullivan, published at Lisbon, in 1621, "*cum facultate S. Inquisitionis, Ordinarii et Regis*," with the calm and dispassionate accounts of the same events given by the friars of Donegal, who had the means of obtaining the most accurate information on the Irish wars of Elizabeth.

† This name was first applied to them by the learned John Colgan, editor of the "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*," published at Louvain, in 1645. "When I have occasion to refer to this work, I shall," says he, "style it, for brevity sake, the '*Annals of the Four Masters*,' for such was the number of the learned antiquarians engaged in its production, or the '*Annals of Donegal*,' because that was the place of its compilation."

work which furnishes us with an account of the Celtic clans who for so many ages ruled the island on which we now dwell, would be, in effect, to write a history of Ireland. We must, therefore, be content to take a compendious view of the Irish annals during the period over which the work before us extends.

Many, say the legends, were the descents made upon the coasts of Erin in ancient days, but the island was divided into provinces by five brothers of the gigantic *Fir Bolgs* or Belgians, and their king, *Slane*, was the first who absolutely ruled over the country. Thirty-seven years was the period of their domination, and nine of them had assumed the kingship, when they were subdued by *Nua* "of the silver hand," king of the *Danaans*. After governing *Inis-Fail** for nearly two hundred years, the crafty *Danaans* were themselves conquered by a tribe of *Gaels*, who came, in the beginning of summer, with a great fleet, "wafted by the mighty ocean waves," to Erin,

* Ireland acquired this name from the *lia fail*, or "stone of destiny," believed to have been brought to her shores by the *Danaans*, and on which, for many ages, the kings of Erin were crowned. The "stone of destiny" was supposed to have been subsequently carried to Scone, and thence transferred to the coronation chair of the kings of England, in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Petrie has, however, proved that it still remains on the hill of Tara. *Milesius* is the latinized form of *Milidh Easpaine*, or the Spanish warrior; and although Moore has impugned the veracity of those ancient legends, he made the landing of the Milesians the theme of the following ballad, which is not to be found in the editions of his "Melodies," in general circulation:

" They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
' Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave? '
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

" And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
' 'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail! '
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

" Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod."

under the command of *Emher*, *Eremhon*, and *Ir*, sons of *Golamh*, a Spanish warrior. These three princes jointly assumed the sovereignty of the island; and to them, in after ages, the chief nobles of the country gloried to trace their genealogies. In the days of king *Tiernmas*, gold, says the myth, was first smelted in Erin, by the artificer *Uchadan*, who dwelt near the *Liffé*. "It was by him that goblets and brooches were first covered with gold and silver, and clothes dyed purple, blue, and green." The successor of king *Tiernmas* instituted dresses of different colors to distinguish the various different orders of the state. "Thus was the distinction made between them: one color in the clothes of slaves, two in the clothes of soldiers, three in the clothes of goodly heroes or young lords of territories, six in the clothes of *ollavs* or poet-historians, and seven in the clothes of kings and queens." *Ollav Fola** was the king by whom the *Féis* or triennial assembly was established at Tara, "to preserve laws and rules;" he also appointed a chieftain over every cantred, and a public victualler over every townland. Tara was so called from Queen *Teamhair* "who requested of *Eremhon* a choice hill as her dower, in whatever place she should select it, that she might be interred therein, and that her mound and gravestone might be thereon raised, and where every prince ever to be born of her race should dwell. The hill she selected was the hill of *Caen*: it is from her it is named *Teamhair*, and in it was she entombed." In the fourth century before the Christian era, the palace of *Emania*,† say the bards, was built by Queen *Macha*, who, having assumed the sovereignty with the strong hand, compelled the sons of her enemies to raise that edifice, that it might ever be the chief stronghold of the kings of *Uladh* or Ulster. King *Eochaidh* formed the Pentarchy, appointing five provincial kings, subject and tributary to himself; and this ancient division was maintained for long ages after. Eight years before the Christian era, *Fergus*, king of *Uladh*, or Ulster,

* *Ollamh Fodhla*, or *Ollav Fola*, signifies the learned historian of Fola or Ireland, which was so called from one of the *Danaan* queens. Ireland was frequently styled *Banba* from another of these princesses, and the bards say that *Eire* or *Erin* was likewise a queen of the same race.

† Considerable remains of this edifice still exist, about two miles west of Armagh. The name of the latter town is said to be derived from *Árd Macha*, or the heights of Queen *Macha*.

having been dethroned by *Conor*, the son of *Nessa*, placed himself under the protection of *Oíllil* and *Meadhbh*, or *Mave*, king and queen of *Connacht*, who commenced a war* against *Ulster*, which lasted for seven years, and was signalised by the romantic achievements of the "Knights of the Red Branch," under their heroic champions, *Conall Cearnach*, "or the victorious," and *Cuchullinn*. This war was long remembered by the bards, who were wont to style *Uladh*, the province of *Conor Mac Nessa*, and *Connacht* the land of *Meadhbh*, or *Mave*; from the valiant queen who, in her bright chariot, and wearing on her head the golden *asion* or diadem, led the warriors of *Connacht* against the army of *Uladh*. King *Crimthán*, or *Criffan*, was the first who led the men of Erin into Britain, to aid his allies the Picts in their heroic stand against the Romans. It was from one of these expeditions, say the annals, that he brought with him "the wonderful jewels, among which were a golden chariot, and a golden chess-board, inlaid with a hundred transparent gems, and the mantle of *Criffan*, which was a beautiful cloak, embroidered with gold. He brought a conquering sword, with many serpents of refined, massy gold inlaid in it; a shield, with bosses of bright silver; a spear, from the wound inflicted by which no one recovered; a sling, from which no erring shot was discharged; and two greyhounds, with a silver chain between them, which chain was worth three hundred bond-maids; with many other precious articles." This warlike monarch, whose name, says Moore, "enjoys the peculiar distinction of being associated in the page of history with those of Tacitus and Agricola," died at his stronghold, named *Dun Crimhthainn*, or the "fort of *Criffan*," or *Edair*, now the hill of Howth. So great was the reputation of his achievements, that the poets were accustomed to call Erin, "the plain of *Criffan*." After *Criffan*'s death, the *Attacots*, or tenants, who tilled the lands, and were treated as a servile class by their dominant fellow Gaels, revolted, and placed *Cairbé*, one of themselves, on the throne. "Evil was the state of Erin during his reign; fruitless her corn, for there used to be but one grain on the stalk; fruitless her

* This contest forms the subject of a most curious and interesting historical romance noticed in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. III., page 426, and which we hope soon to see published.

rivers; milkless her cattle; plentiful her fruit, for there used to be but one acorn on the oak."* On *Cairbré's* death, the throne was offered to his son, the sage *Morann*, who procured the recall of the royal heirs, to whom he was appointed chief judge. The seasons became once more propitious; and so great was the integrity of *Morann*, that his name became synonymous with justice. In the year of Christ 56, the *Attacots* again revolted, but their leader was deposed by *Tuathal*, surnamed *the acceptable*, who regained the sovereignty, and established the Convention of Tara, where all the nobles assembled and swore the great Pagan oath, by the sun, the moon, the stars and all the elements, by their horses, javelins,

* The Irish bards, with a view of promoting peace and social order, were accustomed to represent the serenity or inclemency of the seasons, and the state of the island in general, as resulting from the good or evil qualities of the reigning monarch. Thus, we are told, that "every plain in Erin abounded with flowers and shamrocks in the time of King *Fiacha*. These flowers, moreover, were found full of wine, so that the wine was pressed into bright vessels. Wherefore the cognomen, *Fiacha Fin-scothack*, or 'of the wine flowers,' continued to be applied to him." The following ancient description of the state of Ireland, on the accession of King *Donal*, in the seventh century, illustrates the bardic ideas of the golden age:—

"Authors relate, that the night on which it was resolved that *Donal* should rule and be elected to the sovereignty of Eriu, was the night on which the assemblies were united, the tribes were cemented, the boundaries were fixed, the kerns became tame, the insurgents were expelled, the thieves were suppressed, ignorance was exploded, and partial judgments discontinued; so that that was the night of suppressing every evil and of exalting every good. In short, the sky then became cheering and the planets benign, so that the elements communicated mildness to the seasons, and the rays of the sun became bright and genial, to warm and purify every sunny bank; hence it happened that the rough, unprofitable farms became productive, the crops and corn increased as if the bosom of each land were a lactiferous udder. The fruits so increased that they could not be propped up by forked supporters of wood, in consequence of the size of each fruit; so that with the palms of his hands the swineherd was used to drive the swine of each forest, in consequence of their unwieldiness. The milk of every cow became rich on account of the degree to which the grassy and flowery surface of every farm grew. The cataracts, rivers, and harbours of Erin, poured forth such shoals of every kind of lively, salmon-like, slippery great fish, that they could not fit or get room on the bottoms of the seas and rivers, lakes, ponds, and deep pools, but were to be seen in dried and shrivelled multitudes on the bright shores, sloping strands, and margins of the bright and beautiful harbours. And it happened, from the goodness of the weather in the reign of the monarch, the grandson of *Aianmúr*, that the labourers of the soil would not have deemed it necessary to attend to labour, work, ploughing, utensils, gathering, or tillage, were it not that their chieftains and kings commanded and compelled them to do so, for supplying their own banquets and royal feasts to prove the worthiness of their reigns. Ah me! it were easy for one acquainted or unacquainted

shields, and swords, that they would be loyal to *Tuathal* and his descendants, "as long as the sea rolled around the insulated, solitary land of Erin." *Tuathal* imposed a tribute called the *Borumha* on the men of Leinster, and was the first to form a central power in the country, by allocating Meath for the mensal lands of the monarch. "It was by *Tuathal*," says the bard, "that every province in Erin was decapitated to form Meath, which was thence called *Meidhe*, that is, the neck." In the second century of the Christian era, Erin was divided into two portions, of which the northern was styled *Leath Cuinn*, or the Half of *Conn*, "of the hundred battles;" and the southern was named *Leath Mogha*, or the Half of *Eoghan*,

with Erin to travel and frequent her at this period, in consequence of the goodness of her laws, the tranquillity of her hosts, the serenity of her seasons, the splendour of her chieftains, the justice of her *Brehons*, the regularity of her troops, the talents of her *ollavs*, the genius of her poets, the various musical powers of her minstrels, the botanical skill of her physicians, the art of her braziers, the useful workmanship of her smiths, and the handicraft of her carpenters; in consequence of the mild bashfulness of her maidens, the strength and prowess of her lords, the generosity and hospitality of her *Brughaidhs* (victuallers); for her *Brughaidhs* were generous, and had abundance of food and kine; her habitations were hospitable, spacious, and open for company and entertainment to remove the hunger and gloom of guests; so that authors record that one woman might travel Erin alone without fear of being molested, though there should be no witness to guard her, (if she were not afraid of the imputations of slander,) from the well-known *Osgleann*, in *Umhall*, in the west of the province of Connacht, to the celebrated remarkable rock *Carraic Eoghain*, in the east of Erin, and from the fair-surfaced, woody, grassy-green island of *Inis Fail*, exactly in the south of *Banba* of the fair margin, to the furious, headlong, foaming, boisterous cascade of *Buadh*, which is the same as the clear-watered, snowy-foamed, ever-roaring, parti-coloured, bellowing, in salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent, whose celebrated, well-known name is the lofty-great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-ful, sea-monster-ful, varying, in large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal, and prosperous cataract of Red Hugh, and thence northwards by *Teinne Bec an Broghadh*, or by the great plain of *Madh Ininnrighe*, to the loud-roaring, water-shooting cliffs of *Torach*."

The presence of a man of noble race was supposed to be indicated by the fertility of the district in which he sojourned. An ancient Irish treatise, published by our Celtic Society, tells us of a youth of one of the Munster clans, who was "given in his twelfth year as a pledge for wine to the crew of a merchant's ship from Gascony, and he remained in the East, until he was set to take care of the vines, when it was proved he was of noble blood, for the vines grew without defect during his time, and he was conveyed back to his own country; and it is for that reason that his race are called *clann-an Ghascunaigh*, or the clan of the Gascon."

The ancient Irish likewise believed that the decease of a good king was preceded by certain evil omens and disastrous changes in the weather and

or *Mogha*, king of Munster. In the year 266, died King *Connac*, who was slain by the Druids for having forsaken their idols. "He was," say the annals, "a famous author in laws, synchronisms, and history, for it was he that established law, rule, and direction for each science, and for each covenant, according to propriety; and it is his laws that governed all that adhered to them to the present time. He also collected the Chroniclers of Erin to Tara, and ordered them to write the chronicles of Erin in one book, which was named the Psalter of Tara. In that book were entered the

climate. The events recorded in the annals, as having foreboded the death of *Cahal Mór*, or *Cahal the Great*, surnamed *Croibhdearg*, or "of the red hand," king of Connacht, in the early part of the thirteenth century, furnished the late Clarence Mangan with the subject of the following poem:

"I walked entranced through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right.
Even in the clime of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time, 'twas in the reign
Of *Cahal Mór* of the Wine-red hand.

"Anon stood nigh by my side a man
Of princely aspect, and port sublime.
Here queried I, 'Oh! my Lord and Khan,
What clime is this, and what golden time?'
When he—'The clime is a clime to praise,
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland;
And it is the time, these be the days,
Of *Cahal Mór* of the Wine-red hand!'

"Then I saw thrones, and circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a spell,
Whence flowed the tones of silver lyres
And many voices in wreathed swell;
And their thrilling chime fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel band—
'It is now the time, these be the years,
Of *Cahal Mór* of the Wine-red hand!'

"I sought the hall, and, behold!—a change
From light to darkness, from joy to woe!
Kings, nobles, all, looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel group sate in dumbest show!
Had some great crime wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to understand!
'Twas then the time, we were in the days,
Of *Cahal Mór* of the Wine-red hand.

"I again walked forth; but lo! the sky
Showed flecked with blood, and an alien sun
Glared from the north, and there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams—a skeleton!
It was by the stream of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land,
That I dreamed this dream of the time and reign,
Of *Cahal Mór* of the Wine-red hand."

coeval exploits and synchronisms of the kings of Erin with the kings and emperors of the world, and of the kings of the provinces with the monarchs of Erin. In it was also written what the monarchs of Erin were entitled to receive from the provincial kings, and the rents and dues of the provincial kings from their subjects, from the noble to the subaltern. In it also were described the boundaries and meares of Erin, from shore to shore, from the province to the cantred, from the cantred to the townland, and from the townland to the smaller division of land."

Towards the middle of the third century, *Cairbré Riada*, an Ulster prince, led the colony into *Alba*, whence, after the conquest of the Picts, sprung the kingdom of Scotland. In those Irish chiefs of Argyleshire, historians, according to Sir Walter Scott, "must trace the original roots of the royal line of Scotland;" and the erudite Chalmers tells us, that, down to the eleventh century, "the whole people inhabiting every district of proper Scotland spoke the Irish tongue."

Criffan, the second of that name, monarch of Erin in 366, was one of the most distinguished of our Pagan kings. He established colonies of Munstermen at Glastonbury, and in different parts of Wales, where, according to a writer of the ninth century, several places were called after his people, who probably raised the buildings called by the Welsh, *Ceiter Guidelod*, or forts of the Gaels. *Criffan* ravaged the coasts of Gaul, and made descents upon England, in concert with the Picts. "So destructive had become their inroads at this period, that it required the presence of the son of Constantine to make head against and repel them; and a native historian describes the Britons as trembling with the fear of a new visitation, while still fainting from the dire effects of the tempest which had just swept over them." When Theodosius, the bravest of the Roman generals, assumed the command of Britain, he found that the men of Erin and their Pictish allies had advanced as far as London and Kent. The remains of the Roman walls still bear testimony of the intrepidity of those fierce invaders; and the great road extending from Dover, through London, to Anglesey in Wales, was long known by the Britons as the "way of the Irish." In 379 *Niall*, surnamed "of the nine hostages," became king. He not only ravaged

Britain, but likewise extended his predatory expeditions to the coasts of Brittany and the maritime districts of the north-west of Gaul, whence his troops carried with them, among other captives, the youth Patrick, who is honored as the Apostle of Ireland. *Niall* fell by a poisoned arrow, at a place not far from the present town of Boulogne. "It was against the incursions of this adventurous monarch that some of those successes were achieved by the Romans, which threw such lustre around the military administration of Stilicho, and inspired the muse of Claudian in his praise." To *Niall* the Great succeeded *Feradach*, surnamed *Dathi*, from his expertness in martial feats. "Not only, like Nial," says a learned writer, "did he venture to invade the coasts of Gaul, but, allured by the prospect of plunder, which the state of the province, then falling fast into dismemberment, held forth, forced his way to the foot of the Alps, and was there killed, it is said, by a flash of lightning; leaving the throne of Ireland to be filled henceforth by a line of Christian kings." Such is a short view of some of the affairs of Ireland, during the Pagan times. *Tiernach*, a writer of the eleventh century, who is entitled to our belief and credit from the modesty of his assertions, tells us that the true history of Ireland may be dated from the building of the palace of Emania, about three hundred years before the birth of Christ;* "and it is certain," says the sceptical Moore, "that this

* The accuracy of ancient dates being considered apocryphal, we are driven, says Dr. O'Donovan, "to regard the catalogue of kings, given by Gilla-Caemain and others, as a mere attempt at reducing to chronological order the accumulated traditions of the poets and seanachies of Ireland. But that a list of Irish monarchs was attempted to be made out, at a very early period, is now generally admitted by the best antiquarians. Mr. Pinkerton, who denies to the Irish the use of letters before their conversion to Christianity, still admits the antiquity of their list of kings." "Foreigners," he remarks, "may imagine that it is granting too much to the Irish to allow them lists of kings more ancient than those of any other country in modern Europe; but the singularly compact and remote situation of that island, and its freedom from Roman conquest, and from the concussions of the fall of the Roman empire, may infer this allowance not too much. But all contended for is the list of kings, so easily preserved by the repetition of bards at high solemnities, and some grand events of history; for, to expect a certain detail and regular order in the Pagan history of Ireland were extravagant."—*Inquiry into the History of Scotland*.

Dr. O'Donovan's opinion, that the Irish had the use of letters early in the third century, throws the boundary between what must have been traditional and what may have been original written records, so far back as to remove all objection, on that ground, to the authority of our annals, from

event, by establishing an era, or fixed point of time, from whence chronology might begin to calculate, gives to the dates and accounts of succeeding reigns an appearance of accuracy not a little imposing." The venerable Charles O'Connor was of opinion, that the exactness in our heathen history commenced about the eighty-fifth year of the Christian era. The "Four Masters," it must be remembered, compiled their annals from ancient authorities; and until all the documents of our remote history have been rendered accessible and intelligible to the unprejudiced investigator, it is worse than nugatory to put forward historical hypotheses, which, however ingenious and apparently satisfactory, would probably be totally confuted by the facts registered in our obscure and still unpublished Celtic records.

Much as the credibility of the bardic legends may be impugned, it is certain that they alone afford explanation of the expressive ancient Celtic names of the various localities of the country—names which have withstood the revolutions of centuries, and which will, probably, never be entirely obliterated. The Pagan Irish have, however, left us material monuments which attest their ancient power and energy. Such are the forts in the islands of Aran, one of the most remarkable of which is *Dun Engus*, erected by the *Fir Bolgs* in the first century, and, perhaps, one of the most magnificent barbaric monuments remaining in Europe; and the cyclopean fortress of *Aileach*, near Derry, situated on the summit of a mountain, commanding one of the most extensive and beautifully varied panoramic prospects to

at least the second century of the Christian era. This conclusion is supported by Sir James Mackintosh's observations on the first portion of the "Annals of the Four Masters," originally published, with a Latin translation, by Dr. O'Connor. "The chronicles of Ireland," says he, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidence of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet, by it, enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses, in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of these chronicles." "The tribute," observes Moore, "paid by Sir James Mackintosh to the authenticity and historical importance of these documents, appears to me in the highest degree deserved; and comes with the more authority from a writer, whose command over the wide domain of history enabled him fully to appreciate any genuine addition to it."

be found in Ireland. The erection of this extraordinary fort, which, from the earliest times to the commencement of the twelfth century, was the residence of the kings of the north of Ireland, is attributed to the tribe of *Danaans*; and it is believed by our ablest antiquaries to be the locality indicated by the appropriate title of *Regia*, on Ptolemy's map of Ireland. The mounds of Dowth,* Knowth, and New Grange, are magnificent specimens of our Pagan sepulchral monuments; the characteristic feature of Irish buildings, previous to the Christian era, being the total absence of cement or mortar to bind together the loose stones of which they are constructed. "We find," says Dr. Petrie, "the stone cairn and the green mound, with their sepulchral chambers within them, and their monumental character indicated by the upright stones, sometimes single—like the *stole* of the Greeks—and sometimes forming a circle, or concentric circles. We find the giants' graves—or beds, as they are called by the Irish—the cromlechs and Druids' altars of speculative antiquaries. And when we explore any of these monuments, we find, ac-

* "The cairn of New Grange, in the county of Meath, lying at a distance of about four miles and a half from Drogheda, is, perhaps without exception, the most wonderful monument of its class now existing in any part of western Europe. In one point, at least, it may challenge comparison with any Celtic monument known to exist, inasmuch as the mighty stones of which its gallery and chambers are composed, exhibit a profusion of ornamental design, consisting of spiral, lozenge, and zig-zag work, such as is usually found upon the torques, urns, weapons, and other remains of Pagan times in Ireland. We shall here say nothing of its probable antiquity, as it is anterior to the age of alphabetic writing; and indeed it would be vain to speculate upon the age of a work situate upon the banks of the Boyne, which, if found upon the banks of the Nile, would be styled a pyramid, and perhaps be considered the oldest of all the pyramids of Egypt. The cairn, which, even in its present ruinous condition, measures about seventy feet in height, from a little distance presents the appearance of a grassy hill, partially wooded; but, upon examination, the coating of earth is found to be altogether superficial, and in several places the stones, of which the hill is entirely composed, are laid bare. A circle of enormous stones, of which eight or ten remain above ground, anciently surrounded its base; and we are informed that upon the summit an obelisk, or enormous pillar-stone, formerly stood."—*Archæologia Hibernica*, by W. F. Wakeman. Dublin: 1848.

Mr. Wilson, in his recent profound work on the "Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," tells us that "the two most remarkable examples of sculptured monolithic structures hitherto explored are, the celebrated chambered cairn of New Grange, in the county of Meath, and that of the small island of Gavv' Innis, in Brittany. These gigantic and complicated works appear, indeed, to pertain to the transition between the Primæval and Archaic periods, and partake at once of the earliest cyclopean characteristics and the latter ornamental decorations."

according to their age, either the rude unglazed sepulchral urn of baked clay, and occasionally of stone, containing bones more or less calcined, or unburned skeletons, or occasionally both, in the same sepulchre. We also find very frequently weapons of stone or metal; and, in monuments of importance, indicating the distinguished rank of the persons interred, ornaments of silver and gold. And that such, and no other, were the varieties of sepulchral monuments in use in Ireland in Pagan times, a volume of historical evidence from our ancient manuscripts might be adduced to prove."

The most singular monuments, however, which have come down to us from the heathen Irish, are the *Brehon** laws, at length about to be rendered accessible to the learned of Europe; and which, although interpolated and modified in Christian times, exhibit incontestable internal evidence of their Pagan origin. "In the fifth century, the *Brehons* were found by St. Patrick dispensing their then ancient laws upon the hills; and, more than a thousand years after, the law-officers of Britain found in the still revered *Brehon* the most formidable obstacle to their plans."

There is ample documentary evidence to demonstrate that Christianity had made some progress, and that there were bishops in Ireland, before the coming of St. Patrick. The spread of the Christian religion effected a considerable change in the national character. It appears, however, that several tribes of the Irish not only refused to be converted, but attempted to murder the zealous missionary.

Thus, we find Patrick, before his fruitless attempt to convert King *Laoghaire*, or Leary, at Tara, praying to heaven for protection "against the black laws of Gentilism, against the false laws of heresy, against the treachery of idolatry, against the spells of women, smiths, and druids, against every knowledge which blinds the soul of man. May God to-day protect me against poison, against burning, against drowning, against wounding, until I deserve much reward."

* It is scarcely possible to estimate the vast amount of information which the publication of these laws will throw on the early history of western Europe. Some account of their contents will be found in the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. III., page 413; and we are happy to add, that considerable progress has been already made towards the completion of the Report to be presented to the Imperial Parliament, on those interesting documents, by the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., and the Rev. Charles Graves, F.T.C.D.

Patrick was evidently regarded with suspicion and envy by the clergy of the then national Pagan religion, who naturally did not desire to have their old privileges interfered with by teachers who had "come across the stormy seas, with their crooked-headed sticks, and their shorn heads." "Modern popular writers," says the editor, "have been guilty of great dishonesty in representing the labours of Patrick as not attended with much difficulty. Nothing is clearer than that Patrick engrafted Christianity on the Pagan superstitions with so much skill, that he won the people over to the Christian religion before they understood the exact difference between the two systems of belief; and much of this half-Pagan half-Christian religion will be found, not only in the Irish stories of the middle ages, but in the superstitions of the peasantry of the present day." Indeed, had Patrick not made considerable concessions to the prejudices of his converts, it is highly probable that he would have succeeded no better than previous missionaries in his attempts to withdraw the natives from the ancient religion of their country. We have, however, but one-sided accounts of these transactions; and as a great portion of our ancient historical records passed, in after times, through the hands of Christian ecclesiastics, just allowance must be made for the extent to which they might, in those ages, consider themselves justified in misrepresenting the Heathen opponents of the national apostle. After the partial establishment of Christianity in Ireland by Patrick, the foreign military expeditions of the natives appear to have been discontinued. In their subsequent visits to other countries, they are to be found carrying with them the lights of religion and philosophy, instead of the devastating powers of war. From the fifth to the eighth century, Ireland became the teacher of Europe, and sent forth those illustrious sages, whose names illuminate the dark night of ignorance and barbarism. It was at this period that the peculiar style of art* was cultivated in Ireland,

* "It has been the misfortune of ancient Irish literature," observes the Rev. William Reeves, "that its remains, through the subordinate condition of this country, have, both in England and abroad, been, almost without a dissentient voice, adjudged to the Anglo-Saxon school; whereby, not only has the merit of the teacher been transferred to the disciple, but a great obstruction has been placed in the way of an acquaintance with Irish manuscripts which are scattered through Europe—the Irish scholar neglecting to examine them, because they are called Saxon, and the English to consult

the still resplendent specimens of which have, of late years, awakened the enthusiasm and convinced the scepticism of English and Continental palæographers.

A strong argument in favour of the veracity of the contemporary Irish annalists is furnished by the accuracy with which they have recorded the eclipses of the sun. Not only do their accounts accord precisely with the minute and laborious calculations of modern astronomers, but they have also registered many of these phenomena which escaped the researches of the celebrated mathematicians, Struykius, Ricciolus, and Ferguson; and which eluded even the profound compilers of "L'art de vérifier les dates."

To such an eminence did this island attain during these early ages, for learning, and especially for profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that her schools were thronged by foreign students, who received gratuitous entertainment and instruction. "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is," says the prejudiced Ledwich, "unparalleled in the annals of the world." The principal Irish schools in those times were those of Armagh, Lismore, and Mayo; the latter, from the number of Anglo-Saxon scholars who studied there, long retained the name of *Magh eó na Saxon*—the *Yew plain of the Saxons*. Four eminent foreigners may be here mentioned as having, among a host of others, sojourned in Ireland at this period—Willibrord, archbishop of Utrecht, who introduced Christianity into Batavia, Friesland, and Westphalia; Agilbert, bishop of Paris; Aldfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, who wrote an Irish poem on the state of Ireland; and "le bon roy Dagobert," who quitted the monastery of Slane to govern Austrasia. The Anglo-Saxon king Oswald studied for a time in Ireland, under the learned Aidan, to whom he afterwards gave the "holy isle" of Lindisfarne. Immense numbers of Anglo-Saxons were instructed in the doctrines of Christianity by this Irish saint, under whose direction was founded the famous abbey of Melrose,* whose "ruins grey," form the theme of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

them, because unable." For a description of the magnificent Irish manuscript known as the "Book of Kells," the reader is referred to the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. III., page 441, where some further remarks on this subject will be found.

* "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," published for the Bannatyne Club. Edinburgh: 1861.

Of the many learned natives of Ireland, in those ages, Columba or *Colum Cille*—"the dove of the Church," claims our first notice. Descended from *Conall*, the common ancestor of all the clans of the territory named *Tir Conaill*, or the land of *Conall*, he went forth to convert the Pagans of Scotland and the Western Isles, and founded the famous monastery of Iona, "which," says Dr. Johnson, "was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." No less eminent was St. Columbanus of Leinster, who, in the sixth century left the monastery of Bangor, in the county of Down, to recall the Gauls from the barbarism into which they were fast lapsing. After having established some of the most eminent monastic institutions, and introduced the peculiar forms of the early Irish Church into France, this undaunted reprover of the vices of kings, retired to the recesses of the Apennines, and ended his days in the monastery founded by himself at Bobbio. "The various countries and places with which the name of this great saint is connected, have multiplied," says a late writer, "his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, and of having sent forth, before the close of the sixth century, so accomplished a writer from her schools, France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of Luxeuil and Fontaines; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at Bobbio,—in the coffin, the chalice, the holly staff of the founder, and the strange sight of an Irish missal in a foreign land,—but in the yet fresher and more every-day remembrance bestowed upon his name by its association with the beautifully-situated town of San Colombano, in the territory of Lodi."

We can here but glance at the other numerous Irish scholars and divines of those ages. Gallus, founder of the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland; Dichuill, the favorite of Clotsaire; and Firghil, or Virgilius, the apostle of Carinthia, to whom the discovery of the sphericity of the globe is attributed. There are, indeed, but few European states* which do not venerate some Irish sage as having

* "That the Hibernians, who were called Scots in the eighth century, were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in these times of ignorance, by the culture of the sciences beyond all the other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands, both with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted; and we see them, in the most authentic records of antiquity,

first introduced learning and civilization to their inhabitants. The discovery of ancient Irish manuscripts, bells, and croziers in Iceland, affords evidence that even that remote island was not overlooked by those adventurous missionaries; and to them should be given the merit of having first introduced letters into the "ultima Thule," long before the time of Isleif, bishop of Skalholt, to whom their introduction has been generally ascribed.

That intercourse and even intimate connection existed in very remote times between the inhabitants of the north of Europe and the men of Erin, is fully proved by our ancient historical documents. The Scandinavians first visited this island in a hostile manner, towards the close of the eighth century, and from that period their incursions were continued almost without cessation. Having effected settlements on the coasts, they ascended the rivers in their peculiarly constructed ships, and ravaged the surrounding country, carrying their spoil to the localities selected for the site of their *duns* or fortresses. In these predatory excursions they were generally joined by some of the native tribes, who, allured by the hope of plunder, availed themselves of the aid of the "black foreigners" to wreak their vengeance on clans with whom they were themselves at enmity. To this circumstance is mainly attributable the power which the Northmen acquired for a period in Ireland. From the time of their first hostile arrival, to the battle of Clontarf, their position may be characterized as a series of alternate confederation with, or resistance to, the natives. They appear never to have enjoyed any lengthened peace, and their perpetration of any act of unusual outrage generally aroused the clans to fiercer attacks, the result of which was usually disastrous to the foreigners. From the middle of the tenth century, when the Danes of Ireland partially embraced

discharging, with the highest reputation and applause, the function of doctor in France, Germany, and Italy, both during this and the following century. But that these Hibernians were the first teachers of the scholastic theology in Europe, and so early as the eighth century, illustrated the doctrines of religion by the principles of philosophy, I learned but lately from the testimony of Benedict, Abbot of Aniane, in the province of Languedoc."—*Mosheim*. Joannes Erigena, or John of Erin, is admitted by the most competent authorities to have been the founder of the mystic doctrines; it thus appears that the two great systems of theology originated in the early Irish schools.

Christianity, their power began to decline, and they met with many defeats from the natives. A considerable body of them, however, remained true to the religion of Odin, and continued to devastate the country and plunder the monasteries. They met with vigorous oppositions on those occasions from the ecclesiastics, who, during the Danish wars, had become adepts in the use of arms. When resistance was considered hopeless, the monks betook themselves with their valuables to the shelter of the neighbouring round towers, where they remained until the ravagers had retired. On many occasions the Danes and their Irish allies destroyed these towers by fire, although full of clerical refugees of the highest rank and sanctity. During all this period, no unanimous effort had been made by the natives to expel the foreigners. At length, a powerful usurper of the crown of Erin arose, in the person of Brian, surnamed *Boroinne*,* or "of the tribute." Endowed with many great qualities, he combined a portion of the scattered elements of the national force, and the result of a partial union of the natives was the signal defeat of the collected forces of the North, at Clontarf, in 1014. A curious illustration of the fusion which had taken place between the two races, is furnished by the fact of Brian's wife having been a Danish princess; his daughter was also married to a Scandinavian chief; and it appears that, on many occasions, he had employed the forces of the foreigners in subjecting his native rivals. The victory of Clontarf was peculiarly glorious to the men of Erin, as, on that occasion, they alone overthrew the entire force brought against them by the northern nations, at a time when the Anglo-Saxons were groaning under the fearful tyranny of the Danes, a small body of whom had wrested one of the fairest provinces of France from the descendant of Charlemagne. The terror of their name had even reached Constanti-

* He acquired this appellation from having exacted the *Boroinne* or cattle tribute, mentioned at page 599, and which was remitted in the seventh century, at the intercession of St. Moling of Ferns, contrary to the desire of St. Adamnan, the celebrated abbot of Iona, who wished that his own clan should perpetually enjoy the tax anciently imposed on Leinster. An original and very ancient Irish history of the wars which were caused by the exaction of the *Boroinnean* tribute, has been prepared for the press by Mr. Curry, and the extracts given from it, in the work before us, show that the publication of this important document would afford a vast amount of minute and interesting information on early Irish history.

nople, where a regular corps of Northern troops was maintained under the name of Væringers, as the body-guard of the Greek Emperor. The ferocity and contempt of life which characterized the Scandinavians, was engendered and promoted by their religious belief, which taught them that none but those who fell bravely on the field of battle would be allowed to participate of the joys of Odin's halls; one of the chief delights of which was believed to be that of daily hewing each other to pieces with sharp swords. Yet, in the history of those fierce Pagans, before whom all Europe trembled, the *Ira far*, or bravery of the men of Erin, and the defeat at Clontarf, form their most terrible recollections.

Signal as was the defeat at Clontarf, its results appear to have been but temporary. The "sons of Lochlin" still continued their predatory excursions, frequently in alliance with native tribes, and the Annals record many sanguinary engagements, fought by them, with alternate success, both on land and sea, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; while several descents were made from the north of Europe, at the same period, on the coasts of Ireland. The Scandinavians continued, with occasional interruptions, to reign paramount in their various settlements on the sea coast, until they were subdued by the Irish and their Anglo-Norman allies, in the latter part of the twelfth century. Much, however, as a portion of Ireland must have been convulsed by the Danish* wars, she still maintained her character for learning; and although, according to a late learned writer, "history would be a mere chaos, were it to comprehend all the acts of violence, treachery, and outrage which disgraced the European nations at this period," the Irish schools, from the eighth to the eleventh century, sent forth many of the most eminent scholars of those ages.

Amongst these learned men stands pre-eminent Joannes Erigena, surnamed "doctor subtilis," the favorite of King Charles the Bald,

* The history of the wars of the Irish with the Danes, noticed in No. III. of the *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, page 467, and announced for publication by our Archæological Society, under the editorship of Dr. Todd, will throw much light on our comparatively meagre knowledge of the social relations of the Irish with the Scandinavians. It was from this work that the "Four Masters" principally derived the account of the Danish affairs which they have embodied in their Annals.

and the founder of mystic theology; to him is also unquestionably due the credit of having originated the science of phrenology. Among the many distinguished Irishmen of these ages we find Dungal, one of the astronomers consulted by Charlemagne,* and by whom learning was revived in Italy. Dichuill, author of the celebrated treatise, "De mensurâ orbis Terræ;" Donogh, or Donatus, who presided as bishop over Dante's "ingrato popolo maligno," of Fiesole; and Marianus Scotus, compiler of the "Chronicon Universale." Of the various monastic institutions of the Irish on the Continent, that of Metz deserves notice, as it was specially bound by Otho III., to maintain a succession of ecclesiastics from Ireland. While such was the literary eminence in foreign countries of the inhabitants of the "Island of Saints," many distinguished men were to be found at home who cultivated the literature of their father-land, and whose writings have come down to us. In the ninth century, flourished *Cormac Mac Cullenan*, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who has left us an invaluable glossary, in which the ancient language of Ireland is collated with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Northern tongues. Among the other native authors of this time, were *Oengus*,† the hagiographer, *Cuan O'Lochain*; *Mac Liag*; *Cinaeth O'Hartigan*; *Eochaidh O'Flionn*; *Urard Mac Coisi*; *Flann Mainstreach*; *Gilla Caemain*; *Gilla Moduda*, or *Dall Clairineach*; and *Tighernach*, the annalist, to whom we are so much indebted. Of the state of the arts in Ireland, in the period preceding the Anglo-

* "There seems little doubt of Charlemagne's having encouraged the visits of distinguished foreigners, and made use of their services. Learned men from Ireland, where it would appear that most of the western erudition was then concentrated, were invited to aid in the improvement of France; and at the beginning of his reign, and when letters had little or no reputation there, two Benedictines, *Clement* and *Albinus*, arrived from the former country, both deeply versed in sacred and profane literature. These monks traversed all France, calling on the people to listen to the words of wisdom; Charlemagne summoned both to his presence, and being convinced of their talents and sincerity, engaged *Clement* to open a school for people of every rank who should be desirous of literary acquirements: a third, named *Dungal*, followed, who, after the year 774, is said to have visited Italy, and in a monastery of Augustine Friars at Pavia, under the auspices of this philosopher, learning was also revived in that country, and soon spread to the neighbouring states of Vicenza, Verona, Ivrea, Turin, and Fermo."—*Florentine History*, by *H. E. Napiar*, *R.N.*, *F.R.S.*

† For an account of *Oengus*, surnamed *Cele De*, and his works, see *Irish Quarterly Review*, No. III., page 432.

Norman descent, we have abundant and satisfactory testimony in the magnificent ruins at Cashel, and in the specimens of brooches, croziers,* and various elaborate ornaments preserved in our national Museum. These unquestionable evidences, when coupled with the

* The state of the art manufactures in Ireland, in the twelfth century, may be learned from an inspection of the magnificent "Cross of Cong," in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, manufactured by a native artist in 1123; and from the following description by Dr. Petrie, of the only portion now remaining of the celebrated "Cashel crozier," assigned to the same period:

"The head is formed of copper, and measures twelve inches in length, and five in the diameter of the crook, or circular head. The crook, or upper portion of the crozier, represents a serpent, terminated by a double-faced head. Its surface is covered with a sunk lozenge carving, filled with a vitreous enamel of a blue color, and the intervening elevations of which are gilt,—a design obviously intended to represent the scales of the reptile. Within the curve is a human figure, standing, with one leg placed on the neck of the serpent, and the other on the back of a double-faced wingless dragon, which he has pierced in the back with a spear, which the dragon bites. This human figure is dressed in a simple tunic, tied round the waist; and the feet are covered with buskins, which extend above the ankles. This figure had wings fastened to the shoulders and to a central bar, which connects the figure with the circle; but these wings have been detached and lost. Both the figures were gilt, and their eyes, as well as those of the serpent, are formed of small gems; and the sides of the dragon are ornamented with a line of turquoises, placed at equal intervals from each other. The bowl, or middle portion, which is hollow, is encircled by a central belt, ornamented with nine turquoises and nine sapphires, placed alternately and at equal distances from each other, the intervening spaces being filled with sculptured beads. Above and below this belt there are figures of four dragons, gilt, and with eyes formed of gems. The tail of each of these animals is brought round the head of the other, so as to form a very symmetrical ornament; and the surrounding ground is filled with a blue enamel. Immediately above the bowl, and encircling the upper portion of the staff, is an ornament resembling the Irish crown, consisting of eight radii, ornamented above the fillet with the same number of gems. The lower portion of the head, or cylindrical socket, is ornamented with a very graceful pattern, composed of leaves, or flowers, in three vertical ranges. The ground in these ornaments is also of blue enamel, but the stems are gilt, and the flowers are filled with an enamel of white and red, now a good deal decayed. These ranges are separated from each other by three figures of a fish, the well-known mystical symbol of the early Christians; and these figures are each ornamented with a range of seven gems,—turquoises and sapphires alternately,—placed at equal distances along the back. Independently of any other consideration, this crozier is of the highest interest as a specimen of the jewellery art in Ireland before the arrival of the English; and, like the cotemporaneous archiepiscopal crozier of Tuam, it may, perhaps, as a work of art, challenge a comparison with any Christian monument of the same class and age now remaining in Europe."

To this, we are induced to subjoin the same learned author's description of the exquisite Celtic brooch, recently discovered in Ireland:

"Of its peculiarities, perhaps, the first that should be noticed is that of the metal of which the brooch is chiefly composed. This metal is apparently, and was for some time supposed to be, silver; but this supposition

exquisite specimens of caligraphy in the contemporary Celtic manuscripts, and with the enthusiastic encomiums of the Welsh writer on the Irish music, enable us to form an estimate of the social condition of at least a section of the people of this island, at a time when they have been generally represented as in a state of barbarism.

Irish history has hitherto, unfortunately, been treated of by writers of narrow views, unacquainted, in general, with the contemporary

has been found to be erroneous, and that it is in reality that harder metal formed by a combination of copper and tin, and usually known by the appellation of white bronze. Another peculiarity of this brooch, not hitherto found in any other specimen of the kind, is the attached chain, unfortunately broken, which was intended to keep the pin tight, and in its proper position. This chain, which is of silver, is of that peculiar construction usually known as the Trichinopoly work; but it is not the only example of the manufacture of such chains in Ireland which has fallen under my notice, and which I believe to be examples of art of a very considerable antiquity. It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the beautiful taste in design exhibited in the various ornamental patterns with which the work is overlaid, and which are not, as usual, confined to the front or exposed side, but almost equally enrich its reverse; nor is it necessary to call attention to the beauty of workmanship exhibited in the execution of these ornaments; but to appreciate fully the perfection of this beauty, the ornament must be studied through a lens of no moderate power. Of the designs or patterns, it has been found that there are no less than seventy-six varieties, all of which exhibit an admirable sense of ornamental beauty, and a happy fitness for their relative situations; and it should be observed, that in all the ornaments the only fastening used to keep them in their places is a delicate bur, not perceptible to the naked eye. In other places, however, and particularly in the circular insertions of amber, the gold rosettes placed upon them are fastened by pins, which pass through the brooch, and are rivetted also on the opposite side. It should be observed, that the insertions of amber and variegated glass are not of unusual occurrence in the remains preserved to us of the jewellery art in Ireland; nor is the example of Niello, upon the reverse of this brooch, a solitary instance, though we have seen none before of such delicate beauty; but of the carving or casting of glass into the forms of human faces, as seen in this brooch, no other example is, I believe, to be found. And further, should it be an object of inquiry what the probable rank of the owner of such a costly ornament had been, I would with as little hesitation express my opinion that the rank must have been a princely one; as we have the authority of a tract of our most ancient *Brehon* laws that the size and value of the *Aiclé argoit*, or silver brooch, should be in proportion to the rank of the wearer."

It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers of equally valuable Celtic remains which are known to have perished before the formation of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. We have learned with much gratification that our great national Institution is about to be removed by Government to a locality where it will be free from many of the dangers to which it is at present exposed. For this important change, and for their continuous and zealous efforts to promote the preservation of our historic remains, and the cultivation of our Celtic literature, the country is indebted to his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, and to the Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, D.D., the illustrious President of the Royal Irish Academy.

events in foreign countries. They have thus given an undue prominence to, and dwelt with the greatest emphasis on, the unsettled state of society in Ireland in remote ages; and, ignorant of what was passing, at the same period, in other parts of Europe, they have represented the vices and crimes, peculiar to those times, as existing alone in this island.* A glance at the blood-stained pages of early European history will fully dispel this illusion. In the twelfth century, the era of the first Anglo-Norman invasion, we find the entire Continent in a state of anarchy and intestine war. Italy, torn by the dissensions between Popes and Anti-popes, saw her fairest towns sacked, and salt strewn on their smouldering ruins by Frederic Barbarossa; while the Germanic States were themselves distracted by the wars of the Welf and the Waiblinger. The condition of France may be estimated by the fact of Louis "le jeune" having, in 1143, burned thirteen hundred persons in the church of Vitri, where they had sought sanctuary. The disunion of the Spanish Christians left Arragon and Navarre a prey to the Moors, and permitted Alfonso, King of Castille, to usurp the crown of Spain. Poland groaned under the dissensions of the sons of Ladislaus. The civil wars of the successors of Vladimir II. induced the Tartars to devastate Russia; while Denmark, until the time of Waldemar, in 1157, was tyrannised over by Sweyn II. The Normans of England were

* "When they speak of Erin," says old Keating—himself an Englishman, by descent—"they seem to imitate the beetle, which, when it raises its head in summer, flies about without stooping to the fragrant flowers of the field or the pleasant blossoms of the garden, even to the rose or lily, but bustles about until at length it rolls and buries itself in loathsome odure. So, with the abovementioned writers, they never think of the good and virtuous deeds of the old English or Irish nobility, or speak of their piety and of their valour; what monasteries they founded—what lands and endowments they have given to the church—what immunities they granted to the *ollavs* or learned doctors of Erin—their bounty to ecclesiastics—the relief they afforded to the orphans and the poor—their munificence to men of learning—and their hospitality to strangers, insomuch that it might with truth be said, that at no time were they surpassed in generosity and hospitality, in proportion to their abilities, by any nation in Europe. Witness the meetings of the learned which they convened, (a custom unknown to other nations of Europe;) so that such was the force of generosity and liberality in the old *Gaels* and English of Erin, that they not only relieved those who made application to them, but gave public invitations, in order to find opportunities of rewarding merit. And yet nothing of all this is noticed by the English writers of the time; but they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility, and everything relating to the old *Gaels* who were the inhabitants of this island before the coming of the English."

divided into two factions by the wars of Matilda and Stephen of Blois, the land was laid waste by their dissensions; and the tortures which they inflicted on the Anglo-Saxons were so insupportable, that these unfortunate men, in their agonies, exclaimed openly "the Christ and his saints slept!" "The system of rapacious extortion from their subjects prevailed to a degree which," says Hallam, "we should rather expect to find among eastern slaves, than that high-spirited race of Normandy, whose renown then filled Europe and Asia." It was not, indeed, till after the Crusades that the burgher slaves of Europe were able, by their gold, to wrest even a semblance of liberty from the necessitous nobles.

It is unnecessary for us to enter here on an investigation of the causes which led to the first descent of the Anglo-Normans on Ireland. In 1155, the English Pope, Adrian II., who had received his education from an Irish monk, at Ratisbon, granted a Bull to Henry II. of England, authorising him to enter Ireland in a hostile manner; to subject the people there to the yoke of the English laws; to extirpate the seeds of vice; and also to enforce the payment to the blessed apostle, Peter, of the annual pension of one penny* for every house. This document was accompanied with an emerald ring, with which the Pope, in token of feudal supremacy, invested his vassal Henry with the Kingdom of Ireland. In the same year, a council was held in England to deliberate on the proposed invasion. The affairs of Anjou, Brittany, and Poitou demanding, however, the King's attention, the Bull and the "emerald gem" were deposited in the royal treasure chest. Eleven years after the Papal donation, Dermot Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, having been expelled from Ireland for his crimes,† repaired

* The penny, or *denarius*—the consideration to be paid to the Pope—was equivalent to about five shillings of our present money. This revenue, if regularly remitted, would have been of the greatest service to the Court of Rome, in suppressing the factious Italians, who, in the twelfth century, did not scruple to treat their Popes and clergy with the greatest indignities, and even to murder them while performing their most sacred functions.

† Dermot, styled "le riche reis" by the Norman writer, was in his sixty-second year when he took the wife of O'Ruarc under his protection, in 1152. *Dearbhforgaill*, or *Dervorgilla*, herself, whom Moore poetically styled "the young false one," was in her forty-fourth year at the time; and documents exist to prove that she was by no means so guilty as has been represented. It has hitherto been usual with our "historians" to represent the expulsion of Mac Murrough from Ireland, as caused by this affair, which took place fourteen years before he was driven out.

The disunion among the native princes of Ireland at this era, does not ap-

to Wales, and engaged the services of certain Norman and Flemish adventurers, who, although conquerors of that country, and in the possession of high titles, had, by their extravagance, become reduced to necessitous circumstances. Encouraged by promises of considerable rewards, they drew together a number of knights, esquires, and soldiers; and, having sailed for Ireland, cast anchor, after a short voyage, in the bay of Bannow. On their landing, they were received by Mac Murrough and the men of Leinster; the latter considering themselves as acting under the command of their lawful Prince, regarded the foreigners merely as mercenaries in his pay. Having achieved some successes, they were joined by a reinforcement under Richard Fitz Gislebert, surnamed "Strongbow," son of the Earl of Pembroke; and the Danish towns of Wexford, Waterford, and Dublin, soon fell into their hands. "Dermod Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, by whom," say the annalists, "a trembling sod was made of all Erin—after having brought over the Saxons—after having done considerable injuries to the *Gaels*—after plundering and burning many churches, as Kells, Clonard, &c., died before the end of a year after this plundering, of an insufferable and unknown disease; for he became putrid while living, through the miracle of God, *Colum-Cille*, and *Finnen*, and the other saints of Erin, whose churches he had profaned and burned some time before; and he died at Ferns, without making a will, without penance, without the body of Christ, without unction, as his evil deeds deserved." After Dermod's death, in 1171, Richard Fitz Gislebert claimed the Kingdom of Leinster, in virtue of his marriage with Eva, the late King's daughter. Exaggerated accounts of these events reached England,

pear to have been more wide-spread than among other European nations. Thus, Sismondi tells us, that, about the same period, France was divided among three foreign dominations. There was on the west, an English France; on the east, a German France; and on the south, a Spanish France. For instances of domestic dissensions we have to travel no further than the family of the Plantagenets, whose son Geoffroy, Count of Brittany, when supplicated, by the most sacred things, to spare the effusion of blood, and to relinquish the crime of Absalom, replied—"Il est dans la destinée de notre famille que nous ne nous aimions pas l'un l'autre. C'est là notre héritage, et aucun de nous n'y renoncera jamais." King Henry II. died cursing himself and his rebellious children. All the entreaties of the bishops and ecclesiastics, by whom he was surrounded on his death-bed, could not induce him to revoke his fearful maledictions. "Honte," s'écriait-il, "honte à un roy vaincu ! Maudit soit le jour où je suis né, et maudits de Dieu soient les fils que je laisse !"

and alarmed Henry Fitz-Empress. He recollected that Rolf "Gangr" had fortified himself in Normandy, by marriage with Giala, daughter of King Carl; that the grandson of a tanner of Falaise had, with an army of needy adventurers, wrested the kingdom of England from the sensual Anglo-Saxons; and he feared that the allies of Richard Fitz Gislebert might become as powerful as the family of the poor gentleman of Cotentin, by whom the conquest of Southern Italy had been effected. He therefore determined to visit Ireland in person, and to oblige his subjects to swear fealty to him, before they had become strong enough, by alliance with the natives, to condemn his authority.

Proclamation was accordingly made through the realm of England, whereby every man, holding under the crown, was obliged to join in the expedition, or furnish an equivalent in money; and King Henry sailed for Ireland, in the year 1172, with a fleet of four hundred large ships, laden with men-at-arms, horses, and provisions. On his arrival, some of the minor toparchs, anxious to obtain the aid of a new power, in their contests with hostile tribes, entered into terms with him; and the Irish hierarchy, in their Synod at Cashel, formally ratified the Pope's grant, which excommunicated all the natives who attempted to defend their own lands and possessions against the strangers. King Henry then divided the entire island among ten of the principal Anglo-Norman adventurers;* "and though," says the old writer, "they had not gained possession of one-third part of the whole kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives."

* "First," says an old English author, "the Earl Strongbow was entitled to the whole kingdom of Leinster; partly by invasion, and partly by marriage; albeit, hee surrendered the same entirely to King Henrie the Second his Sovereigne; for that with his licence hee came over; and with the ayde of his subjects, hee had gayned that great inheritance; yet did the King re-grant backe againe to him and his heyres all that Province, reserving onely the City of Dublin, and the Cantreds next adioyning, with the Maritime Townes and principal Forts and Castles. Next, the same King granted to Robert Fitz-Stephen, and Miles Cogan, the whole Kingdome of Corke, from Lismore to the Sea. To Phillip le Bruce, hee gave the whole Kingdome of Limericke, with the Donation, and Byshopprickes, and Abbeys (except the Citie and one Cantred of Land adioyning). To Sir Hugh de Lacy, all Meth. To Sir John de Courcy, all Ulster. To William Burke Fitz-Adelm, the greatest part of Conaght. In like manner, Sir Thomas de Clare obtained a graunt of all Thomond; and Otho de Grandison of all Tipperary; and Robert le Poer, of the territory of Waterford, the Citie itselfe, and the Cantred of the Ost-men only excepted."

Vigorous efforts were now made by the foreigners to obtain possession of the lands allotted to them. Engaging large numbers of natives in their service, they sallied from the towns which they had wrested from the Danish settlers; and, having driven some of the tribes from the plains, they tore down the Irish monasteries, and erected castles with the materials thus obtained. Strong garrisons were then placed in these edifices, whence they issued, under the command of their Constables, and ravaged the surrounding country. Mounted on barbed war-horses, and clad cap-a-piè in suits of masclod or tegulated armour, the only aperture in which was that which admitted light through the "avantaille," the Anglo-Normans at first considered themselves invincible. The deadly shafts of their cross-bow-men soon thinned the troops of the impetuous natives, who regarded defensive armour in the light of an incumbrance. This advantage was but temporary: orders were given by the Chiefs to their men to close at once with the strangers. Instead of casting spears, the natives, wrapping their mantles round the left arm, and wielding their sharp, white-handled axes, swept down upon the mailed Anglo-Normans, and, uttering the usual war-shout of *fairé! fairé!** they clove through the foreign shields, hauberks, gambesons, and plastrons. An eye witness tells us that "they make use of but one hand to the axe when they strike, and extend their thumb along the handle to guide the blow, from which neither the crested helmet can defend the head, nor the iron folds of the armour, the body; whence it has happened, in our time, that the whole thigh of a man-at-arms, though cased in well-tempered armour, hath been lopped off by a single blow of the axe, the whole limb falling on one side of the horse, and the expiring body on the other."

In 1174, the Earl Strongbow, according to the Annals, "led an army to plunder Munster; Roderic O'Connor marched with another army to defend it against them. When the strangers had heard of Roderic's arrival in Munster, for the purpose of giving them battle, they solicited to their assistance the Ost-men of Dublin; and these made no delay till they came to *Durlas* (Thurles). Thither came Donall O'Brien and the Dalcassians, the great battalion of West Con-

* Nearly equivalent to the French interjection, *gars!*

nacht, the great battalion of the race of Murray, besides numerous other good troops, left there by the King Roderic. A brave battle was fought between the strangers and the *Gaels*, at this place, in which the strangers were finally defeated by dint of fighting. Seventeen hundred of the strangers were slain in this battle, and only a few of them survived, with the Earl, who proceeded in sorrow to his house at *Port-Lairge* (Waterford). O'Brien returned home in triumph." The principal strength of the strangers lay, however, in the dissensions of the native Princes, whom on many occasions they served as mercenaries. Thus, in 1185, we find a Chief of the O'Conors paying the Anglo-Normans three thousand cows, for having aided him in an expedition against Thomond; and the De Burghs were engaged in similar services by the men of Connacht. On their predatory excursions, the foreigners were frequently encountered by the natives, and many of their bravest leaders slain. Nor were their fortified strongholds free from these incursions; numbers of them were razed, and their armed tenants expelled by the Irishry, who "carried away their accoutrements, arms, shields, coats of mail, and horses, and slew their knights."

In 1176, Richard de Fleming's castle at Slane was sacked, and the Anglo-Norman Chevalier, with five hundred of his retainers, killed by the chieftain whose lands he had ravaged. So great was the terror inspired by this daring act, that three castles in Meath were deserted on the following day. The native bards, at this period, delighted to characterise their Chieftains as the "destroyers of the castles of the strangers, and the founders of churches and fair sanctuaries."

We here see two races placed on the Irish soil, and, for the proper comprehension of our subject, it is necessary that we should take a view of their distinct peculiarities. Each native clan* was

* Un autre système de famille se présente, le *clan*, petite société dont il faut chercher le type en Ecosse, en Irlande, et par laquelle probablement un grande portion du monde Européen a passé. Ceci n'est plus la famille patriarcale. Il y a une grande diversité de situation entre le chef et le reste de la population; il ne mène point la même vie: la plupart cultivent et servent: lui, il est oisif et guerrier. Mais leur origine est commune; ils portent tous le même nom; des rapports de parenté, d'anciennes traditions, les mêmes souvenirs, des affections pareilles établissent entre tous les membres du clan un lien moral, une sorte d'égalité."—*Guizot*.

The *Brehon* Laws, now about to be published, are the only documents in existence whence a correct and just idea of the social regulations and inter-

governed by its own Chief, selected from the family of the original possessor or conqueror of the district, and whose eligibility depended on his prowess, skill in warfare, and perfect freedom from all personal defects. The election was held in the open air, at a place appointed of old for the purpose. Standing erect and unarmed on the ancient inauguration stone, the Chief, in the presence of the clansmen, took a solemn oath to preserve inviolate the laws, privileges, and possessions of the tribe. As a counterbalance to the powers of the Chief, a *Tanaisté*, or successor, was elected at the same period; and, in case of maladministration, the clan possessed the power of deposing the Chief, and substituting the *Tanaisté*. This total disregard of the law of primogeniture, confining, however, the

nal institutions of the old clans of Ireland can be obtained. One of the many extraordinary features of these laws is, the minute and precise manner in which they provide for even the most remote contingencies.

We obtain a glimpse of the manners of the northern clans in the following narrative, given by the Annalists. Godfrey O'Donnell, Prince of Tir Connell, had signally defeated the Anglo-Normans, in 1257, at Creadran, near Sligo, and slain their gallant leader, Maurice Fitz Gerald, in single combat, not, however, without being himself mortally wounded:—

“Godfrey O'Donnell had now (1258) for the space of a year, after having fought the battle of Creadran, been lying on his death-bed in an island in the Birch Lake. When Brian O'Neill obtained intelligence of this, he collected his forces together for the purpose of marching into Tir Connell, and sent messengers to O'Donnell, to demand hostages, pledges, and submission from the tribe of Conall, as they had no capable chieftain since the disabling of Godfrey. When the messengers delivered their message to O'Donnell, they returned back with all the speed they could exert. O'Donnell ordered the tribe of Conall to assemble from all quarters, and come to him; and after they had assembled at the summons of their lord, he ordered them, as he was not able to march with them, to make for him the bier wherein his body would finally be borne, and to place him in it, and carry him in the midst of his people. He told them to exert their bravery, as he himself was among them, and not to suffer the might of their enemies to prevail over them. They then, by order of their lord, proceeded on their march against O'Neill's army; and the two armies met, face to face, at the river called *Suileach* (Swilly). They attacked each other without regard, or friendship, or kindred, until the army of Tir Owen was discomfited and driven back, leaving behind them many men, horses, and a great quantity of valuable property. On the return of the army of Tir Connell from this victory, the bier on which O'Donnell was carried was laid down in the street of Conwal, and here his soul departed, from the venom of the scars and wounds which he had received in the battle of Creadran. This was not death in cowardice, but the death of a hero, who had at all times triumphed over his enemies. When O'Neill heard of the death of O'Donnell, he again sent messengers to the tribe of Conall, to demand hostages and submission from them. Hereupon the tribe of Conall held a council, to deliberate on what they should do, and as to which of their own petty chiefs they would

Chieftry to one ruling family, was rendered imperative under the clan government, as it was necessary that the sept should be always ruled by a Chieftain ready to vindicate its rights, and able to preserve its territory from the incursions of surrounding tribes. The same solemn engagement, given by the Chief to his own tribe, was also exacted by the various toparchs from the Prince whom they selected to rule the whole country as *Ard Righ*, or Chief King. Under the *Flaith*, or Chief, the potent families of his territory held certain hereditary appointments, and the exact nature and duties of the office of each were carefully defined. The principal of these functionaries were the *Brethna*, or Judges; the *Ollavs*, or Poet Historians, the *Filigh*, or Bards,* the

yield submission and obedience, as they had no certain lord since Godfrey died. Whilst they were engaged in such speeches, they saw approaching Donall *6g*, the son of Donall O'Donnell the Great, a valiant youth, then eighteen years of age, who had arrived from Alba; and the tribe of Connall immediately conferred the chieftainship upon him. This they lawfully did, as he was their own legitimate and worthy lord. When the tribe of Connall told him of the message which the emissaries of O'Neill had brought them, he deemed it extravagant and exorbitant. It was on this occasion he repeated the celebrated proverb, in the Albanian Gaelic, in which he conferred with the emissaries, namely, 'That every man should have his own world.' Similar to the coming of Tuathal, the acceptable, over the sea from Alba, after the extirpation of the royal race of Erin by the Attacots, was this coming of Donall, the Young, to consolidate the monarchy, to cement territories, and to defend his own country against foreigners, from the day on which he was installed in the lordship to the day of his death."

* The bards were most important personages, as appears from the following extract from the "Four Masters," in 1213:—

"Finn O'Brollaghan, steward of O'Donnell, went to Connacht to collect O'Donnell's tribute. He first went to Carbury of Drumcliff, where, with his attendants, he visited the house of the poet Murray O'Daly, of Lissadill; and, being a plebeian representative of a hero, he began to wrangle with the poet very much (although his lord had given him no instructions to do so). The poet, being enraged at his conduct, seized a very sharp axe, and dealt him a blow which killed him on the spot; and then, to avoid O'Donnell, he fled into Clan Rickard. When O'Donnell received intelligence of this, he collected a large body of his forces, and pursued him to the oak wood of O'Donnell in Clan Rickard, a place which was named from him, because he encamped there for a night; and he proceeded to plunder and burn the country, until at last Mac William submitted to him, having previously sent Murray to seek for refuge in Thomond. O'Donnell pursued him, and proceeded to plunder and ravage that country also, until Donogh Cairbré O'Brien sent Murray away to the people of Limerick. O'Donnell followed him to the gate of Limerick, and, pitching his tent at the morass of O'Donnell (which is named from him), laid siege to that town; upon which the people of Limerick, at O'Donnell's command, expelled Murray, who found no asylum anywhere, but was sent from hand to hand, until he arrived in Dublin. O'Donnell returned home on this occasion, having first traversed and completed the visitation of all Connacht. He mustered another army, without much de-

Standard Bearer, or Marshal, the keepers of arms and dresses, the champions, heralds, or "proclaimers of battles," the guardians of hostages and treasures, the master of the banquets, physicians, romancers, keepers of the chess-tables, cups, rings, gold, and silver; masters of the hounds; supervisors of the rivers and of the flocks; keepers of the steeds, and many other employments of a subordinate nature. The Chief also maintained musicians, who were held in the highest estimation. In an Irish historic tale of the seventh century, we read of the Prince of Ulster "being lulled to rest by the soft sounds of the musical pipes, and by the warbling vibrations and melancholy notes of the stringed instruments struck by the tops, sides, and nails

lay, in the same year, and, marching to Dublin, compelled the people of Dublin to banish Murray into Scotland; and here he remained until he composed three poems in praise of O'Donnell, imploring peace and forgiveness from him. The third of these poems is the one beginning, 'Oh! Donnell, kind hand for granting peace,' &c. He obtained peace for his panegyrics, and O'Donnell afterwards received him into his friendship, and gave him lands and possessions, as was pleasing to him."

Mr. Curry, in his recent visit to the Bodleian Library, discovered one of the poems here referred to. Its first line signifies in English, "Deep is the draught I have drunk of forgetfulness." The poet states, that, during his exile, which lasted for fifteen years, he had travelled to the Holy Land, and many distant countries.

From the most remote times the bards were believed by the Irish to possess miraculous powers. We read of a poet, who, before the introduction of Christianity, to revenge the death of his only son, continued, for a full year after, to satirize the men of Leinster, and bring fatalities on them; so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage grew for them that year. The Annals tell us, that in 1414, "John Stanley, the Deputy of the King of the Saxons, arrived in Erin, a man who gave neither mercy nor protection to clergy, laity, or men of science, but subjected as many of them as he came upon to cold, hardship, and famine. It was he who plundered *Niall*, the son of Hugh O'Higgin, at Unagh, in Meath. Henry D'Alton, however, plundered James Tuite and the King's people, and gave the O'Higgins out of the preys then acquired a cow for each and every cow taken from them, and afterwards escorted them to Connacht. The O'Higgins, with *Niall*, then satirized John Stanley, who lived after this satire but five weeks, for he died of the virulence of the lampoons. This was the second poetical miracle performed by this *Niall* O'Higgin, the first being the discomfiture of the Clann-Conway, the night they plundered *Niall* at Cladann; and the second the death of John Stanley." In the address of the bard, *Teige Mac Daire*, to his Princes, the O'Briens of Thomond, in the sixteenth century, he states that he has "a deadly weapon, a poisonous satire, to cast, which would cause shortness of life, and against which neither the solitudes of valleys, the density of woods, nor the strength of castles, would protect his enemies." He adduces examples from Irish history of the destruction caused by the satires of ancient bards, among which he enumerates the satire composed by *Crihbheal*, the satirist, for *Breas Mac Ealathan*; the one composed by *Nedhe* for *Caicher*, king of Connacht, which at first, by supernatural

of the fingers of the minstrels, who so exquisitely performed on them." The Chief was only governor for life, and no act of his, without the general consent, could in any degree prejudice the property or rights of the clan. When cases of litigation arose, the parties assembled on a hill in their own territory; the evidence on both sides was minutely investigated by the *Brehons*, who delivered judgment according to their ideas of justice, as regulated by the ancient law books. Offenders were punished by the infliction of a fine deemed commensurate with the amount of damage sustained by the injured party. Of this mulct, styled a *Cáin*, or, in case of homicide, an *Eiric*, a certain proportion was allocated to the *Brehon*, while the remainder became the property of the complainant or his relatives. The

means, disfigured his face, and finally caused his death; and the one composed by *Dallan Forguill*, which wounded and withered King *Aodh*, the son of *Ainmiré*. The bard then warns O'Brien not to force him to fling this ominous weapon at him—a weapon which, from its miraculous nature, would extinguish all his good deeds, raise a disgraceful blush in his cheek, check his prosperity, and shorten his life."

The "Statute of Kilkenny," in 1367, forbade "any Irish agents, that is to say, pipers, story-tellers, babblers, rhymers, mowers, nor any other Irish agent, to come amongst the English; and that no English shall receive or make gift to such; and he that shall do so, and be attainted, shall be taken and imprisoned, as well the Irish agents, as the English who receive or give them anything; and after that they shall make a fine at the king's will; and the instruments of their agency shall forfeit to our lord the king."

"Greddie of praise they be," says an old English writer, "and fearefull of dishonor, and to this end they esteeme their poets, who write Irish learnedlie, and pen their sonets heroically, for the which they are bountifullie rewarded; if not, they send out libels in dispraise, whereof the lords and gentlemen stand in great awe."

The rewards given to the bards were considerable. In the sixteenth century, Teige O'Coffey, superintendent of the schools of Alba and Erin, received from the O'Donnell a gift of a fleet mare for each stanza of a poem of twenty quatrains, which he composed for him; and, in addition to these, he was presented with a gallon of silver on the same occasion. The "Book of Ballymote," now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, was purchased, in 1522, from the Mac Donoghs of Ballymote, by Hugh O'Donnell *dubh*, or the black-haired, for one hundred and forty milch cows. The founder of the family of Fox, or *Sionagh*, was believed to have acquired that sou-briquet from the evil odour with which he was miraculously affected, for having slain the learned bard, *Cuan O'Lochain*, in the eleventh century. Reginald Scot, in his work on witchcraft, and Sir Philip Sydney, in the "Defence of Poesy," allude to the powers ascribed to the Irish rhymers. An Act of Parliament, passed at Dublin, in the tenth year of Charles I., denounces penalties against "those who shall exact meat, or drink, or money from the inhabitants of the country, or shall crave any helps in such sort, as the poor people dare not deny the same for fear of some scandalous rhyme or song, or some worse inconvenience."

Chief of the tribe lived on terms of intimacy and friendship with his *Urrigh*, or sub-chiefs, and was, with his train, entertained by them with profuse hospitality, in his periodical visitations to their dwellings. The troops of the natives were divided into two classes—the *Kern*, or light infantry, and the *Gall-oglach*, or heavy-armed soldiers. The command of the various battalions was hereditary in certain families. Each clan had its own war-cry, and marched to the battle-field under the standard of its Chieftain.

“The Anglo-Normans,” according to their own chronicler, “were verie fine in their apparell, and delicate in their diets. They could not feed but upon deinties, neither could their meat digest without wine at each meale; yet would they not serve in the marches, or anie remote place against the enimie, neither would they lie in garrison to keep anie remote castell or fort, but would be still about their lord’s side, to serve and gard his person; they would be where they might be full and have plentie. They could talke and brag, sweare and stare; and standing in their own reputation, disdain alle others.” These Anglo-Norman lords dwelt in the townes, or on the plains, in strong castles, surrounded by triple walls, and ruling those in their power according to the feudal institutions of their nation. They “made barons and knights, did exercise high justice in all points within their territories, erected courts for criminal and civil causes, and for their own revenues, in the same form as the King’s courts were established at Dublin; made their own Judges, Seneschals, Sheriffs, Coroners, and Escheators; so as the King’s writ did not run in those counties (which took up more than two parts of the English colonies), but only in the church lands lying within the same, which were called the *Crosse*, wherein the King made a Sheriff.” They claimed the privilege of making peace or war whenever they desired, and usurped a kingly authority over all subject to them. “Feudal despotism,” observes Guizot, “has always been repulsive and odious. It has oppressed the destinies, but never reigned over the souls of men. If we consult history upon the social influence of feudalism, it will reply, that the feudal system has been as much opposed to the establishment of general order as to the extension of general liberty. Under whatever point of view you consider the progress of society, you find the feudal system acting as an obstacle.”

The Anglo Norman serfdom* and vassalage were diametrically opposed to the love of freedom implanted in the breasts of the men of Erin. The dreadful cruelties perpetrated in the castles of the foreigners, and their shameless breaches of the most solemn engagements, totally estranged the natives from them. "For," say the Irish Princes, in their celebrated manifesto, "the English who inhabit our country, who style themselves of the middle nation, are so widely different in their principles of morality from the English of England, and from all other nations, that they may with the utmost propriety be denominated a nation, not of any middling, but of the most extreme degree of perfidiousness." The great strength of their armies consisted in the number of natives whom they induced, for pay or personal motives, to join in their excursions. These expeditions were seldom attended with success. In 1253, "a great hosting," say the Annals, "was made by the English of Erin, under the command of Mac Maurice Fitz Gerald, and they marched into the land of Owen (Tir Owen) against O'Neill; but far from obtaining either hostages or pledges from him, they were cut off with great slaughter on that occasion." In 1262, we find the Lord Justice, Sir Richard de Capella, Sir John de Verdun, and the De Burghs, leading a large army into Connacht, where, instead of carrying out their designs of plundering the country, they were fain to enter into a treaty with Hugh O'Connor, "and Hugh came to a conference with them at the ford of Derry Cuirc, where they made peace with each other, without giving hostages or pledges on either side. After they had concluded this peace, Hugh O'Connor, and the son of William De Burgh slept together in one bed cheerfully and happily; and the English left the country the next day, after bidding farewell to

* "From the time of Henry II, as we learn from Glanvil, the villen so called was absolutely dependent upon his lord's will, compelled to unlimited services, and destitute of property, not only in the land he held for his maintenance, but in his own acquisitions. If a villen purchased or inherited land, the lord might seize it; if he accumulated stock, its possession was equally precarious. Against his lord he had no right of action; because his indemnity in damages, if he could have recovered any, might have been immediately taken away. If he fled from his lord's service, or from the land which he held, a writ issued *de nativitate probanda*, and the master recovered his fugitive by law. His children were born to the same state of servitude; and, contrary to the rule of the civil law, where one parent was free and the other in villenage, the offspring followed their father's condition."—*Hallam*.

O'Conor." This King, who died in 1274, is described as "a King who had desolated and devastated that part of Connacht possessed by his foreign or native enemies; a King who had given the strangers frequent overthrows, prostrated their manor houses and castles, and cut off their heroes and warriors." The Fitz Gerald's and their adherents suffered a signal defeat at Callan in 1261, where the tribe of Mac Carthy, says the English writer, "became so strong, and prevailed so mightily, that for the space of twelve years the Geraldines durst not put a plow in the ground in Desmond."

In 1275, we read of a victory gained over the Anglo-Normans in Ulster, where so many of their chief men were slain "that there were counted two hundred horses, and two hundred heads, besides all who fell of their plebeians." The incursions on the English territories were perpetually maintained with a most vigorous pertinacity. The "Marches" or borders were devastated and their inhabitants reduced to subjection by the natives, who swept away their cattle and goods. So dreadful had these depredations become, that every liege subject dwelling in the "Marches," and holding twenty plough-lands, was obliged, by law, to keep a horse standing caparisoned in his stable, day and night, ready to pursue the despoilers; the smaller landholders were likewise obliged, under heavy penalties, to have hobbies ever ready for the same purpose.

"The Irish also," says the statute of an Anglo-Norman parliament, "relying on the density of the woods, and the depth of the adjacent morasses, openly attack us even on the King's highway, chiefly in places so overgrown with wood,* so dense and impervious,

* It was to the wood of Clar that the youth retired, who had slain Sir Hugh de Lacy in the midst of his armed retainers. Henry Castyde assured Froissart that—"a man of armes beyng never so well horsed, and ron as fast as he can, the Irishe man wyll ryn a fote as faste as he, and overtake hym, yea, and leape up upon his horse behind him, and drawe hym from his horse, for they are stronge men in the armes, and have sharpe weapons with large blades with two edges, after the manner of darteheades, wherewith the will slee their enemy." The Annals contain the following curious entry, at the year 1249:—"Donogh O'Gilla Patrick, one of the men of Ossory, was killed by the strangers. This was a retaliation due to the strangers; for, up to that time, he had killed, burned, and destroyed many of them. This Donogh was, of the Gaels, the third greatest plunderer of the strangers: the three plunderers were Conor O'Melaghlin, Conor Mac Coghlan, surnamed of the Castles, and the son of *Anmchadh*, namely, this Donogh Fitz Patrick. He was in the habit of going about

that even a man on foot is scarce able to make his way through them; by which the Irish retreat into some morass or wood, which they can pass, although the men of our nation not being able to pursue them, they often escape unhurt; or, if they suffer themselves to be approached, are able to evade their pursuers."

Such was what the Anglo-Norman lawyers styled, by a legal fiction, "*la conquest de la terre d'Irland*." Fierce contests broke out among the Anglo-Normans themselves; they became divided into parties and waged bloody war against each other. "There reigned more dissensions, strife, warrs, and debates between the Englishmen themselves in the beginning of the conquest of this kingdom, than between the Irishmen, as by perusing the warrs between the Lacies of Meath, John Courcey, Earle of Ulster, William Marshall, and the English of Meath and Munster, Mac Gerald, the Burks, Butler, and Cogan, may appear." Early in the fourteenth century, a portion of the natives determined to make an effort to expel the foreigners, whom they charged with the blackest crimes, and, above all, with asserting, on the authority of the Pope's Bull, that the men of Erin had no right to their own country, and should

to reconnoitre their market towns, in the guise of a pauper, or a carpenter, or a turner, or poet, or of one carrying on the trade of a merchant, as was said in the following quatrain:—

"He is a carpenter, he is a turner,
My nuraling is a bookman,
He is selling wine and hides,
Where he sees a gathering."

There was a peculiar and distinct law called "*Marche lawe*" observed in the borders, which we are told "should not be styled law, but a *lewde custome*." So late as the seventeenth century, some Irish gentlemen, when dispossessed of their lands, retired with a number of friends to secret fastnesses, where they lived by levying contributions on the surrounding country. The system of guerilla warfare appears to have been brought to a degree of perfection by the Irish Rapparees, during the wars of the Revolution. The learned Dean of Clonmacnois has justly remarked that:—"The doings of the Scotch mossroopers and borderers have been made famous through the world, and genius has lavished upon them the riches of romance and poetry; but we have had no Walter Scott to foster a spirit of comprehensive patriotism, by making us proud of our country, by ennobling whatever was praiseworthy in the national character or history, and by shewing how much of the misconduct of all parties was the result of their unhappy circumstances, and how it was mixed with spontaneous and independent good, and often corrected by it." It may be added, that, so great was the renown of those Irish borderers, that "Little John" is said to have left "*Merrie Scherewode*" and repaired to Ireland, after the death of Robin Hood.

be exterminated. Many of the Anglo-Normans were, however, at this period united with the natives. In 1204, Sir John De Courcy had fled from the perfidy of his own countrymen, and sought protection from the O'Neills of Ulster, and now, the descendants of the De Lacies joined the natives in their attempt to destroy the power of the King of England in Ireland. To carry out this design, Edward Bruce was invited over to take the command, which he gladly accepted, not only from the ancient bond which united the men of Erin and *Alba*, but grateful for the assistance received from the *Gaels* who had flocked to King Robert, when he raised his standard in the isle of Rathlin, before commencing the campaign which has been rendered famous by the battle of Bannockburn. Besides, the English of Erin had inflicted many injuries on Scotland; for King Edward, surnamed "Longshanks," before marching against the craven John Baliol, whom he styled "le fol felon," summoned his liege subjects of Ireland to accompany him. "In 1296," say the Annals, "an army was led by the King of the Saxons into *Alba*, and he acquired great power in that country. The chiefs of the English of Erin—namely, Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, Gerald Fitz Gerald, and John Fitz Thomas—were on this expedition. They commenced ravaging *Alba*, both territories and churches. A monastery of friars in that country was plundered by them, and they prostrated it to the ground, so that they left not one stone of it above another on its site—and this after they had killed many of its ecclesiastics, besides women and persons not able to bear arms." The inhabitants of the conquered portion of Scotland, according to Thierry, suffered to the utmost extent the evils that follow upon a conquest: they had foreign governors, bailiffs, and sheriffs. "These English," says a contemporary Scotch poet, "were all avaricious and debauched, haughty and contemptuous. They insulted our wives and our daughters; good, worthy, and honored knights were put to death by the cord. Ah! freedom is a noble thing!" The success of the English in Scotland contrasts strangely with their condition in Ireland at the same period. The men of Erin, not content with harassing them at home, pursued them to Scotland, and contributed to the victory of King Robert at Bannockburn. Although the Bruces were eventually unsuccessful in Ireland, the natives still continued

their inroads on the territories of the foreigners, who, fearing their power, and attracted by their customs, began to form alliances with them. The great Anglo-Norman nobles assumed Irish names,* married Irish wives, wore the Irish costume, and governed themselves according to the *Brehon* law.

Having expelled their English tenants, they sent out their own children to be fostered among the mountaineers, by whom they were "perfected in each manly exercise," and taught to stem the foaming torrents—to cast the "yellow-knotted spear-shaft"—to wield the *tuagh-catha*, or battle-axe—to draw the tough yew bow—to play the *fithcheall*, or chess—to beard the wolf in his lair—to transfix the deer upon the hill—and to ride, in the Irish fashion, without saddle or stirrup.

"They love tenderlie their foster-children," says an English writer, "and bequeath to them a childe's portion, whereby they nourish sure friendship: so beneficiall everie waie, that commonlie five hundred cowes and better, are given in reward to win a noble

* "For, as they did not only forget the English language, and scorne the use thereof, but grew to be ashamed of their very English names, though they were noble and of great antiquity; and tooke Irish surnames and nicknames. Namely, the two most potent families of the Bourks in Conaght (after the house of the Red Earle failed in Heyres-Males) called their Chieftes, Mac William Eighter and Mac William Oughter. In the same province, Bretingham, Baron of Athenrie, called himself Mac Yorris. Dexcester, or Deexon, was called Mac Jordan. Nangle, or de Angulo, took the name of Mac Costelo. Of the inferior families of the Bourkes, one was called Mac Hubbard, another, Mac David. In Munster, of the great families of the Geraldines planted there, one was called Mac Morice, Chiefe of the house of Lixnaw; and another, Mac Gibbon, who was also called the White Knight. The Chiefe of the Baron of Dunboyne's house, who is a branch of the house of Ormond, took the surnames of Mac Pheris. Condon, of the Countie of Waterford, was called Mac Maioge: and the Arch-Deacon of the County of Kilkenny, Mac Odo. And this they did in contempt and hatred of the English name and nation; whereof these degenerate families became more mortal enemies than the mere Irish." Not only did the Anglo-Norman nobles assume Irish surnames, but they also desired to be known by the same characteristic epithets as those by which the natives distinguished their own Chieftes. Thus, Thomas Fits Gerald was named *n-apa*, because, in infancy, his life had been saved by a domesticated ape, whence the Kildare family is said to derive their crest. Another gallant member of the same house was, from the caparisons of his retainers, known as *Tomas an t-sioda*, or Thomas of the silk, while a third was called *Gearoid an dana*, or Gerald of the poems. The Earl of Ormond, in the reign of Elizabeth, was named by the Irish *Tomas dubh*, or black Thomas, and the great Duke of the same family was, from his complexion, styled *Stamus bán*, or fair James. Among the De Burghs were

man's child to foster; they love and trust their foster brethren more than their own.—You cannot find one instance of perfidy, deceit, or treachery among them; nay, they are ready to expose themselves to all manner of dangers for the safety of those who sucked their mother's milk; you may beat them to a mummy, you may put them upon the rack, you may burn them on a gridiron, you may expose them to the most exquisite tortures that the cruellest tyrant can invent—yet, you will never remove them from that innate fidelity which is grafted in them; you will never induce them to betray their duty.”

“Alas!” exclaims an Irish bard, in the thirteenth century, “my love for O’Cane was not the fickle affection of a woman for a man; it was the love for him who was my foster brother since the days of our childhood.”

In the Celtic language the Anglo-Normans found a copious and fascinating literature, and they rivalled the native Chiefs in the guerdons which they bestowed on the Irish bards, romancers, and musicians. They even forgot the tongue of their fathers; and in the civil contentions between the great Palatines, instead of the Norman war-shouts of “Dien ayde!” or “Boutez en avant!” the cries of

Risdeard an iarain, or Richard of the Iron, Redmond *na squeab*, or of the devastations; *Deamhan an chorrain*, or the demon of the sickle; and *Seann na seamar*, or Shane of the shamrocks. The great Leinster family of Le Gras, or Grace, was also distinguished by its attachment to Irish soubriquets. Among them were Oliver *feasogach*, the bearded; John *crios iarain*, or the iron belted; Gerald *marcach*, or the cavalier; Oliver *filé*, or the poet; Robert *beul-bhin*, or the orator; and Gerald *rianiré*, or the traveller. We find the following stanzas in a poem of the late Mr. T. Davis, of Dublin, in commemoration of the Desmond branch of the Fitz Gerald, which became more intensely Irish than any of the other Anglo-Normans, with the exception of the De Burghs:—

“These Geraldines! these Geraldines! not long our air they breathed;
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed:
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst!
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this ‘more than Irish tribe;’
For still they clung to fosterage, to *Bréhon*, cloak, and Bard:
What king dare say to Geraldine, ‘your Irish wife discard?’”

“Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! how royally ye reigned
O’er Desmond broad, and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained:
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By Glyn’s green slopes, and Dingle’s tide, from Barra’s banks to Youghal.
What gorgeous shrines, what *Bréhon* lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Maynooth’s keep, and palace-filled Adare!
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were pressed;
And foemen fled, when ‘*Crom abú*’ bespoke your lance in rest.”

Crom abú! Butler abú! and Gall riagh abú distinguished the parties of Fitz Gerald, Le Botiller, and De Burgh. To check this growing union, so dangerous to the English colony, the "Statute of Kilkenny" was enacted, in 1367. The natives were thereby declared excommunicate, and inadmissible to any office in church or state, and all who followed their customs or held intercourse with them, were proclaimed traitors and enemies to the King of England. Indignant at this conduct, the Irishry took up arms,* and they coursed the

* The following minute though pleonastic description of Donogh Mac Namara, chief of *Clan Cuilen*, in North Munster, harnessing himself for battle, in the year 1309, occurs in an unpublished Irish manuscript written in 1459, by Shane, son of Rory Mac Rath, chief historian of Thomond. This work, generally known as *Cath-reim Thoirdealbhaigh*, or the "War of Torlogh O'Brien," relates "the renowned events which took place in Thomond (North Munster), from the coming of the stranger, to the death of Robert De Clare, in 1318."

"After that harangue of Donogh to his brave people he arose on the spot with courage and activity to clothe himself in shining armour. His noble garment was first brought to him, namely, a strong, well-formed, close-ridged, defensively-furrowed, terrific, neat-bordered, new-made, and scarlet-red cassock of fidelity; he expertly put on that gold-bordered garment which covered him as far as from the lower part of his soft, fine, red-white neck, to the upper part of his expert, snow-white, round-knotted knee. Over that mantle he put on a full-strong, white-topped, wide-round, gold-bordered, straight, and parti-coloured coat of mail, well-fitting, and ornamented with many curious devices of exquisite workmanship. He put on a beautiful, narrow, thick, and saffron-coloured belt of war, embellished with clasps and buckles, set with precious stones, and hung with golden tassels; to this belt was hung his active and trusty lance, regularly cased in a tubic sheath, but that it was somewhat greater in height than the height of the sheath; he squeezed the brilliant, gilt, and starry belt about the coat of mail; and a long, blue-edged, bright-steeled, sharp-pointed, broad-sided, active, white-backed, half-polished, monstrous, smooth-bladed, small-thick, and well-fashioned dagger was fixed in the tie of that embroidered and parti-coloured belt; a white embroidered, full-wide, strong, and well-wove hood was put on him over his golden mail; he himself laid on his head a strong-cased, spherical-towering, polished-shining, branch-engraved, long-enduring helmet; he took his edged, smooth-bladed, letter-graved, destructive, sharp-pointed, fight-taming, sheathed, gold-guarded, and girded sword which he tied fast in haste to his side; he took his expert, keen-pointed, blue-coloured, and neat-engraved dart in his active right hand, in order to cast it at the valiant troops, his enemies; and last, he took his vast-clubbed, strong-eyed, straight-lanced, fierce-smoking, and usual spear in his left, pushing and smiting therewith. Great was the tumult of the army then, seeking for their purple-branched cassocks, brilliant mails, blazing swords, and spears of ample circumference, restraining their steeds backwards by the reins, as not obedient to the guidance of their riders, choosing their arms, the young adhering, for their beauty, to their golden arms, and the old aiming at the ancient weapons with which they often before acted great deeds in battle,—the soldiers closely sewing their ensigns to their vast poles, and fastening their colours by the borders to the lofty poles of their spears."

liege subjects "into a narrow circuite of certaine shires in Leinster, which the English did choose, as the fattest soyle, most defensible, their proper right, and most open to receive helpe from England. Hereupon it was termed their Pale, as whereout they durst not peepe."

In 1399, King Richard II. came to subdue Ireland, in revenge for the death of his cousin and heir, Prince Roger Mortimer, who had fallen in an engagement with the clans. "A squire of Englande, called Henry Castyde, an honest man and a wyse," who accompanied Richard on this expedition, told Sir John Froissart, "the maker of hystories," that, "it is not in memorie, that ever any kyng of Englande made such appareyle and provision for any iourney to make warre agaynst the yrrishmen, nor suche a number of men of armes nor archers. The number that he had thither, gentlemen and archers, were four thousande knyghts and thirty thousande archers, well payde wekely, that every man was well pleased."

Yet, he was unable to procure the submission of Art Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, who replied to his messages, "that for all the gold in the world he would not yield, but would continue to war and endamage the King all that he might." "He styled himself," says a French eye witness, "King of Ireland by right, and professed to maintain the war, and to defend the land unto his death, saying that the conquest thereof was wrongful. He remayned in the woods, guarded with three thousand stout men, such, as it seemed to me, the Englishmen marvelled to behold."

From the time of Henry VI., the powerful families of the Geraldines and Butlers, having increased much in power and wealth, paid but little regard to the laws enacted by needy and rapacious English Deputies,*

* It is unnecessary here to multiply instances of the unjustifiable conduct of the English Deputies, even to their own party. The famous soldier, Sir John Talbot, Lord Furnival, "so much fear'd abroad, that with his name, the mothers still their babes," quitted his vicegerency in Ireland, in 1419, and went over to England, "carrying along with him the curses of many, because hee being runne much in debt for victuall and divers other things, would pay little or nothing at all." While the men of the Pale agreed with the "Bastard of Orleans," in thinking "this Talbot a fend of hell;" "the terror of the French, the scarecrow that frighted our children so," appears to have been equally hated by the natives for his rapacity. The Irish Annals tell us, that "Leix, O'More's territory, was devastated by him, and he took the castle of the son of *Faghna O'More*. He

whom they contemned; "for the people of this land," says an old writer, "both English and Irish, out of a natural pride, did ever love and desire to be governed by great persons." The Commons of Ireland, moreover, "have ever been more devoted to their immediate lords here, whom they saw every day, than unto their sovereign lord and King, whom they never saw." Thus, when in the sixteenth century, the castle of a Connacht Chief was beleaguered and summoned by the Lord Deputy to surrender, the garrison scornfully replied, "that if

carried off great prizes of cows, horses, and small cattle, from the people of Oriel; and he spoiled and plundered the sons of the Welshmen, in Kilkenny, and hanged Garrett, the son of Thomas the blind, of the Geraldine blood. He also plundered a great number of the poets of Erin—namely, O'Daly, of Meath; Hugh Magrath, the younger; Mac Keogh, the learned; and Maurice O'Daly. In the ensuing summer, he plundered O'Daly of Corcumroe; he plundered Brinemor; and not only this, but he gave no protection to either saint or sanctuary while he abode in Erin." Although we are told, that with the French "the cry of Talbot served like a sword," this great warrior was not allowed by the Irishry to plunder with impunity. The "Four Masters" relate, that in 1418, "Great depredations were committed by Lord Furnival upon Hugh Magennis, Lord of Iveagh, in Ulster. Magennis and the son of O'Neill, 'the swarthy,' set out in pursuit of the strangers and the preys, and defeated them, after they had left the preys behind. Countless numbers of the strangers were slain and taken prisoners on this occasion by Magennis." "The sword of the Lord Justice," observes the Very Rev. Richard Butler, "if put into the hands of any of the native lords, of the Ormondes or of the Kildares, was used as an instrument to avenge their own wrongs, or to promote their own interests, rather than to execute impartial justice, and to promote the welfare of the whole country. Such also, was the case during the lieutenancy of any of the great English lords, who had estates or claims on Ireland, such as the great Mortimers; and perhaps nothing brought the royal authority into greater disrepute than the use of it by these men as a cover for private revenge or for private gain. Nor were the evils fewer, if the administration of the Government was intrusted to Englishmen unconnected with this country. Men of eminence, so situated, would scarcely accept the office; we know that Pembridge altogether refused it; and men of inferior rank and reputation, when invested with deputed and transient authority, were scorned by the haughty Irish lords, and were freely charged by them, and perhaps justly charged, with the grossest peculation and malversation. The castles of Athlone, Roscommon, Rinduin, and Bunratty,—say the Irish lords to Edward, in 1343,—were lost, because his treasurers did not pay the constables the wages charged in their accounts, and they continued to charge for castles and constables, after the castles had been destroyed. Officials liable to such imputations could have no moral influence; and when some sturdy and honest man, like Sir Thomas Rokeby, who sold his plate to pay his soldiers, saying, that he would eat off wooden platters and pay in gold and silver,—or when some bold and vigorous soldiers, like Sir Robert Ufford, or Sir Anthony Lucy, held the king's commission,—they were hampered by the narrowness of their allowances, and were thwarted by the old peers and ancient officials."

all that came in his lordship's company were Lord Deputies, they would not yield."

During the fifteenth century, the natives recovered all their territories, "only that little canton of land, called the English Pale, containing four small shires, which did maintain a bordering war with the Irish, and retained the form of English government." The whole country was now subject and tributary to the Irish, who still retained their old customs and laws. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, some of our most valuable historic documents were collected and transcribed at the expense of the native Princes, whose chief glory was to issue general invitations to the poets of the four provinces, whom they entertained with profuse hospitality, and liberally rewarded for their productions. Thus, we are told, that in 1351, William O'Kelly, Prince of Hy Many, in Connacht, "invited all the Irish poets, brehons, bardes, harpers, gamesters, or common kearroghs, jesters, and others of their kind, of Erin, to his house, upon Christmas, this year, where every one of them was well used during Christmas holy days, and gave contentment to each of them at the time of their departure, so as every one was well pleased, and extolled William for his bounty; one of which assembly composed certain verses in commendation of William and his house, which begin thus: *Filíó Eneann go h-áoin teac, i. e. 'The Poets of Erin to one house came.'*"

Nor were the chieftains' wives* less distinguished for their gene-

* The Irish Annals contain notices of many of these distinguished dames. Among them stands pre-eminent, Margaret, wife of Calvagh O'Carroll, and daughter of the King of Ely, who visited Spain in the fifteenth century, and died in 1451. "It is she," says the annalist, "that twice in one year proclaimed to, and commonly invited, in the dark dayes of the yeare, to witt, on the feast day of St. Sinell, in Killaichy, all persons, both Irish and Scottish, or rather Albaines, to two generall feasts of bestowing both meate and moneyes with all other manner of gifts, whereunto gathered to receive gifts, the matter of two thousand and seaven hundred persons, besides gamesters and poore men, as it was recorded in a roll to that purpose, and that accompt was made thus, as we have seen, the chief of each family of the Learned Irish, was by Gilla-na-naomh Mac Egan's hand, the chief judge to O'Conner, written in that roll, and his adherents and kinsmen, so that the aforesaid number of 2,700 was listed in that roll with the arts of *Dan* or poetry, musick and antiquitie. And Maelin O'Maelconry, one of the chiefs learned of Connacht, was the first written in that roll, and first payed and dieted, or sett to supper, and those of his name after him, and so forth every one as he was payed, he was written in that roll, for feare of

rosity to the learned, who, it was supposed, possessed the power of producing, by their satires, blushes on the cheeks of those females who incensed them. Many ancient manuscripts are still preserved bearing inscriptions setting forth the names of the Princesses of

mistake, and set downe to eate afterwards, and Margett on the garrotts of the greate church of St. Sinell, clad in cloath of gold, her dearest friends about her, her clergy and judges too, Calvagh himself being on horseback by the church's outward side, to the end that all things might be done orderly, and each one served successively. And first of all she gave two chalices of gold as offerings that day on the altar to God Almighty, and she also caused to nurse or foster two young orphans. But so it was we never saw, nor heard neither the like of that day, nor comparable to its glory and solace. And she gave the second inviting proclamation (to every one that came not that day) on the feaste day of the Assumption of our blessed Lady Mary in harvest, at or in Rath-Imayu (Rathangan), and so we have been informed that that second day in Rath-Imayn was nothing inferior to the first day. And she was the only woman that has made most of preparing high-ways and erecting bridges, churches, and mass-books, and of all manner of things profittable to serve God, and her soule, and not that only, but while the world stands, her very many gifts to the Irish and Scottish nations shall never be numbered. God's blessing, the blessing of all saints, and every our blessing from Jerusalem to Inis Gluair be on her going to heaven, and blessed be he that will reade and heare this, for blessing her soule. Cursed be that sore in her breast, that killed Margrett."

Mr. Shirley has shown, from documents in the State Paper Office, that Queen Elizabeth used to send gowns of the newest London fashions to the wives of the more powerful Irish Chiefs, and thus endeavoured to secure their interest with their husbands, as appears from the following letter from Lord Chancellor Gerrard to Burghley, in 1579:—

"I sent my man with her Majesty's gowne to Turlaghe (O'Neill) his wyfe, who is a continuall good instrument to contynewe him in quyett. I made a forepart which wanted to yt, his lettres to me acknowledginge the receipt, I send your honours to be made knowne to her Majesty her highnesse never bestowed a gowne better. The other I have not as yett delivered to the Countesse of Desmonde, for I wold upon the delaye make her do some good office for Doctor Hector his cause, which you recommended to me, which (if I fynd anie ease of this paine) I will deliver myselfe." Many of these dames did not, however, serve to carry out the machinations of the minions of the virgin Queen. Thus, we are told that Edmond Bourke, of Castle Barry, was "a most badd affected member to the State, and his wyfe as badd as himselfe." Ioan, or *Siubhan*, the daughter of Maguire and the mother of Hugh O'Neill, is described by the Annalists as "a woman who was the pillar of support and maintenance of the indigent and the mighty, of the poets and exiled, of widows and orphans, of the clergy and men of science, of the poor and the needy; a woman who was the head of counsel and advice to the gentlemen and Chiefs of the province of Conor Mac Nessa (Ulster); a demure, womanly, devout, charitable, meek, benignant woman, with pure piety, and the love of God, and her neighbours." Niall O'Donnell, who, induced by delusive promises to betray the cause of his countrymen, and after having done important services to their opponents, was, by them, confined for life in the tower of London, was deserted by his wife *Nuala*, or 'the fair shoulder'd,' on his first connection with the enemies

Erin for whom they were compiled; and in the fifteenth century, some of these dames, not content with visiting the shrines of Clonmacnois, Iona, Armagh, or Trim, accompanied their husbands on the then fashionable pilgrimage to Santiago, at Compostella.

of her kinsmen. She accompanied Hugh O'Neill and Roderic O'Donnell to the Continent, as elsewhere mentioned.

The old bards delighted to describe a Chieftain's wife, as "sufficiently distinguished from every side by her checking of plunder, her hatred of injustice; by her tranquil mind, and by her serene countenance, which caused the trees to bend with fruit."

There is extant a very interesting French account of the adventures of Mary, daughter of Roderic O'Donnell, Earl of Tir Connell, who, after her father's flight to the Continent, was adopted by her relative the Countess of Kildare, and brought up in great magnificence at the Court of James I. "La protection du prince," says the French writer, "une naissance illustre et une fortune brillante, la firent rechercher pour le mariage par des seigneurs de la première distinction en Angleterre; il y eut entr'autres un seigneur de bonne maison et puissamment riche, qui fut une cour assidue à cette jeune Princesse." To escape this importunate suitor, and to avoid the suspicions with which she was regarded on the declaration of war in Ulster by Cahir O'Docharty, Prince of Inishowen, her fears for her own liberty being also excited by the arrest of her kinsmen, Conn O'Donnell and Hugh O'Ruarc, she resolved to fly from England. Disguised as a cavalier, and assuming the name of Rodolph Huntly, accompanied by her faithful maid, she travelled, by a long and perilous voyage, to Rochelle, and thence through Paris to Brussels, where she joined her brother, Don Hugh O'Donnell, page to the Infanta of Spain. "Cette princesse la reçut avec toute la tendresse et toute la distinction imaginable. Le bruit de la résolution courageuse de Marie se répandit bientôt par toute l'Europe. On la comparoit à Eufrosine d'Alexandrie, à Aldegonde et autres vierges chrétiennes de l'antiquité." A further account of this "jeune princesse" will be found in Dr. O'Donovan's invaluable Appendix to the "Annals of the Four Masters."

Many Irish poems were written in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth century, on females remarkable for their hospitality and encouragement of the poets. In a poem on the wife of Mac Gennis, Viscount Iveagh, who retired to Hungary with a body of Irish to fight against the Turks, in 1692, we find the bard exclaiming:—

"O God! I beseech thee to send her
Home here to the land of her birth!
We shall then have rejoicing and splendour,
And revel in plenty and mirth.
And our land shall be highly exalted;
And till the dread dawn of that day,
When the race of old Time shall have halted,
It shall flourish in glory alway!"

And in an Irish song on the marriage of Viscount Kenmare, in 1720, the minstrels express their feelings of joy and satisfaction at his union with "the fair niece of the Duke of Kilkenny":—

"The Lords of Killarney, who know what the wrongful
Effects of misrule are, quaff healths to the pair—
And the minstrels, delighted, breathe out their deep songful
Emotions each hour in some ever-new air.
The sun and the moon day and night keep a-shining;
New hopes appear born in the bosoms of men,
And the ancient despair and the olden repining
Are gone, to return to us never again."

In return for their munificence, the Chieftains were highly loaded by the bards. "He is a man with the courage of a true lion," says a poet, eulogising one of the O'Maddens, at this period, the "Lion of Birra, with the venom of a serpent—the hawk of the Shannon—a tower which defends the frontiers—a griffin of the race of Conn of the hundred battles—a large man of slender body, with a skin like the blossom of the apple trees, with brown eyebrows, black curling hair, long fingers, and a cheek like the cherries." The description was considered imperfect unless the Chief could be characterised as "the sheltering tree of the learned of Erin," the giver of gold, horses, kine, venison, and broad-cloth to the poets, one whose hand had been "early in seeking the heavy weapons," and who was wont to return heavily laden with spoil from the districts of the armed strangers.

Contentions frequently arose among the Chiefs, as to who was entitled to be styled the most bounteous and hospitable; and these questions were always decided by the poets. In the fourteenth century, "great comparisons," says an old writer, "were made between Donn Maguire, prince of Fermanagh—the best of all Erin for hospitality, liberality, and prowess—and Donnell Mac Carthy, 'the Swarthy,' for their bountys and hospitalities, which Donn Maguire,

Among our Irish manuscripts may be noticed a work of the sixteenth century, in the autograph of Gabrielle, wife of one of the *Brehons* of Ormond.

In Pagan times, many princesses of Erin were highly distinguished by their feats of arms and contempt of life; and we are told that a Queen surnamed *Mong fionn*, or the fair-haired, in order to obtain the sovereignty of the country for her son, administered poison to the reigning monarch, having first, to remove suspicion, suicidally quaffed of the fatal bowl herself. *Morrighu*, one of the *Danaan* Queens, was the goddess of war, and *Bright* the goddess of poetry, among the Pagan Irish. We have elsewhere remarked that the names of three other of these princesses—*Erin*, *Bansa*, and *Fola*—were usually applied by the bards to Ireland. In our collection of ancient Celtic manuscripts are extant two interesting treatises, one on the "Lives of the mothers of Irish saints;" the other entitled *Bea-Seanchus*, or History of the illustrious women of Erin; and until these have been published, we must be content to agree with Ariosto, who sung:—

"Cortesi donne ebbe l'antiqua etade,
Che le virtù, non le ricchezze amaro.
Al tempo nostro si ritrovàn rade
A cui, più del guadagno, altro sia caro.
Ma quelle che per lor vera bontade
Non seguon delle più lo stile avaro,
Vivendo, degno son d'esser contente,
Gloriose e immortal, poi che fian spente."

by the judgment of a certain learned Irish poet (which remained for a long space in the houses of the said Donn and Donnell covertly, and in the habit of a karrogh, or common gamester, to know which of them surpassed the other) was counted to excell Donnell in all good parts, as by an Irish verse, made by the said poet, you may know; which says in English, as notwithstanding Desmond, and the lands of Donnell Mac Carthy, be far greater than the lands of Donn Maguire, yet Donn retaineth in his house twice as many as Donnell doth."

The men of the learned professions also gloried to excel in hospitality; and we are told of many a wise historian, sage *Brehon*, and chief poet, who lived "without contention or reproach, kept houses of general hospitality for all comers, and who had never refused to receive any one." The numbers of these classes referred to in the Annals, and the contents of the productions which they have transmitted to posterity, give us an idea of their high importance in their own day.

Truly, had Ariosto, Tasso, or the ill-starred author of "*Os Lusidas*" sprung into existence among the "fair hills of Erin," instead of the contempt of proud Italian churchmen, the subterraneous dungeons of Sant' Anna, or the loathsome lazaret-house of Lisboa, they would have enjoyed as stately castles as those conferred upon the learned Mac Firis, in the fertile fields of Tireragh, or on the wise O'Clerys, by the pleasant shore of the Atlantic. Their goodly bawns would have been thronged with gifts of fleet horses and lowing kine, much gold and rich raiment, many a "gallon of white silver," and more than one "purple-crowned wine cup of beautiful gold" would have been their guerdon in "Erin of the poets." Such munificence would he likewise have found, who so sweetly sung "the heroic knights of faëry-land," instead of having been forced "to feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;" and, unable to obtain "reason for his rhyme," was first sent to usurp the lands of men whose tongue he did not understand; and, on being expelled from his unlawful possessions, was, "to the gall of all good hearts," suffered by the worthless English nobles, whom he has immortalized, to die in the streets of London from "lack of bread." It cannot be denied, that, as long as they possessed the land of their fathers, the Irish Chiefs continued,

to the last, encouragers, as far as in them lay, of the literature, not only of their own country, but of other lands; and they set a high value upon the translations made into Irish of the works, both literary and scientific, of foreign authors.* In the sixteenth century, the State Papers tell us of many Irish noblemen who did not understand the English tongue, but could converse fluently in Latin, which, says a quaint author, "they speake like a vulgar language, learned in their common schooles of leachcraft and law, whereat they begin children, and hold on sixteene or twentie yeares, conning by rote the aphorismes of Hippocrates, and the ciuill institutes, with a few other parings of those faculties." Instead of denying the ancient Chiefs of Erin their just deserts, let us rather regard them in the spirit of that old writer, who exclaims—"because they were not themselves steady to each other, they were crushed by lawless power, and the usurpation of foreigners. May God forgive them their sins!"

During the reign of Henry VIII., some of the native Chiefs† were induced to accept patents of nobility, and to agree to be subject to the King of England. Thus, one of the O'Neills became Baron of Dun Gannon, O'Brien received the title of Earl of Thomond; and it was boasted in the Pale, that as long as O'Brien, O'Donnell, Mac William, and the Earl of Desmond were true to the King, there was nothing to be feared from all the rest of Ireland. The clansmen, however, did not recognise these proceedings on the part of their

* For an account of some of the early translations of Continental literature into Irish, the reader is referred to the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., pp. 445—448. To the works there enumerated, may be added a very ancient and classical version of the History of Cambrensis, a fragment of which has been lately discovered by Mr. Curry.

† The following formidable description of the independent state of the country in 1515, is given in a contemporary document:

"There byn more than 60 countries called Regyons in Ireland, inhabited with the King's Irishe enymyes, some region as bygge as a shyre, some more, some lesse unto a lytyll; some as bygge as half a shyre, and some a lytyll lesse, where reygneith more than 60 chyeef capytaynes, whereof some callyeth themselves Kynges, some Kyng's peyres in their langage, some Prynceis, some Dukes, some Arche-dukes, that lyueth onely by the swerde, and obeyeth to no other temperall person but onely to himselfe that is stronge; and every of the said capytaynes makeyth warr and peace for hymself, and holdeith it by swerde, and hath imperyall iurisdiction within his rome, and obeyeth to noo other person, Englyshe ne Iryshe, except onely to suche persones as may subdue hym by the swerde."

Chieftains, as, by the *Brehon* law, the ruler's acts could not prejudice the ancient freedoms of the sept.

The two most powerful Irish clans, for many ages, had been those of O'Neill and O'Donnell, in Ulster. The former were Chieftains of the territory known as *Tir Eoghain*, or the land of Owen, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, by whom it was conquered in the fifth century. Their ancient palace was at *Aileach*,* "a rath of beauteous circles, the best in Erin;" and, after its destruction, in the eleventh century, they fixed their residence at Dun Gannon. Many of them had filled the throne of Erin; they were named, from their founder, *Cineal Eoghain*, or the tribe of Owen, and were known on the battle-field by the war-cry of *Lamh dearg abú!* or "the red-hand for ever!" The other great northern clan was that of O'Donnell, styled the *Cineal Conaill*, or tribe of Conall, for they sprung from Conall, brother of the founder of the clan of O'Neill. It was of this family that the celebrated St. Columba or *Collum Cille*, came; and his autograph copy of the Psalms, now in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, was long looked upon as the palladium of the clan. "I will give you a description of the tribe of Conall," says a poet of the seventh century: "they are a bold, black host, mighty, furious, sea-rover like; grim, agile, tall, and terrific; with tufted beards covering and surrounding their cheeks, mouths, and chins, and reaching to their waists. The prominent eyebrows of these warriors grow beyond their eyelashes; their garments, valuable and embroidered, are folded over their shoulders; and every part of their costume resembles the skin of a black-woolled sheep. They will yield supremacy or tribute to no man, save a little to a King of their own blood. Wo to those who seek them! for they stand as a rampart round the heart of their lord." A foreign writer of the same period tells us, that he found in the land Conall, "brave, victorious heroes, fierce men of fair complexion—the high stars of Erin." Although the two royal progenitors of these tribes are said to have been so passionately attached to each other, that Owen died of grief for the loss of his beloved Conall, proximity of territories, and the desire of supremacy, induced frequent conten-

* See page 603.

tions between their descendants; and in the seventh century the tribe of Conall is represented as "half hating the race of Owen." Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a powerful Chief arose in Tyrone, in the person of Shane O'Neill, surnamed *an diomuis*, or "the proud." Setting but little by the peerage accepted by his predecessor, and paying no regard to the acts passed by the men of the Pale, in their assemblies at Dublin; refusing the name of a subject, and assuming, as it were, the office of a prince, "he usurped and took upon him the name of Oneye, with the whole superiority, rule, and governance of all the lords and captains of Ulster, according to the Irish custome, in scorn of the English creation."

No means were left untried to reduce this formidable Chieftain. Plots were laid by the Lord Deputy to take him off by assassination: and, when other resources failed, his neighbour, O'Donnell, was stirred up to wage war against him; so that the object of the stranger—the weakening of both—was expected to be thus attained. The Annals supply us with the following picture of the proceedings of these northern Chiefs, in 1557:—

"Shane O'Neill assembled and mustered a very numerous army to proceed into Tir-Connell, namely, all the people of Oriel, and all the foreigners and *Gaels* from Dundalk to the river Finn. All these came to join his muster and army, and marched without halting until they had, in the first place, pitched their spacious and hero-thronged camp at the Grey Rock, between the two rivers Finn and Mourne. The time was spent very happily in the camp of the son of O'Neill, for they carried on the buying and selling of mead, wine, rich clothing, and all other necessaries. News came to the son of O'Neill that the tribe of Connell had sent off all their cows and herds into the wilds and fastnesses of the country, for protection; but he declared that not one cow of them was inaccessible, for that, even though they should pass with their cattle into Leinster or Munster, he would pursue them until he should compel them to submit to his authority, so that there should be but one king in Ulster for the future. As for the tribe of Connell, they were thus circumstanced: Manus O'Donnell was in bad health and infirmity, and had now been, for two years, incarcerated by his son Calvagh, who had assumed the government of the country. Moreover, his brother Hugh, with his adherents, was in opposition to

him, and was at this time along with Shane O'Neill, his kinsman. When Calvagh heard that Shane O'Neill and his forces were encamped on the frontiers of the territory, he pondered in his mind what he should do in this great danger which now threatened him; and he advised with his father, Manus, upon the military movement he ought to adopt in opposing his enemies, whensoever they should come into the territory. The advice which O'Donnell, his father, gave him was, as he had not an army equal to that of the son of O'Neill, not to go forth to meet him in battle, but to remain protecting his own people until O'Neill should come into the territory, and then, if he were able, to make an attack upon his camp, and throw them into confusion. He thought that victory could thus be gained, and they agreed upon adopting this movement. As for Shane O'Neill and his forces, they marched, without halting, from the Grey Rock across the Finn, close to Raphoe, through the Lagan; and they halted and encamped alongside of Balleeghan,* near the stream that flows from the well of Coragh, where the army constructed booths and tents. Calvagh and his son, Con, were on that day at a meeting on the summit of Beinnin, with a small party, namely, only thirty horsemen, and two companies of Galloglasses of the Mac Sweenys of Fanad, under Walter, the son of Murrough, and the descendants of Donnell, under Donnell Gorm Mac Sweeny. And when Calvagh heard that Shane had arrived at that place with his army, he sent two of his trusty friends to reconnoitre the forces; their names were Donogh the young, the son of Donogh Maguire, the red, and Maurice the son of Ailin. These two proceeded to the enemy's camp, and mingled with the troops, without being noticed; for, in consequence of the number and variety of troops who were there, it was not easy for them to discriminate between one another, even if it were day, except by recognising their chieftains alone. The two persons aforesaid proceeded from one fire to another, until they came to the great central fire, which was at the entrance of the son of O'Neill's tent; and a huge torch, thicker than a man's body, was constantly flaming at a short distance from the

* *Baile-aighidh-chaoin*, the town of the fair surface, contains the ruins of a beautiful old church, situated on an arm of Lough Swilly, in the barony of Raphoe. Beinnin is a hill in the same barony.

fire, and sixty grim and redoubtable galloglasses,* with sharp, keen axes, terrible and ready for action, and sixty stern and terrific Scots, with massive, broad, and heavy-striking swords in their hands, ready to strike and parry, were watching and guarding the son of O'Neill. When the time came for the troops to dine, and food was divided and distributed among them, the two spies whom we have mentioned stretched out their hands to the distributors, like the rest; and that which fell to their share was a helmet filled with meal, and a suitable complement of butter. With this testimony of their adventure they returned to their own people; and, upon the exhibition of it, their entire narrative was believed. Calvagh commanded his people to arm directly, which they did without delay; the two battalions formed into one; and Con O'Donnell proceeded on foot, between Walter and Donnell, having given his horse to his father. They advanced towards the camp, and did not halt until they had reached the central troops that were guarding the son of O'Neill. They made a furious and fierce attack upon the men in the camp, and both parties then proceeded to kill, destroy, slaughter, hack, mangle, and mutilate

* The *Galloglass* were "picked and selected men, of great and mighty bodies, cruel without compassion; the greatest force of the battle consisteth in their choosing rather to die than to yield, so that when it cometh to handy blows, they are quickly slain or win the field. They are armed with a shirt of mail, a skull, and a skein. The weapon they most use, is a battle-axe, or halberd, six foot long, the blade whereof is somewhat like a shoemaker's knife, and without pike, the stroke whereof is deadly where it lighteth; and being thus armed, reckoning to him a man for his harness-bearer, and a boy to carry his provision, he is named a *spar*, of his weapon so called, eighty of which *spars* maketh a *battell* of *Galloglasses*."

"These men," says another writer, "are commonlie weieward rather by profession than by nature, grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burlie of bodie, well and stronglie timbered, chieffie feeding on beefe, porke, and butter."

"These sorte of men," writes the Lord Deputy to Henry VIII., in 1543, "be those that doo not lightly abandon the field, but hyde the brunte to the deathe."

The *Kerne* is described, in the sixteenth century, as "a kind of footman, slightly armed with a sword, a target of wood, or a bow and sheaf of arrows with barbed heads, or else three darts, which they cast with a wonderful facility and nearness, a weapon more noisome to the enemy, especially horsemen, than it is deadly: within these few years they have practised the musket and calliver, and are grown good and ready shot."

"I have heard some great warriors say," observes the prejudiced Spenser, "that in all the services which they have seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irish man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge."

one another with their polished, sharp axes, and with their well-tempered, keen-edged, hero-befitting swords; so that men were wounded, and warriors disabled, by this body of men who had come into the camp. When Shane O'Neill heard the noise of the heavy troops, and the clamour of the bands, he was convinced that they were enemies who had entered the camp, and he passed through the western end of his tent unobserved. The night was rainy, very heavy showers being followed by silent dripping, so that the rivers and streams of the country were flooded. At last the army of the tribe of Owen were defeated, with dreadful havoc, by dint of conflict and fighting. As for Shane O'Neill, not one of his own party followed him, but two only of the people of Hugh, the son of Manus O'Donnell, with Donogh, the son of Felim O'Gallagher the fair. He proceeded on by the shortest ways and the most lonesome passages, until he had crossed the Deel, the Finn, and the Derg; and it was by swimming that he, with his two companions, crossed these three rivers. Thence he proceeded to the Termon of O'Moain, where he purchased a horse that night from O'Maoain, and at length arrived by break of day at Errigal Keeroge. Calvagh remained with his small army for the rest of the night in the camp in which O'Neill and his army had passed the beginning of the night, in merriment and high spirits; and they remained until morning drinking the wines of the party whom they had defeated. On the following day they took with them, and displayed with pride, many spoils, consisting of arms, dresses, coats of mail, and horses, so that Con, the son of Calvagh, had for his share of the booty eighty horses, besides the celebrated steed of O'Neill's son, called the Son of the Eagle. Scarcely had so much booty been obtained at the battle of the hill of *Budhbh* the Red, which was gained by Hugh O'Donnell the young over Neill, as the tribe of Connell obtained on that occasion."

The attempts of the government officials to effect the ruin* of

* A man named Nele Gray was hired by the Lord Deputy Sussex to assassinate Shane O'Neill; his cowardice, however, prevented the execution of the plot. "In fine," writes Sussex, "I brake with him to kill Shane, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land to him and his heirs for reward. He seemed desirous to serve your Highness, and to have the land, but fearful to do it, doubting his own escape after. I told him the ways he might do it, and how to escape after with safety, which he offered and promised to do. I assure your Highness he may do it without danger, if he will, and if he will not do what he may in your service,

Shane were ineffectual. He reduced the other Chiefs of Ulster by the strong hand; and, "with banners displayed, entered into the English Pale, and with fire and sword wasted part of the country." Towards the close of his career he met with some reverses; and on his death, in 1567, it was declared treason, at Dublin, for any man to style himself "the O'Neill." Forasmuch, says the Statute, "as the name of O'Neyle, in the judgments of the uncivil people of this realme, doeth carry in itself so great a sovereignty, as they suppose that all the lords and people of Ulster should rather live in servitude to that name, than in subjection to the crown of England." The desire of the English Monarchs appears to have been, that the Irish Chieftains should accept peerages, and be placed on the same footing as the English nobles. This feasible project would certainly have succeeded, and been attended with salutary consequences, but for the interested cupidity of the officials by whom the government of Ireland was conducted. These designing men insidiously inculcated the maxim, that until all the powerful nobles of Irish or Anglo-Norman extraction had been extirpated, and their estates confiscated, the English power in the island would continue in a position of fatal insecurity. The great revolution in the religious opinions of Europe, at the Reformation, afforded a specious pretext for the prosecution of these dark designs. Acts of uniformity were passed, and the natives obliged, under penalties, to embrace a form of belief of which they were totally ignorant. Instead of appealing to the acute intellect of the Irish Celt, through the medium to which he has been ever attached, no attempt was made to expound the doctrines of the Reformed Church; and as in former ages the Anglo-Normans, to maintain their own importance, had excluded the natives from the benefit of the English law, so, now, in order to deprive them of acquiring a knowledge of the religion of the state, their language was proscribed. No Ussher or Bedell had yet arisen all; the ecclesiastical dignities were filled by minions of the English officials, who embezzled the Church

there will be done to him what others may." In Sir Henry Sidney's "Book of Charges," there are several payments entered to O'Neill's deans and others, for their good offices in bringing the Irish chiefs to conformity: as, "To two preyates, espialls, xiii^{li}. viii^s. xob." "To a man of Mac Mahons for ye like, iiiiii^{li}." "To one that drewe a draught for the killing of Shane Sallaughe liiii^{li}. iiiii^d." "To one that brought the heades, liiii^{li}. iiiii^d."

property, and brought the Reformed religion into disrepute by their flagitious practices. Clearly perceiving, that under the pretence of religious reformation, and zeal for the English government, the real object sought was the possession of their lands, the Irishry now determined to stand on the defensive. The Earl of Desmond was one of the first marked out for extirpation. "His possessions to be forfeited," says Dr. Leland, "were of too princely an extent to admit of pardon or submission." Having been, as he forcibly expressed it, "wrung into undutifulness," he was, after a gallant struggle, defeated and slain, in 1583, and his vast territory, covering nearly one hundred and fifty miles, parcelled out to adventurers. "It was no wonder," observe the Annalists, with their accustomed impartiality, "that the vengeance of God should exterminate the Geraldines, for their opposition to their sovereign, whose predecessors had granted to their ancestors, as patrimonial lands, that tract of country extending from Dun-caoin, in Kerry, to the Meeting of the Three Waters, and from the great island of Nemidh's Hill to Limerick."

Shane "the proud" had been succeeded in his possessions by Torlogh Luineach O'Neill, who came into terms with the government, which, however, with a view of sowing dissensions, conferred the title of Baron of Dungannon, and subsequently that of Earl of Tyrone, on his youthful kinsman, *Aodh*, or Hugh O'Neill. Symptoms of union began to appear, about this time, among the northern Chiefs, one of the first evidences of which was the close alliance cemented between the two most powerful clans, by the marriage of Hugh O'Neill to the daughter of O'Donnell. On the history of these clans the Annals before us supply us with much interesting and minute information; the more valuable, as the authors were contemporary with the facts they relate; and, as chroniclers to the Chiefs of Tir Connell, they dwell affectionately on the affairs of their liberal patrons.

The following circumstantial narrative of the measures adopted, in 1587, by the government, at Dublin, to obtain possession of the youthful son of O'Donnell, Prince of Tir Connell, and the details of his subsequent adventures, will serve to illustrate the peculiar style of the "Four Masters":—

“Red Hugh, the son of O'Donnell, was taken by the English. His capture was first effected thus: The English, with the Justice and the Council in general, had contracted a great dislike to the Earl O'Neill, Hugh, the son of Ferdoragh (although he was obedient to them), in consequence of the accusations and complaints of Turlough Luineach, the son of Niall Conallagh O'Neill, who was always in opposition to him, and became Joan, the daughter of O'Donnell, was married to the Earl of Tir Owen. Moreover, the name and renown of the above-named youth, Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, had spread throughout the five provinces of Erin, even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, for his wisdom, sagacity, goodly growth, and noble deeds; and the people in general were used to say that he was really the prophesied one; and the English feared that if he should be permitted to arrive at the age of maturity, that the disturbance of all the island of Erin would result through him and the Earl of Tir Owen; and that, should they unite in their exertions, they would win the goal, as they were allied to each other, as we have before mentioned. To deliberate on premises, a council was held by the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin, and to consider what manœuvre they might adopt to prevent this thing which they feared; and the resolution which they came to was, to prepare a ship at Dublin, and send it, with its crew, laden with wine and beer, north-eastwards, keeping Erin to the left, until it should put into some harbour of the harbours of Tir Connell, as if it had gone for the purpose of traffic. The vessel sailed northward to Benmór, in the Route,* and then turned westwards, with a favourable breeze of wind, without stopping or delaying, until it put in at the old harbour of Swilly, opposite Rathmullan, a castle erected on the margin of the sea, some time before, by Mac Sweeny Fanad, a family, the chief of which had been one of the generals of the lords of Tir Connell from a remote period. The ship being there stationed at anchor, a party of the crew came on shore in a small boat, under the guise of merchants, in the semblance of peace and friendship; and they began to spy and explore the country, and to sell and bargain with those who came to them; and they told them that they had wine and ale in their ship. When Mac Sweeny and his people heard of this, they began to buy the wine, and continued to drink of it until they were intoxicated. When the inhabitants of the neighbouring district heard the news of the arrival of this ship, they flocked to it from every quarter. The Red Hugh before mentioned happened at this time to be in the neighbourhood, on an excursion of thoughtless recreation, and youthful play and sports; and the vehement and fool-hardy people who were along with him requested of him to go to the place. It was easy for them to prevail on him to do so, for at this time he was not quite fifteen years of age; and there were none of his ad-

* This is still the name of a territory forming the northern portion of the County of Antrim. It is supposed to be a corruption of *Dal Riada*.

visers, tutors, or *ollaves*, along with him, to direct him or give him counsel. When the spies heard of his arrival in the town, they immediately went back to the ship. He was welcomed by Mac Sweeny and the other chieftains; and they sent their waiters and cup-bearers to the ship for wine for the guest who had arrived. The merchants said that they had no more wine remaining unsold, excepting what the crew required for their own use, and that they were unwilling to give any more of it out for any one; but they added, that if a small party of gentlemen would come to them into the ship, they should get all the wine and ale that was in their possession. When Mac Sweeny received this message, he felt ashamed at the circumstance, and accordingly he decided upon inviting Hugh to the ship. This being agreed upon, they went into a small boat which was on the margin of the strand, and rowed it over to the ship. They were welcomed, and conducted without delay or loitering into an apartment in the lower centre of the ship; and they were waited on, and attentively served, until they were jolly and cheerful. When they were here making merry, the door of the hatch was closed after them, and their arms were stolen from them; and thus was the young son, Red Hugh, taken. The rumour of this capture spread throughout the country in general; and the inhabitants flocked from all quarters to the harbour, to see if they could bring any danger upon the machinators of the treachery. This was of no avail, for they were in the depth of the harbour, after having hauled in their anchor; and the natives had no ships or boats to pursue or take revenge of them. Mac Sweeny of the Battle-axes, who was the foster-father of that Hugh, came, among the rest, to the harbour, and offered hostages and other pledges for him; but this was of no avail to him, because there was not in the province of Ulster a hostage that they would accept in his stead. As for the ship, and the crew which were in it, having secured the most desirable of the hostages of the territory, they sailed with the current of the tide until they reached the sea, and retraced their former course back again, until they landed in the harbour of Dublin. It was soon heard all over the city that he had thus arrived; and the Lord Justice and the Council were rejoiced at the arrival of Hugh, though indeed not for love of him; and they ordered him to be brought before them, and he was brought accordingly; and they continued for a long time to converse with him, and to ask questions of him, to examine and criticise him, that they might explore his natural endowments. At last, however, they ordered him to be put into a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of Milesian nobles were in chains and captivity, and also some of the old English. The only amusement and conversation by which these beguiled the time by day and night was lamenting to each other their sufferings and troubles, and listening to the cruel sentences passed on the high-born nobles of Erin in general."

"Red Hugh O'Donnell had now (1590) been in captivity in Dublin for the space of three years and three months. It was a cause of great distress of mind

to him to be thus imprisoned; yet it was not for his own sake that he grieved, but for the sake of his country, his land, his friends, and kinsmen, who were in bondage throughout Erin. He was constantly revolving in his mind the manner in which he might make his escape. This was not an easy matter for him, for he was confined in a closely-secured apartment every night in the castle until sunrise the next day. This castle was surrounded by a wide and very deep ditch, full of water, across which was a wooden bridge, directly opposite the door of the fortress; and within and without the door were stationed a stern party of Englishmen, closely guarding it, so that none might pass in or out without examination. There is, however, no guard whose vigilance may not some time or other be baffled. At the very end of winter, as Hugh and a party of his companions were together, in the beginning of the night, before they were put in the close cells in which they used to be every night, they took with them a very long rope, to a window which was near them, and by means of the rope they let themselves down, and alighted upon the bridge that was outside the door of the fortress. There was a thick iron chain fastened to this door, by which one closed it when required; through this chain they drove a strong handful of a piece of timber, and thus fastened the door on the outside, so that they could not be immediately pursued from the fortress. There was a youth of Hugh's faithful people outside awaiting their escape, and he met them on coming out, with two well-tempered swords concealed under his garments; these he gave into the hands of Hugh, who presented one of them to a certain renowned warrior of Leinster, Art Cavanagh by name, who was a champion in battle, and a commander in conflict. As for the guards, they did not perceive this escape for some time; but when they took notice of it they advanced immediately to the door of the castle, for they thought that they should instantly catch them. Upon coming to the gate, they could not open it; whereupon they called over to them those who happened to be in houses on the other side of the street, opposite the door of the castle. When these came at the call, and took the piece of timber out of the chain, and threw open the door for the people in the castle, who then set out, with a great number of the citizens, in pursuit of the youths who had escaped from them; but this was fruitless, for the fugitives had passed beyond the walls of the city before they were missed, for the gates of the regal city had been wide open at the time; and they pursued their way across the face of the mountain which lay before them, namely, the Red Mountain,* being afraid to venture at all upon the public road, and never halted in their course until, after a fatiguing journey and travelling, until they had crossed the Red Mountain aforesaid. When, weary and fatigued, they entered a thick

* *Sliabh ruadh*. This name is still applied to the Three-rock Mountain, near Dublin, by those who speak Irish in Meath, and by the Connacht men, though forgotten in the County of Dublin.

wood which lay in their way, where they remained until morning. They then attempted to depart, for they did not deem it safe to remain in the wood, from fear of being pursued; but Hugh was not able to keep pace with his companions, for his white-skinned and thin feet had been pierced by the furze of the mountain, for his shoes had fallen off, their seams having been loosened by the wet, which they did not till then receive. It was a great grief to his companions that they could not bring him any further; and so they bade him farewell, and left him their blessing. He sent his servant to a certain gentleman of the noble tribes of the province of Leinster, who lived in a castle in the neighbourhood, to know whether he could afford them shelter or protection. His name was Felim O'Tuathal, and he was previously a friend to Hugh, as he thought, for he had gone to visit him on one occasion in his prison in Dublin, when they formed a mutual friendship with each other. The messenger proceeded to the place where Felim was, and stated to him the embassy on which he came. Felim was glad at his arrival, and promised that he would do all the good he could for Hugh; but his friends and kindred did not allow him to conceal him, from fear of the English government. These learned that he was in the wood, as we have said, and the people who had heard that he was in the wood went in search of him, and dispersed with their troops to track him. When it was clear to Felim that Hugh would be discovered, he and his kinsmen resolved to seize upon him themselves, and bring him back to the Council in the city. This was accordingly done. When Hugh arrived in Dublin, the Council was rejoiced at his return to them; for they made nothing or light of all the other prisoners and hostages that had escaped from them. He was again put into the same prison, and iron fetters were put on him as tightly as possible; and they watched and guarded him as well as they could. His escape, thus attempted, and his recapture, became known throughout the land of Erin, at which tidings a great gloom came over the *Gaels*.”*

“Red Hugh O'Donnell remained in Dublin, in prison and chains, after his first escape, to the winter of this year (1592). One evening he and his companions, Henry and Art, the sons of Shane O'Neill, before they had been brought into the refectory house, took an advantage of the keepers, and knocked off their fetters. They afterwards went to the back-house, having with them a very long rope, by the loops of which they let themselves down through the back-house, until they reached the deep trench that was around the castle. They climbed the outer side, until they were on the margin of the trench. A certain faithful youth who was in the habit of visiting them, and to whom they had communicated their secret, came to them at this time, and guided them. They then proceeded through the streets of the city, mixing with the people; and no one took more notice of them than

* *Gaedhil*, or *Gaels*, is the name applied by old writers to the native Irish.

of any one else, for they did not delay at that time to become acquainted with the people of the town; and the gates of the city were wide open. They afterwards proceeded by every intricate and difficult place, until they arrived upon the surface of the Red Mountain, over which Hugh had passed in his former escape. The darkness of the night, and the hurry of their flight (from dread of pursuit), separated the eldest of them from the rest, namely, Henri O'Neill. Hugh was the greenest of them with respect to years, but not with respect to prowess. They were grieved at the separation of Henri from them; but, however, they proceeded onwards, their servant guiding them along. That night was snowing, so that it was not easy for them to walk, for they were without sufficient clothes or coverings, having left their outer garments behind them in the back-house, through which they had escaped. Art was more exhausted by this rapid journey than Hugh, for he had been a long time in captivity, and had become very corpulent from long confinement in the prison. It was not so with Hugh; he had not yet passed the age of boyhood, and had not yet done growing and increasing at this period, and his pace and motion were quick and rapid. When he perceived Art had become feeble, and that his step was becoming inactive and slow, he requested him to place one arm upon his own shoulder, and the other upon that of the servant. In this manner they proceeded on their way, until they had crossed the Red Mountain, after which they were weary and fatigued, and unable to help Art on any further; and as they were not able to take him with them, they stopped to rest under the shelter of a high rocky precipice which lay before them. On halting here, they sent the servant to bring the news to Glenmalur,* where dwelt Fiagh, the son of

* *Gleann Maoilughra*, or the Glen of *Maolughra*, now Glenmalur, in the County of Wicklow. Many Irish poems were written in commemoration of this great fortress, and its lord, Fiagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, whose assumption of the Chieftainship was declared by the bards, to be the signal for the assemblage of the tribe of *Brann*, and he is described with his brothers and relatives as *Moirseisior laoch lingear troid*, "seven heroes who fiercely rush to battle." An English contemporary tells us, that "he hath, through his own hardiness, lifted himself up to that height, that he dare now front princes, and make terms with great potentates—now, all the parts about him being up in a madding mood, as the Moores, in Leix, the Cavanaghes in the County of Wexford, and some of the Butlers in the County of Kilkenny, they all flock unto him, and draw into his country, as to a stronghold where they think to be safe from all that prosecute them. And from thence they do at their pleasures, break out into all the borders adjoining, which are well-peopled countreys, as the counties of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catherlagh, of Kilkenny, of Wexford, with all the spoils hereof they victual and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should in short time be starved, and sore pined." In 1580, James Eustace, the descendant of the noble family of l'Eustache, Lords of Portlester, broke down his castles and joined the national party of the Irishry. "The Cavanaghs, Cinsellaghs, Byrnes, Tuathals (Tooles), the clan of Ranelagh, and the surviving part of the inhabitants of Offaly and Leix, flocked to his assistance; so that the entire extent of country from the Slany to the Shannon, and

Hugh O'Byrne, who was then at war with the strangers. This is a secure and impregnable valley; and many prisoners who escaped from Dublin were wont to resort to that valley, for they considered themselves secure there, until they could return to their own country. When the servant came into the presence of Fiagh, he delivered his message, and how he had left the youths who had escaped from the city, and stated that they would not be overtaken alive unless he sent them relief instantly. Fiagh immediately ordered some of his servants of trust (those in whom he had most confidence) to go to them, taking with them a man to carry food, and another ale and beer. This was accordingly done, and they arrived at the place where the men were. Alas! unhappy and miserable was their condition on their arrival. Their bodies were covered with white-bordered shrouds of hail-stones freezing around them on every side, and their light clothes and fine-threaded shirts too adhered to their skin; and their large shoes and leather thongs to their shins and feet; so that, covered as they were with the snow, it did not appear to the men who had arrived that they were human beings at all, for they found no life in their members, but just as if they were dead. They were raised by them from their bed, and they requested of them to take some of the meat and drink; but this they were not able to avail themselves of, for every drink they took they rejected again on the instant; so that Art at length died, and was buried in that place. As to Hugh, after some time, he retained the beer; and after drinking it, his energies were restored, except the use of his two feet, for they were dead

from the Boyne to the meeting of the Three Waters, became one scene of strife and dissension. These plunderers pitched a camp on the confines of the Red Mountain and Glenmalúr." "A hosting," continue the "Four Masters," "was made by the Lord Justice (Arthur, Lord Gray, of Wilton), and Captain Malby, to scatter and disperse these warlike plunderers. When the insurgents had heard of the approach of such an overwhelming force, they retreated into their fortresses, in the rough and rugged recesses of Glenmalúr. The Lord Justice then selected the most trustworthy and best-trying captains of his army, and dispatched them, at the head of eight or nine companies of soldiers, to search and explore Glenmalúr; but they were responded to without delay by the parties that guarded the valley, so that very few of those returned without being cut off and dreadfully slaughtered by the party of Gaels. On this occasion were slain Peter Carew, Colonel John Moor, and Master Francis Cosby, with many other gentlemen who had come from England on the return of the Lord Justice. When this news reached the Lord Justice, he left his camp." As a further illustration of the untiring vigour of the men of Erin at this time, and of the character of the brave outlawed Chiefs who found refuge in the celebrated glen, the following is added from the "Four Masters," in 1580—"Shane, the son of the Earl of Desmond, was at this time a roving and wandering plunderer; and, through Shane, the son of Conn O'Neill, and Séamus, the son of Maurice, son of the Earl of Desmond, were illustrious for their wars and conflicts with the English; this Shane was at this time a worthy heir to either of them. One day in the month of July, this Shane went to the woods of Aharlagh, attended by so small a body of troops, as it was impru-

members, without feeling, swollen and blistered by the frost and snow. The men carried him to the valley which we have mentioned, and he was placed in a sequestered house, in a solitary part of a dense wood, where he remained under cure until a messenger came privately from his brother-in-law, the Earl O'Neill, to inquire after him. When the messenger arrived, Hugh prepared to depart. It was difficult for him to undertake that jour-

dent to go forth on a long journey, for the number of his foot soldiers was less than one hundred shields, and he had only thirteen horsemen. He marched in the evening by the limpid-waved Shannon, and by Moyalliff; and early next morning he seized on a prey in Dovea, and proceeded with his prey directly eastwards, through Templemore and Ikerrin. The forces of each territory through which he passed assembled to pursue him, namely, of Eliogarty, of Drum, and of the territory of the Purcells. These tribes, thinking it very fortunate for them to find Shane thus attended by only a few troops, attacked him boldly and fiercely; but the pursuers were defeated, and eighteen of their gentlemen, heads of tribes and towns, were slain in the conflict; and Shane, after his victory, carried off his prey in triumph, to the fast and solitary woods of the great road of the plain of the meeting. There he was joined by the sons of Mac Gilla Patrick, the son of O'Carroll, and a great number of evil-doers and plunderers; and they all set out for the mountain of Bladhma (Slav Bloom), and thither all the men of Offaly and Leix, who were able to bear arms, came to join them. The manner in which Shane, the son of Séamus, lived on this mountain, was worthy of a true plunderer; for he slept but upon couches of stone or earth; he drank but of the pure, cold streams, and that from the palms of his hands or his shoes; and his only cooking utensils were the long twigs of the forest, for dressing the flesh meat carried away from his enemies. From this abode he proceeded to plunder the Butlers and Osory. He afterwards went to Leix, and burned and plundered Abbey Leix, upon the son of the Earl of Ormond, namely, upon Pierce, the son of Séamus, son of Pierce the red. He also plundered the fortress of Leix, after having slain some of the guards of the town. He carried away from them accoutrements, armour, horses, weapons, and various wealth. In short, he plundered seven castles in Leix in the course of that day. He then proceeded from one territory to another, until he reached Glenmalur, where James Eustace and the sons of Aodh, son of Shane O'Byrne, were stationed, where he was welcomed by these men; and here the Cavanaghs, Cinsellaghs, Byrnes, and Tuathals, and the plunderers of the country in general, came to join him. It would be tedious to mention all the property they destroyed and injured upon the strangers of Leinster and Meath." The brave Fiagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, Chief of Glenmalur, was slain in 1597, by an assassin hired by Sir William Russell, the Lord Deputy. There are several poems on his battles and victories preserved in the *Leabhar Branach*, or Book of the O'Byrnes. According to Dr. O'Donovan, the clan took its name from one of their ancient Chiefs styled *Bran*, or the raven. We are likewise told that the name of the Wicklow tribe of O'Toole, or *Tuathal*, signifies "princely or lordly." Of the latter clan came St. *Lorcan*, miscalled Laurence, O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, who assisted at the solemn confirmation, in the private assembly of the Irish divines at Cashel, of the illegal transfer of Ireland to Henry II., by which the native Irish were deprived of their lands, and excommunicated for resisting the aggression of the English.

ney, for his feet could not have been healed within the time, so that another person had to raise him on his horse, and to lift him from his horse, whenever he wished to alight. Fiagh dispatched a troop of horse with him, who accompanied him until he crossed the river Lifé, to protect him against the snares that were laid for him; for the English of Dublin had heard that Hugh was at Glenmalúr, and had therefore posted guards on the shallow fords of the river, to prevent him and the prisoners who had escaped along with him from passing into Ulster. The youths who were along with Hugh were obliged to cross a difficult deep ford on the river Lifé, near the city of Dublin; and they proceeded on their way until they came to the green of the fortress unperceived by the English. The people by whom he had been abandoned some time before, after his first escape, namely, Felim O'Tuathal and his brother, were amongst the troop who escorted him to this place; and they made friendship and amity with each other. They bade him farewell, and having given him their blessing, departed from him. As for Hugh O'Donnell, he had now no one along with him but the one young man who had been sent for him to the famous Glenmalúr; he was of the people of Hugh O'Neill, and spoke the language of foreign countries, and had always accompanied the Earl (Hugh O'Neil) when he went among the English; so that he was acquainted with and confident in every road by which they had to pass. They proceeded forwards on their noble, swift steeds, by the straight-lined roads of Meath, until they arrived before morning on the banks of the Boyne, a short distance to the west of Drogheda; and they were afraid of going to that town, so that what they did was this, to proceed along the bank of the river to a place where a poor little fisherman used to wait with a little boat, for ferrying people across the river. Hugh went into this little boat, and the ferryman conveyed him to the other bank, having received a full remuneration; and his servant returned with the horses through the town, and brought them to Hugh on the other side of the river. They then mounted their steeds, and proceeded onwards until they were two miles from the river, when they observed a dense bushy grove, surrounded with a rampart, looking like an enclosed garden, at some distance on the way before them. On one side of this grove stood a fine mansion house, belonging to a distinguished English youth, who was a particular friend of Hugh O'Neill. On reaching the enclosure, they unharnessed their steeds, and entered the grove which was inside the rampart, for Hugh's companion was well acquainted with the place. Having left Hugh in the grove, he went into the fortress, where he was kindly received. He procured a private apartment for Hugh O'Donnell, and conveyed him thither, where he was attended and entertained to his satisfaction. Here they remained until the evening of the following day; their horses were got ready for them in the beginning of the night, and they proceeded across Sliabh Breagh,* and through the territory of the

* Now Slieve Brey, a chain of hills, extending from Clogher head, in the east of the County of Louth, to Rathkenny in the County of Meath.

plain of Connell; and before morning they had arrived at the strand of the town of the son of Buan.* As the gates of the town were opened in the morning early, they resolved to pass through it on their horses. This they did, and advanced until they were at the other side; and they were cheerful and rejoiced for having escaped every danger which lay before them thus far. They then proceeded to the Wood,† where dwelt Turlogh, the son of Henri, son of Felim O'Neill, the red, to recruit themselves. They were here secure, for Turlogh was his friend and companion, and he and the Earl O'Neill had been born of the one mother. They remained here until the next day, and then proceeded across the mountain of Fuad,‡ and arrived at Armagh, where they remained in disguise for that night. On the following day they proceeded to Dun Gannon, where the Earl, Hugh O'Neill, was. He was rejoiced at their arrival, and Hugh was conducted into a private apartment, without the knowledge of any except a few of his faithful people who attended him; and here Hugh remained for the space of four nights, to shake off the fatigue of his journey and anxiety. He then prepared to depart, and took his leave of the Earl, who sent a troop of horse with him till he arrived at Loch Erne. The Lord of this country, namely, Hugh Maguire, was his friend and kinsman, by the mother's side; for Nuala, daughter of Manus O'Donnell, was Maguire's mother. Maguire was rejoiced at his arrival. A boat was afterwards provided for Hugh, into which he entered; and they rowed him thence until they arrived at the narrow neck of the lake, where they landed. Here a party of his faithful friends came to meet him, and they conveyed him to the castle of Ballyshannon, where the warders of O'Donnell, his father, were stationed. He remained here until all those in the neighbourhood came to him, to welcome him; and his faithful people were rejoiced at the return of the heir to the Chieftainship; and though they owed him real affection on account of his family, they had an additional cause of joy at this period; for until his return the country had been one scene of devastation between the English and the Gaels."

The affairs of Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth, constitute so large a portion of our printed histories, that it is unnecessary to enter here on a minute review of them. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a notice of the chief events, as related by the "Four Masters," whose Annals, on this period, possess all the high value of a contemporary and circumstantial narrative, supplying us

* This was the original name of the strand at Dundalk, but it was afterwards applied to the town.

† The wood or *Fiodh*. This is still the Irish name of the Fews, in the south of the County of Armagh.

‡ Or *Sliabh Fuaid*, so called from the son of *Breogan*, one of the Chieftains who came over with the Milesians. This name is yet preserved, and applied to the highest of the Fews mountains.

with information on many most important points, not to be found in any other work. The seizure of the lands, and judicial murders of O'Neill, Chief of Clannabuy, O'Ruarc, Prince of Breffny, and Mac Mahon, Chief of Farney, the open and flagrant breaches of the most sacred engagements—even of hospitality—the marked discouragement which many high-minded English officers encountered, when they nobly refused to join in base plots, and required even-handed justice for the natives, and the entire conduct of the rapacious officials, all tended to convince the northern clans that their only safety lay in their own strength. "Such relations," observes the Rev. Dr. Leland, "would be more suspicious, if these Annals in general expressed virulence against the English and their government. But they do not appear to differ essentially from the printed histories, except in the minuteness with which they record the local transactions and adventures of the Irish; and sometimes they expressly condemn their countrymen for their revolts against their Prince." The statements of the Annals, it may be further observed, are borne out by their general conformity with other unquestionable authorities, to which their compilers never could have had access, and they are also fully confirmed by the official documents.

Nothing contributed more to arouse the Chieftains from their dangerous inactivity than the reproaches of the bards. These men, conscious that their own welfare was inseparable from that of their patrons, continually bewailed the altered condition of the country.*

* One of the most celebrated of these compositions is the lament of *Fearflatha O'Gnimh*, Bard to the O'Neills of Clannabuy—which is a corruption of *Clann Aodha buidhe*, or the Clan of Hugh the Swarthy—whose Chief, Brian O'Neill, mentioned above, was treacherously seized in 1574, while sitting at table with Walter D'Evereux, Earl of Essex. A portion of this poem, commencing, *Mo thruaidh mar ataid Gaoidhil*, has been versified as follows by Callanan. In the fourth and fifth stanzas, the author refers to *Golamh*, or Milesius, *Niall* of the nine hostages, and *Conn* "of the hundred battles," mentioned at the commencement of the present paper.

"How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
And fall'n the high people of green *Inis Fail*,
The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore,
And the mighty of nations is mighty no more.

"Like a bark on the ocean long shattered and tost,
On the land of your fathers at length you are lost,
The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage and chains.

"The strangers," they exclaimed, "have disfigured our pleasant fells and hemmed in our sportive lawns with their unsightly fortresses. Many beautiful shamrock-flowering plains, many noble bright-shining courts are lost to us, and in the hands of the armed strangers: so that it would be a sufficient cause of fury to hear them numbered. It is wonderful how long the tribes of the land of round-mounds and woods have forborne to rise up in warlike alliance against the despoilers. Their own danger, and the fear for their lands, not excessive ambition or injustice, will drive the noble tribes of sharp-spears to declare war, therefore they must be victorious. Much of the blood of the Gaels have the strangers shed, many noble heroes have they slain, for a long time past, throughout this land of ripe fields. Reflect on the perfidy of these strange hordes. We know full well that there is treachery in their friendship. It is fearful to think of their enormous slaughters!" Aroused by these too true representations, and despairing of obtaining any cessation of the injuries inflicted on them by the garrisons placed in their territories, the

"O where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
Strong in the battle, how weak art thou now!
That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

"Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of *Golomh* how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

"*O'Neill* of the Hostages—*Cows* whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep,
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!

"In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us, O night;
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light,
For freedom or valor no more canst thou see,
In the home of the Brave, in the Isle of the Free.

"Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppression hath wrapp'd all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the *Brehons'* pure justice you stray'd,
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

"We know not our country, so strange is her face;
Her sons once her glory are now her disgrace,
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair *Inis Fail*,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

"Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning and riven,
Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in heaven?

"O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears,
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears,
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh,
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!"

vigorous Chiefs of Ulster combined for their own defence. The chief strength of the English army lay in the vast number of short-sighted natives who thronged its ranks, deluded—as in every land, from ancient Greece to modern India—by a shadowy prospect of aggrandizement, consequent on the ruin of their fellow-countrymen; yet a strong sense of mutual danger, and the fatal experience of the futility of entering into treaties with the then ruling English officials, drew together some of the most powerful of the ancient clans. Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tir Owen; Red Hugh O'Donnell, of Tir Connell; Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh; Magennis, of Down; O'Hanlon, of Orior; together with the clans of O'Byrne, and O'Cavanagh, in Leinster, now confederated to defend their possessions and ancient institutions. The laments of the bards were soon changed into exultation, they sung that a "soul had come into Erin," and thanked Providence that "fire still existed on the hearths of the *Gaels*," after all the attempts made to exterminate them and their adherents.

"When the Lord Justice and the Council of Erin saw the bravery and power of the *Gaels* against them, and that all those who had previously been obedient to themselves were now (1596) joining the aforesaid *Gaels* against them, they came to the resolution of sending ambassadors to O'Neill and O'Donnell, to request peace and tranquillity from them. The persons selected for negotiating between them were Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Mulmurry Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel. The Earl of Ormond repaired to Dundalk, and there halted; and he sent his messengers to O'Neill, to inform him of the purport of his coming; upon which O'Neill sent the same intelligence to O'Donnell; and O'Donnell came to the place where O'Neill was, with a body of cavalry, and both set out for Faughard. Here the Earl and the Archbishop came to meet them. They stated to the chiefs the object of their embassy, namely, to request a peace; and they stated the rewards promised by the Lord Justice, namely, the appropriation to them of the province of Conor (Ulster), except the tract of country extending from Dundalk to the river Boyne, in which the English had dwelt long before that time. They promised, moreover, that the English should not encroach upon them beyond the boundary, excepting those who were in Carrickfergus, Carlingford, and Newry, who were at all times permitted to deal and traffic; that no stewards or collectors of rents or tributes should be sent among them, but that the rents which had been some time before upon their ancestors should be forwarded by them to Dublin; that beyond this no hostages or pledges would be required; and that the *Gaels* in the province of Connacht,

who had risen up in alliance with O'Donnell, should have privileges similar to these. O'Neill, O'Donnell, and all the chiefs of the province who were then along with them, went into council upon those conditions which were brought to them; and, having reflected for a long time upon the many that had been ruined by the English, since their arrival in Erin, by specific promises, which they had not performed,* and the number of the high-born princes, gentlemen, and chieftains of the Gaels, who came to premature deaths without any reason at all, except to rob them of their patrimonies, they feared very much that what was then promised would not be fulfilled to them; so that they finally resolved upon rejecting the peace. They communicated their decision to the Earl, who proceeded to Dublin to the Lord Justice and the Council, and related to them his having been refused the peace, and the answer he had received from the Gaels. The Lord Justice and Council sent messengers to England to the Queen, to tell her the news; so that she then sent a great number of men to Erin, with the necessary arms. Their number was no less than twenty thousand; and they were composed of mercenaries and native soldiers."

These troops were chiefly commanded by the English officers of Elizabeth, who, expelled from the Netherlands for their insufferable arrogance, and for having, by their treacherous surrender of the towns committed to their charge, assisted the King of Spain in his attempts to crush the freedom of the United Provinces, were now despatched to serve against the Irish clans who were in arms for their ancient liberties. Many brilliant successes were

* That there was good foundation for this reproach might be proved from the whole body of our history. So strong was this feeling, more than a century after the event above narrated, that many brave Jacobites strongly opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Limerick, which they asserted would be violated as soon as they laid down their arms; and the results verified their anticipations. In a work published in 1838, entitled "*Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*," by a clergyman of the Church of England, and dedicated by permission to the Duke of Sussex, we are told, "The English had been, though a superior people, yet not sufficiently so, to warrant the attempt at dominion by mere force; they had been obliged, therefore, to affect an unity of interests and equality of rights with their victims, which their illiberality forbade them really to intend, and their insufficient reinforcement incapacitated them to effect. They had, in consequence, continually violated the most solemn compacts, to which their want of brute power obliged them to have recourse." It should, however, be stated, that there were some high-minded Williamites, both lay and clerical, who opposed the violation of the Treaty of Limerick. There was always to be found, even among the government officers, here, "a little world of good men," who condemned such unjustifiable proceedings. Further information on these points will be found in Colonel O'Kelly's "*Macarism Excidium*," edited by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., for the Irish Archaeological Society.

achieved over them by the confederate Chiefs. In 1597, Lord Borrough, Commander-in-chief of the English, and a most experienced veteran, fell in a contest with O'Neill, who gained possession of all Ulster, with the exception of seven castles. The allies of the confederates ravaged Leinster up to the walls of Dublin, and Richard Tyrrell, an Anglo-Irishman, cut off one thousand of the Irish of Meath, marching against the men of the north, at the defile still known as "Tyrrell's Pass."

The decisive victory at *Béal-an-atha-buidhe*, or "the mouth of the yellow ford," in 1598, of which we have the following account, completed the success of the confederate clans:—

"The New Fort (on the bank of the Black-Water) was defended during the time of peace and war by the Queen's people; but when the English and Gaels did not make peace as had been expected in the beginning of summer, O'Neill laid siege to the fort, so that the warders were in want of provisions in the last month of summer. After this news arrived in Dublin, the Council resolved to assemble together the most loyal and best tried in war of the Queen's soldiers in Erin, who were those in the neighbourhood of Dublin and Athlone; and when these soldiers were assembled together, four thousand foot and six hundred horse were selected from among them, and these were sent to convey provisions to the new fort. A sufficient supply of meat and drink, beef, lead, powder, and all other necessities, were sent with them. They marched to Drogheda, from thence to Dundalk, from thence to Newry, and from thence to Armagh, where they remained at night. Sir Henry Bagnal, Marshal of Newry, was their general. When O'Neill had received intelligence that this great army was approaching him, he sent his messengers to O'Donnell, requesting of him to come to his assistance against this overwhelming force of foreigners who were coming to his country. O'Donnell proceeded immediately, with all his warriors, both infantry and cavalry, and a strong body of forces from Connacht, to assist his ally against those who were marching upon him. The Gaels of all the province of Ulster also joined the same army, so that they were all prepared to meet the English before they arrived at Armagh. They then dug deep trenches against the English in the common road, by which they thought they would come to them. As for the English, after remaining a night at Armagh, they rose next morning early; and the resolution they adopted was, to leave their victuals, drink, their women and young persons, their horses, baggage, servants, and rabble, in that town of Armagh. Orders were then given that every one able to bear arms, both horse and foot, should proceed wherever the Marshal and other officers of the army should order them to march against their

enemies. They then formed into order and array, as well as they were able, and proceeded straightforward through each road before them, in close and solid bodies, and in compact, impenetrable squadrons, till they came to the hill which overlooks the ford of *Beal-an-atha-buidhe*. After arriving there they perceived O'Neill and O'Donnell, the Mac Gennis of Down, and the men of Oriel, having, together with the chieftains, warriors, heroes, and champions of the North, drawn up one terrible mass before them, placed and arranged on the particular passages where they thought the others would march on them.

"When the chiefs of the North observed the very great danger that now threatened them, they began to harangue and incite their people to acts of valour, saying that unless the victory was their's on that day, no prospect remained for them after it but that of some being killed and slaughtered without mercy, and others cast into prisons and wrapped in chains, as the Gaels had been often before, and that such as should escape from that battle would be expelled and banished into distant foreign countries; and they told them, moreover, that it was easier for them to defend their patrimony against this foreign people now than to take the patrimony of others by force, after having been expelled from their own native country. This exciting exhortation of the chiefs made the desired impression upon their people; and the soldiers declared that they were ready to suffer death sooner than submit to what they feared would happen to them. As for the Marshal and his English forces, when they saw the Gaels awaiting them, they did not show any symptom whatever of fear, but advanced vigorously forwards, until they sallied across the first broad and deep trench that lay in their way; and some of them were killed in crossing it. The army of the Gaels then poured upon them, vehemently and boldly, furiously and impetuously, shouting in the rear and in the van, and on either side of them. The van was obliged to await the onset, bide the brunt of the conflict, and withstand the firing, so that their close lines were thinned, their gentlemen gapped, and their heroes subdued. But, to sum up in brief, the General, i.e., the Marshal of Newry, was slain; and as an army, deprived of its leader and adviser, does not usually maintain the battle-field,* the General's people were finally routed, by dint of conflict and fighting, across the earthen pits, and broad, deep trenches, over which they had previously passed. They were being slaughtered, mangled, mutilated, and cut to pieces by those who pursued them bravely and vigorously.

* "The site of this battle is shown on an old 'Map of the country lying between Lough Erne and Dundalk,' preserved in the State Papers Office, London, as on the banks of the River Callen, to the north-east of the city of Armagh. The place is called Ballymackilloune, and the following words are written across the spot: 'Here Sir H. Bagnal, Marshal of Newry, was slain.' The name *Béal-an-atha-buidhe*, anglice, Bellanaboy, is now applied to a small marsh or cut-out bog, situated in the townland of

"At this time God allowed, and the Lord permitted, that one of the Queen's soldiers, who had exhausted all the powder he had about him, by the great number of shots he had discharged, should go to the nearest barrel of powder to quickly replenish his measure and his pouch; and when he began to fill it a spark fell from his match into the powder in the barrel, which exploded aloft overhead into the air, as did every barrel nearest, and also a great gun which they had with them. A great number of the men who were around the powder were blown up in like manner. The surrounding hilly ground was enveloped in a dense, black, gloomy mass of smoke for a considerable part of the day afterwards. That part of the Queen's army which escaped from being slaughtered by the Gaels, or burned or destroyed by the explosion, went back to Armagh, and were eagerly pursued by the Gaels, who continued to subdue, surround, slay, and slaughter them, by pairs, threes, scores, and thirties, until they passed inside the walls of Armagh. The Gaels then proceeded to besiege the town, and surrounded it on every side; and they of both parties continued to shoot and fire at each other for three days and three nights, at the expiration of which time the English ceased, and sent messengers to the Gaels to tell them that they would surrender the fort at the Blackwater, if the warders who were stationed in it were suffered to come to them unmolested to Armagh, and to add that, on arriving there, they would leave Armagh itself, if they should be granted quarter and protection, and escorted in safety out of that country into a secure territory. When these messages were communicated to the Gaels, their Chiefs held a council, to consider what they should do respecting this treaty. Some of them said that the English should not be permitted to come out of their straitened position until they should all be killed or starved together; but they finally agreed to give them liberty to pass out of the places in which they were, on condition, however, that they should not carry out of the fort meat or drink, armour, arms, or ordnance, powder or lead or, in fine, anything, excepting only the captain's trunk and arms, which he was at liberty to take with him. They consented on both sides to abide by those conditions; and they sent some of their gentlemen of both sides to the fort, to converse with the warders; and when these were told how the case stood, they surrendered the fort to O'Neill, as they were ordered. The captain and the warders came to Armagh, to join that part of his people who had survived. They were all then escorted from Armagh to Newry, and from thence to the

Cabragh, about one mile and three-quarters to the north of the city of Armagh. A short distance to the north of this bog stands a white-thorn bush, locally called the 'Great Man's Thorn,' which is said to have been planted near the grave of Marshal Bagnal. Captain Tucker, R.E., who surveyed this part of Ireland for the Ordnance Survey, has marked the site of this battle on the Ordnance map by two swords in saltier, and the date 1598."

English territory. After their departure from Tyrone, O'Neill gave orders to certain persons to reckon and bury the gentlemen and common people slain. After they had been reckoned, there were found to be two thousand five hundred slain, among whom was the General, with eighteen captains, and a great number of gentlemen whose names are not given. The Queen's people were dispirited and depressed, and the Gaels joyous and exulting, after this conflict. This battle of *Ath-buidhe* was fought on the tenth day of August. The Chiefs of Ulster returned to their respective homes in joyous triumph and exultation, although they had lost many men."

Dr. O'Donovan tells us, "that, from this time to the defeat at Kinsale, O'Neill was as much monarch of all Ireland, and more universally talked of throughout Europe, than any of his ancestors since the time of Niall of the Nine Hostages;" and Dr. Leland observes, that "the illustrious O'Neill was every where extolled as the deliverer of his country; and the disaffected, in all quarters, condemned their own weak and passive conduct, which had deprived them of the like glory."

Hugh O'Neill, as we have seen, was created Earl of Tir Owen, with the view of sowing dissensions among his own kinsmen. Much of his early life had been passed at the court of England; and until driven to despair of redress, he had remained faithful to the Queen, and more than once received wounds in her service. Instead of entertaining ill feelings against the English, he had frequently rescued many of them from imminent danger; and we find, that when he came into intimate connexion with men of noble minds—as Essex, Sir Thomas Norris, Captain Lee, and Sir John Harrington—they could not avoid being captivated by his open and gallant bearing, and were obliged to admit the justice of his complaints against the English officials. Even his enemy, the Earl of Ormonde, apprized him of the plot laid for his destruction, when he appeared at Dublin, before the Lord Deputy Russell. For when the Queen was prevailed on, in 1583, to order the gallant head of the noble house of Butler to seize the persons to whom he had given protection, scorning to win favor by the then usual course, he wrote to Lord Treasurer Burleigh—"My Lord, I will never use treachery to any man; for it will both touch her Highness's honor, and my own credit too much: and whosoever gave the Queen advice thus to write, is fitter to execute such base service than I am. Sav-

ing my duty to her Majesty, I would I were to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuadeth the Queen to write to me." "Black Thomas" was well recompensed for this conduct, so unusual among the Queen's adherents in Ireland. In the year 1600, when he fell, by fortune of war, into the hands of Owny O'More, "a bloody and bold young man," one of O'Neill's adherents, Hugh wrote to the Countess of Ormonde, telling her "it was reported contrary to his inclinations, that he would receive no pledge for her husband but his daughter; that he would not insist on a thing so much to her and the Earl's prejudice; and had wrote that the young Lady should not be demanded, but had left them at discretion to take other pledges; and that, if it appeared that the Earl had been taken by treachery, he would never favor Owny, unless he immediately enlarged him without any kind of condition; and though all Ireland were to be destroyed by his release, yet if taken treacherously, he would procure his enlargement to the utmost of his power; for while ever he lived, he would never maintain an act so dishonorable." "He wrote," says an English historian, "to the like effect to the Earl of Ormonde himself, to whom he took notice of his excess in doing, what he called, his duty, though no man could be bound to such extreme rigour as he used in execution."

O'Neill's courage was wild and daring. He had not hesitated to close in a death-struggle, hand-to-hand, with James Sedgrave, a colossal cavalry officer of Meath, who fell by his hand; and when Bagnal, Marshal of the Queen's forces, to avoid paying the portion of his sister, who had eloped with O'Neill, charged him with disloyalty, Hugh dared him to mortal combat, and offered "to allow his adversary to come armed against him naked, to encourage him the rather to accept of his challenge." The character drawn of O'Neill by the secretary of Sir Charles Blount, his opponent, when compared with the description of him by the Annalists, given in another page, serves to exhibit him as he appeared to both parties—by one of whom he was styled a Rebel, for not allowing his possessions to be confiscated, and himself "done to death," as was intended;* while by the

* See the original State Letters, in which the officials assert, that they had left no subdolous stratagems untried "utterly to ruin and cut him off;" and express their dissatisfaction at the extraordinary art with which he "kept on his head," despite all the rewards offered for him, alive or dead.

other he was regarded as the brave champion of the civil and religious liberties of an ancient nation, from whose greatest monarchs he lineally descended. "This Hugh," says old Fynes Moryson, "was of a meane stature, but a strong body; able to endure labors, watching, and hard fare; being, withal, industrious, and active, valiant, affable, and apt to mannage great affaires; and of a high dissembling subtile and profound wit. So as many deemed him born either for the great good or ill of his country."

About May, in the year 1599, Robert D'Evereux, the celebrated Earl of Essex, came to Ireland, say the Annalists, "with much wealth, arms, munition, powder, lead, food, and drink; and the beholders said that so great an army* had never till that time come to Erin since the Earl Strongbow and Robert Fitz Stephen came, in former times, with Dermot Mac Murrough, king of Leinster."

"Garrisons of soldiers, with all necessities, were sent by this Earl to Carrickfergus, to Newry, to Dundalk, to Drogheda, to Wicklow, to Naas of Leinster, and to other towns besides. He then selected seven thousand soldiers of the best of his army, and marched from directly south westwards; for he had been informed that there were not of the plunderers of the Queen in Erin a tribe that could be more easily invaded than the Geraldines, as they were then circumstanced. The Earl and his troops never halted until they arrived in the middle of the province of Leinster; and surely his approach to the Gaels of Leinster was not the visit to friends from afar! These were Donall Cavanagh of Spain, Owny, the son of Rory O'More, the young; the O'Conors of Faly, the clan O'Byrne of Ranelagh, and many other gentlemen not enumerated. These people made fierce and desperate assaults, and furious, irresistible onsets on him, in intricate ways and narrow passes, in which both parties came in collision with each other, so that great numbers of the Earl's people were cut off by them."

* "His army," says the Government historian, "was as great and as well furnished as his heart could desire for that service, being at first 1,300 horse, and 16,000 foot, which were afterwards increased to twenty thousand men complete." Many of the Irish, we are told by the same writer, had sworn at a public cross to be steadfast to their colors. According to the most exaggerated return, the total number of the natives at this period in arms for their independence was twenty thousand seven hundred and fourteen. Although these men were but miserably provided, and had to contend with soldiers well disciplined in the wars of the Low Countries, the English expenses of this year's campaign, according to Government documents, were within a fraction of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This sum was but one hundred thousand pounds less than the total annual revenue of England at the time.

After considerable difficulties and losses, the Earl and his army reached Munster; not, however, before the gallant President, Sir Thomas Norris,* had been slain in single combat by Thomas Burke. Having taken the castle of Cahir, Essex, accompanied by the Earls of Ormonde and of Thomond, proceeded into Munster, to invade the Geraldines:—

“ On the first night after they had left Limerick, in the month of June, they encamped upon the banks of the river of Adare; and as they advanced westwards on the next day, Saturday, through the bog of *Robhar*, the soldiers and warriors of the Earl of Desmond and the Geraldine host shewed them their faces. Fierce and morose was the salute and welcome which they gave to the representative of their Sovereign on his first visit to them and to his army; for they discharged into their eyes the fire and smoke of their black powder, and showers of balls from straightly-aimed guns; and he heard the uproar, clamour, and exulting shouts of their champions and common soldiers, instead of the submission, honor that should have been shewn to him, and of the mild and courteous words that should have been spoken to him. Howbeit, the result of this conflict was, that great numbers of the Earl of Essex's men were cut off, and that he was not suffered to make any remarkable progress on that day; so that he pitched his camp a short distance to the east of Askeaton. On the next day, Sunday, he and the Earls of Ormond and Thomond resolved to send a body of cavalry to lay up ammunition in Askeaton, and not to proceed any further westward into Munster themselves on this occasion. On their return eastwards the next day, Monday, when they arrived near Ferriter's town, they received a stout and resolute conflict, and a furious and formidable battle, from the Geraldines; and many of the Earl of Essex's people were slain on that day, and, among the rest, a noble knight of great name and honor, Sir Henry Norris. The Earl of Essex then proceeded to Kilmallock; and, having remained three nights in that town, he directed his course southwards, towards *Ceann Feabhra*, † a part of the mountain of *Caoín*, the son of *Dearg dualach*, with the intention of passing into Roche's country; and, instead

* Sir John Norris also died from wounds received in these Irish wars. He had been President of Munster, and appears to have patronised Edmund Spenser, who described him as—

“ Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue;
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Temperd with reason and advisement age,
Hath filld and Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soil.”

† A portion of the mountain of *Shiabh Reagh*, lying to the left of the road from Kilmallock to Cork.

of proceeding to Cork, as it was thought he would have done, he directed his course across the ford at the monastery of Fermoy, and from thence he marched with his forces to Conna of the Plain of *Ik* (Moygeely), and Lismore of *St. Mochuda*. During all this time the Geraldines continued to follow, pursue, and press upon them, to shoot at, wound, and slaughter them. When the Earl had arrived in the *Desima*, the Geraldines returned in exultation and high spirits to their territories and houses. On the arrival of the same Earl in Dungarvan, the Earl of Thomond parted from him there, and proceeded along the seaside to Youghall, and from thence to Cork, and afterwards to Limerick. The Earl of Essex proceeded from Dungarvan to Waterford, thence into the country of the Butlers, and into Leinster. They marched not by a prosperous progress by the roads along which they passed from Waterford to Dublin, for the Gaels of Leinster were following and pursuing, surrounding and environing them, so that they slew and slaughtered great numbers of them in every road and way by which they passed. The Gaels of Erin were wont to say that it would have been better for him that he had not gone on this expedition from Dublin to *Hy Connell Gaure*,* as he returned back after the first conflict that was maintained against him, without having received submission or respect from the Geraldines, and without having achieved in his progress any exploit worth boasting of, excepting only the taking of Cahir."

Sir Conyers Clifford, Governor of Connacht, a veteran soldier, was now despatched against the northern clans, and having marched with a large force from Athlone, took up his position at Boyle, where he was joined by the garrison of that town. The troops of O'Donnell being dispersed through the country, and engaged in reducing his Irish enemies, "the chief of his army and his advisers remarked to him that they had not battle engines fit to oppose the English, and that they should not risk an engagement because they had not their forces together. But O'Donnell made little or no account of the words of those gentlemen, and said that it was not by numbers of men that a battle is gained, but that whoever trusts in the power of the Lord, and is on the side of justice, is always triumphant, and gains the victory over his enemies."

"When the Governor was at the abbey of Boyle, he was daily in the habit of menacing and threatening, reviling and reproaching, the northern, and boasting that he would pass northwards across the mountain in despite of

* The present Baronies of Connello, in the County of Limerick.

them; and on this day (the 15th of August) he undertook to perform what he had promised. When O'Donnell received intelligence of this, he ordered his forces to be assembled together, to be reviewed and marshalled; and after they had been reviewed, he then divided them into two parts. In one division he placed his swift and energetic youths, and his nimble and athletic men, and his shooting parties, with their high-sounding, straight-shooting guns, with their strong, smooth-surfaced bows, and with their bloody, venomous javelins, and other missile weapons. Over these soldiers he appointed a fight-directing leader, and a battle-sustaining champion, with command to press, urge, and close them to the battle, and to hew down and wound after them, when they should have their missile weapons ready. In the second division he placed his nobles, chiefs, and veteran soldiers, with strong, keen-edged swords, with polished, thin-edged battle-axes, and with large-headed lances, to maintain the fight and battle. He then converted his cavalry into pedestrians among his infantry, in consequence of the difficulty of the way that lay before them. When O'Donnell had thus arranged his people, he commanded his shooting party to advance before the other division, to meet and engage the foreign army before they should pass the difficult part of the mountain, and he told them that he himself and the other division would come in contact with them at a place where he was sure of vanquishing them, for he knew that they could be more easily defeated in the end, should they be first wounded by his first division. O'Donnell had kept watchmen every successive day on the summit of the mountain, that the army of the foreigners might not cross it unnoticed. On this day, the party of them who were there began to reconnoitre the monastery, and the troops that were in it. While they were thus reconnoitring, they perceived the army taking their weapons, raising their standards, and sounding their trumpet and other martial instruments. They sent the news speedily to O'Donnell. When he heard it, he commanded the troops whom he had appointed to take the van in the pass to march rapidly, to engage the English before they could pass the rugged parts of the flat mountain. They marched as they were commanded, each with the magnanimity and high spirit of a hero; and they quickly reached the summit of the mountain, before the English. O'Donnell set out after them, steadily and with a slow pace, with the steady troops and faithful heroes whom he had selected to accompany him; and they marched until they arrived at the place by which they were certain the English would pass; and there they awaited their coming up. As for the advanced division, which was commanded to take the van, they proceeded on their way towards the battalions of the foreigners until they met them breast to breast. As they approached each other the Gaels discharged at the enemy terrible showers of beautiful ash-handled javelins, and swarms of sharp arrows, from long and strong elastic bows, and volleys of red flashing flames, and of hot leaden balls, from perfectly straight and straight-shooting guns. These volleys were re-

sponded to by the soldiers of England, so that their reports, responses, and thundering noise were heard throughout the woods, the forests, the castles, and the stone buildings of the neighbouring territories. It was a great wonder that the timid and the servants did not run panic-stricken and mad by listening to the blasts of the martial music, the loud report of the mighty firing, and the responses of the echoes. Champions were wounded and heroes were hacked between them on the one side and the other. Their battle-leaders and captains commanded O'Donnell's people not to stand fronting the foreigners, but to surround and encircle them round about. Upon which they closed around them on every side, as they were commanded, and they proceeded to fire on them vehemently, rapidly, and unsparingly, so that they drove the wings of their army into their centre by the pressure and vehemence of the conflict. Howbeit, the English at last turned their backs to the mighty men of the north, and the few routed the many! The English were furiously driven back to the fortified place from which they had set out; and such was the precipitateness of their flight, after they had once turned their backs to their enemies, that no one of them looked behind for relative or friend, and that they did not know whether any of those left behind were living or dead. Not one of the fugitives could have escaped, were it not that their pursuers and slayers were so few in number, for they were not able to cut down those in their power, so numerous and vast was the number of them who were flying before them. They did not, however, desist from pursuing them until the English got inside the walls of the monastery from which they had previously set out. O'Ruarc was at this time in a separate camp on the eastern side of the Curliou Mountains.* He had promised O'Donnell that he would be ready to attack the English like the rest, whenever it would be necessary; and when he heard the sound of the trumpets and tabors, and the loud and earth-shaking reports of the mighty firing, he rose up from his camp with his heroes, who put on their arms; and they made no delay, till they arrived at the place where O'Donnell's people were engaged in the conflict. They proceeded, like the others, to cut down champions with their swords, and fire on them with their guns, arrows, and javelins, until the soldiers left behind many heads and weapons. The Governor, Sir Conyers Clifford, was slain, together with a countless number of English and Gaels about him. He was left feebly stretched on the mountain, mortally wounded in the commencement of the conflict. It was not known to the soldiers who first wounded him (nothing was known about his death, except only that it was a ball that passed through him), and the soldiers did not recognise him, until O'Ruarc at last came up to the place where he was, and recognised that it was the Governor that was there. He ordered him to be beheaded, which being done, his body was left a mu-

* A corruption of the Irish *Corr-shliabh-na Seaghea*, literally, the Mountain of the Well of Science.

tilated trunk. The death of the person here slain was much lamented. It was grievous that he came to this tragic end. The Gaels of the province of *Mave** were not pleased at his death; for he had been a bestower of jewels and riches upon them; and he had never told them a falsehood. The Governor passed not in one direction from this battle; for his body was conveyed to be interred in the Island of the Blessed Trinity in Loch Ke, in the barony of Moylurg, in the County of Roscommon, and his head was carried to Cul Maoile, in the Barony of Tirerril, in the County of Sligo."

About a month after this event, the Earl of Essex returned to England, and was given into the custody of the Lord Keeper. The lively Sir John Harrington, who served in these Irish wars, tells us, that when he came into the Queen's presence, "she chafed much, walked fastly to and fro, looked with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, catched at my girdle when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no Queen! that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' She bid me go home. I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish Rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed." "In this year," say the native writers, "the province of Ulster was a still pool, a gentle spring, and a reposing wave, without the fear of battle or incursion, injury or attack, from any other part of Erin; while every other territory was in awe of the men of Ulster." O'Neill, in the year 1600, made a hosting to the south of Ireland, "to confirm his friendship with his allies in the war, and to wreak his vengeance on his enemies." Despite the Earls of Ormonde and Kildare, and Lord Barry, he continued his royal progress, and "did not injure or waste any in these territories through which he passed, excepting those whom he found always opposed to him in inveterate enmity."

It was during this expedition that the confederacy of the Northern Chieftains received the first blow, by the death of Hugh Maguire, the valiant Prince of Fermanagh:—

"O'Neill proceeded southward, across the river Lee, and pitched his camp between the rivers Lee and Bandon, on the confines of Muskerry and Carbery. To this camp all the Mac Carthys, both southern and northern, came into the house of O'Neill in this camp. Thither re-

* Connacht. See page 597.

paired two who were at strife with each other concerning the Lordship of Desmond, namely, the son of Mac Carthy *Rough*, and Mac Carthy *Mr.* Thither repaired the sons of the Chiefs of Allo. Thither repaired the O'Donohoes, O'Donovans, and O'Mahonys, and the greater number of the English and Gaels of the two provinces of Munster, except those in the great towns, to submit and pay their homage to O'Neill; and such of them as were not able to come to him sent him tokens of submission and presents, except Barry, before mentioned, and the Lord of Muskerry, and O'Sullivan of Beare. O'Neill obtained eighteen hostages of the Chieftains of Munster at that camp; and he remained twenty days examining the disputes and covenants of the men of Munster, and reconciling them to each other in their contentions. Hugh Maguire was along with O'Neill at this time. One day in the month of March of this year, a short time before the festival of Saint Patrick, he sent out a troop of cavalry, and another of infantry, to scour the districts in the neighbourhood of the camp; and he did not halt till he arrived at the gates of Kinsale, and from thence he went to Rincorran, the castle of Barry *óg*, in Kinelea. He afterwards returned back with preys and spoils, with a great deal of accoutrements and flesh meat. As Maguire's people were fatigued at the end of the day, after a long journey, on account of the vastness of their plunders and spoils, they halted and encamped at the nearest convenient place, to protect their preys and spoils; but Maguire set out, resolved to make no stay or delay until he should arrive at O'Neill's camp. When Maguire had left the camp in the morning of that day, a message was sent to Cork, to Sir Warham St. Leger, Deputy of the Governor of the two provinces of Munster, acquainting him that Maguire had gone forth from the camp with a small force, as indeed he had, and mentioning the direction in which he had passed. Sir Warham did not neglect this thing, but immediately assembled a body of vigorous, well-armed, mail-clad horsemen, and marched with them from Cork to a narrow defile, by which he was sure Maguire would pass on his return back. He had not been long in this ambush when he saw Maguire coming on with a small party of cavalry; and after perceiving each other, the person who had arrived thither did not retreat back, or exhibit a desire to shun, or an inclination to fly; but, rousing up his courage, as was his wont, he advanced forwards to kill his enemies, as he did on this occasion, for he and Sir Warham attacked each other fiercely and angrily, boldly and resolutely, and mutually wounded each other severely. But, however, Sir Warham was immediately slain by Maguire, and five of the horsemen who were along with Sir Warham were also slain by Maguire; but he was himself so deeply and severely wounded in that conflict, that he was not able to contend with an overwhelming force on that occasion, so that he passed through them without waiting for further contest; but he had not passed far from the scene of battle when he was overtaken by the languour of death, so that he was obliged to alight from his horse, and expired immediately after. The

death of Maguire caused a giddiness of spirits, and depression of mind in O'Neill and the Chiefs of the Gaels in general; and this was no wonder, for he was the bulwark of valour and prowess, the shield of protection and shelter, the tower of support and defence, and the pillar of the hospitality and achievements of the men of Oriel, and of almost all the Gaels of his time."

New commanders were now despatched from England: Charles Blount, Lord Deputy; Sir George Carew, President of Munster; and Sir Henry Docwra* was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops destined for service in the north. Although lavishly supplied with men, money, and munition, these cautious leaders determined, instead of venturing, like their predecessors, into "the gap of danger," to reduce the confederate clans by tortuous chicane and stratagem. Shortly after their arrival, we find a Queen's O'Reilly, a Queen's O'Donnell, a Queen's Maguire, a Queen's O'Neill, and a Queen's Earl of Desmond, set up in opposition to the hostile Chieftains. By the intrigues of Sir George Carew, dissensions were sown among the national party in Munster. With the aid of the Anglo-Norman Peers of the south, and by alternate bribery, delusive promises, and treachery, the confederacy there was broken up, and the whole province devastated. Considerable progress had also been made in promoting disunion in Ulster, when news reached the Northern Chiefs that certain Spanish ships of war, having cast anchor in the harbour of Kinsale, had taken possession of that town, and were beleaguered there by the Queen's troops, two-thirds of whom were Irish in the pay of England. O'Donnell, having dismantled his stately castle at Donegal, † that it might not become a stronghold for the enemy, collected

* For an account of Sir Henry Docwra and his services in Ulster, see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II., page 209.

† An elegant Irish poem was written on this event by *Maolmuire Mac an Bhaird*, or Ward, one of the bards of O'Donnell. Its first line in the original is:—

"A báin tír acá ar aenap!"

And the bard tells us that the castle of Donegal was destroyed by Red Hugh, lest it might truly become a *Dún na Gall*, or fort of the strangers. The following stanzas are from Clarence Mangan's faithful version of this poem:—

"O, mournful O, forsaken pile,
What desolation dost thou dreel
How tarnished is the beauty that was thine awhile,
Thou mansion of chaste melody!

his forces, and with O'Neill marched for Munster. Although the English considered the roads impassable from the severity of the winter, the Chiefs, by almost superhuman exertions, arrived at Kinsale in a space of time which appeared incredible to their opponents.

"Demolished lie thy towers and halls;
A dark, unsightly, earthen mound
Defaces the pure whiteness of thy shining walls,
And solitude doth gird thee round.

"Where now, O rival of the gold
Emania, be thy wine-cups all?
Alas! for thee thou now hast nothing but the cold,
Cold stream that from the heavens doth fall!

"Above thy shattered window sills
The music that to-day breaks forth
Is but the music of the wild winds from the hills,
The wild winds of the stormy North!

"What spell o'ercame thee, mighty fort,
What fatal fit of slumber strange,
O palace of the wine!—O many-gated court!
That thou shouldst undergo this change?

"Thou wert, O bright-walled, beaming one,
Thou cradle of high deeds and bold,
The Tare of Assemblies to the sons of Conn,
Clan Connell's Council-hall of old!

"In thee were Ulster's tributes stored,
And lavished like the flowers in May;
And into thee were Connacht's thousand treasures poured,
Deserted though thou art to-day!

"How often from thy turret's high,
Thy purple turrets, have we seen
Long lines of glittering ships, when summer time drew nigh,
With masts and sails of snow-white sheen!

"How often seen, when gazing round,
From thy tall towers, the hunting trains,
The blood-enlivening chase, the horseman and the hound,
Thou fastness of a hundred plains!

"How often to thy banquets bright
We've seen the strong-armed Gaels repair,
And when the feast was over, once again unite
For battle, in thy base-court fair!

"It is a drear, a dismal sight,
This of thy ruin and decay,
Now that our Kings, and bards, and men of mark and might
Are nameless exiles far away!

"From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own brave
And far-famed sovereign, came the blow!
By him, thou lonesome castle o'er the Eaky's wave,
By him was wrought thine overthrow!

"But he, thus fated to destroy
Thy shining walls, will yet restore
And raise thee up anew in beauty and in joy,
So that thou shalt not sorrow more.

"By God's help, he who wrought thy fall
Will reinstate thee yet in pride;
Thy variegated halls shall be rebuilt all,
Thy lofty courts, thy chambers wide.

"Yes! thou shalt live again, and see
Thine youth renewed! Thou shalt outshine
Thy former self by far, and Hugh shall reign in thee,
The Tir Connellian's King and thine."

From the period of their first union, victory had hitherto uninterruptedly attended the Irish allies; their triumphant course was now destined to receive a check, from the incompetency of Don Juan d'Aguila, whose conduct had before tarnished the renown of Spain. O'Neill, recollecting that the famous Duke of Parma had obliged King Henri of Navarre to raise the sieges of Paris and Rouen, and had also, despite all the arts of his enemy, avoided coming to a battle, resolved to cut off the supplies of the Queen's army, and thus oblige them to abandon their position before Kinsale. In opposition to this design, the arrogant Spaniard prevailed on the other Chiefs to consent to make a descent with their jaded troops on the camp of the besiegers. Treachery was actively at work: the whole plan was revealed to the crafty Mountjoy, and the attack proved unsuccessful. The coming of the Spaniards to Kinsale was most injudicious. The Irish Chiefs, in their communications with King Philip,* had stated that it would be impossible for them to penetrate into Munster, through a country every where beset with armed enemies. Scorning, however, to leave their ally in the power of their opponents, on receiving intelligence of his arrival they had marched, in the depth of the winter, through the entire length of the island, to carry aid to a handful of Spanish troops, under the command of a general of whose fidelity there is every reason to entertain suspicions. This expedition was nearly fatal to their cause, as it drew them from defending their own principalities, and by dispelling the prestige of victory which had hitherto attended their arms, drove many of their adherents into the ranks of the enemy. The great strength of the Queen's Irish army lay in the number of natives who served under her banners. After the battle of the "Yellow Ford," the remnant of the British forces had been saved by the courage of the "Queen's O'Reilly," and the principal service was done at Kinsale by native troops in the English pay. Still

* O'Neill, in his letters to the King of Spain, praying "aides to subside the warre, according to the promise made by the old King," stated, "that if the aides were sent to Ulster, then would he require but four or five thousand men: if the King did purpose to send an army into Munster, then he should send strongly; because neither Tyrone nor O'Donnell could come to helpe him." Sir John Davies tells us, that O'Neill, after his submission, stated that "the King of Spayne had made plaine demonstration

the two northern clans held out against all, in defence of their laws and ancient institutions; and although the Queen possessed an army which in numbers, as described by Spenser, was "able to tread down all that stood before them on foot, and lay on the ground all the stiff-necked people of that land," the expenses of the war continued to drain Elizabeth's treasury. Seeing that their enemies were daily receiving arms and money from England, the Chiefs, after the affair at Kinsale, resolved that Red Hugh O'Donnell should repair to Spain, to seek aid from King Philip, who owed Elizabeth a heavy retribution for having countenanced the Dutch, whose claims to liberty of conscience were styled rebellion by the Spaniards, in the same spirit as the desire of the Irish to protect themselves from legalized slaughter and oppression had been pronounced treason by certain English officials and their partizans:—

"Having come to this resolution, the persons he selected to accompany him on this journey were: Redmond Burke, the son of John; Captain Hugh Mostyn, son of Robert; and Flaithri, the son of Fithil O'Mulconry,

that hee held but a contemptible opinion of him; for (said hee) when we expected a royall aid from him, and great store of crownes to supply our wants, the priests and frieres that came unto us brought us hallowed beads and poor counterfeit jewelles, as if we had been pettie Indian kinges, that would be pleased with threepenny knives and chaines of glasse, and the like beggerlie presents." The late learned W. C. Taylor, LL.D., who was deeply versed in ancient and modern history, remarked, relative to the descent of the Spaniards on Kinsale, that "the expedition was altogether the worst planned, and worst executed ever sent by a blundering government. Its preparation was made so openly, that one would suppose observation had been courted. It was miserable in amount; and its leader was wretchedly incompetent. Don Juan d'Aguila, to whom Philip had entrusted a small fleet and two thousand men, with the most inconceivable folly determined to land in the south of Ireland, while Tyrone, to whose assistance he had come, was shut up in the extreme north." Dr. Taylor further observes, that "the imperfect subjugation of Ireland cost Elizabeth more than three millions sterling, and an incalculable number of her bravest soldiers. The unfortunate country was reduced to a desert, and at least one-half the population perished by famine or the sword. The submission purchased at this tremendous cost, could not be sincere or permanent; and the system to which Elizabeth trusted for security manifestly increased the perils of her government. To extirpate the ancient nobility, and to divide their estates among the minions of the English and Irish courts, was avowedly the object of several successive administrations; and in pursuit of that object, the common principles of justice and humanity were flagrantly outraged. The undertakers were, in general, unprincipled adventurers, who showed no gratitude to the Crown, and no mercy to the country; they were faithless subjects and

a chosen father of the Franciscan order, who was his confessor ; with others of his own faithful people besides them. When this resolution was heard by all in general, it was pitiful and mournful to hear the loud clapping of hands, the intense tearful moaning, and the loud-wailing lamentation, that prevailed throughout O'Donnell's camp at that time. They had reason for this, if they knew it at the time, for never afterwards did they behold, as ruler over them, him who was then their leader and earthly prince in the Island of Erin. On the sixth day of the month of January, O'Donnell, with his heroes, took shipping at Castlehaven ; and, the breath of the first wind that rose wafting them over the boisterous ocean, they landed, on the fourteenth of the same month, in the harbour near Corunna, a celebrated city in the kingdom of Galicia in Spain. And it was here stood the tower of *Breogan*, usually called Braganza, which had been erected in ancient times by *Breogan*, the son of *Bratha*, and from which the sons of Milesius, of Spain, the son of *Bilé*, son of *Breogan*, had set out in their first invasion of Erin, against the *Danaans*. When O'Donnell landed at Corunna, he walked through the town, and went to view *Breogan's* tower. He was rejoiced to have landed at that place, for he deemed it to be an omen of good success that he had arrived at the place from whence his ancestor had for-

cruel masters. The great body of the peasantry hated them as intruders, and despised them as upstarts ; nor was their conduct such as to diminish either feeling. Situated as Ireland was, the ancient aristocracy might easily have been made the bond of union between the people and the Sovereign. Time would have broken up overgrown estates, and the ordinary progress of events ameliorated the feudal system ; but when the nobles were sacrificed to faction, all the links of society were broken, and government deprived of the natural means of introducing improvements. An additional danger resulted from the numbers of the Irish nobility who, when driven into exile, fled to the Continent, and obtained employment in the armies of France and Spain. They never resigned the hope of returning to their country, and recovering, in a new struggle, the estates of which they had been plundered. The commerce and trade of the country were annihilated by these protracted contests. The finances were so dilapidated, that they were inadequate to the ordinary expenses of the Government. Elizabeth, in her distress, proceeded to debase the coin—an expedient which of course only multiplied the difficulties. Religion could not be expected to possess much influence amid the incessant din of arms. It was, to use the language of an old divine, 'in everybody's mouth, and in nobody's heart.' Efforts were made by many partizans of the government, and by the papal emissaries, to give the struggle the character of a religious war ; but they signally failed. Many of Elizabeth's bravest soldiers were bigotted Catholics, and yet they never for a moment swerved from their allegiance. Desmond, the leader in the second great war, notoriously offered to profess the reformed religion, if his estates could be secured ; and Hugh O'Neill was so openly regardless of disputed doctrines, that his profession of anxiety to defend the true faith was hailed with shouts of ridicule by all parties. 'Hang thee,' said the Earl of Essex, with equal humour and truth, 'thou talkest of a free exercise of religion ! Thou carest as much for religion as my horse !'

merly obtained power and sway over Erin.* After having rested himself for a short time at Corunna, he proceeded to the place where the King was, in the province of Castile, for it was there he happened to be at this time, after making a visitation of his kingdom, in the city which is called Samora. And as soon as O'Donnell arrived in the presence of the King, he knelt down before him; and he made submission and obeisance unto him, as was due to his dignity, and did not consent to rise until the King promised to grant him his three requests. The first of these was, to send an army with him to Erin, with suitable engines and necessary arms, whatever time they should be prepared. The second, that, should the King's Majesty obtain power and sway over Erin, he would never place any of the nobles of his blood in power or authority over him or his successors. The third request was, not to lessen or diminish on himself or his successors for ever the right of his ancestors, in any place where his ancestors had power and sway before that time in Erin. All these were promised to him to be complied with by the King; and he received respect from him; and it is not probable that any Gael ever received in latter times so great an honor from any

* The legends say, that the valiant Spaniard, *Ith*, son of *Breogan*, was selected by his clan to explore the island of Erin. "This counsel they formed at *Breogan's* tower, in Galicia; and thus it happened that they sent *Ith* to Erin; and not as some others assert, that he observed it like a cloud on a winter's night from the top of *Breogan's* tower; for there was acquaintance and intercourse previous to this between *Erin* and Spain, since *Eochaidh*, son of *Earc*, the last king of the *Fir Bolgs*, married *Taille*, daughter of *Maghmar*, King of Spain; they used then on either side to practise traffic and commerce, and an exchange of their wares or valuables, one with another; so that the Spaniards knew Erin, and the men of Erin were acquainted with Spain, before *Ith*, the son of *Breogan*, was born." *Ith* sailed to Ireland with one hundred and fifty men, and on his arrival he found the three *Danaan* kings at contention, concerning the wealth of their fathers. "Upon hearing this, *Ith* went on with two-thirds of the crew that came with him in his ship, and as he came into the presence of the sons of *Carmad*, they received him courteously, and disclosed unto him the cause of their contest. He declared to them, on the other hand, that it was through stress of weather he had come on shore, and that he meant not to delay, but to sail back to his own country. However, as they thought *Ith* to be learned and experienced, they chose him as judge in the dispute between them; and his decision was, for them to divide the wealth into three equal parts; then he began to praise Erin, and declared that it was wrong for them to be in contention with each other, while the island was so abundant of honey and fruit; of fish and of milk; of vegetables and corn; while its air was temperate between heat and cold; and he still added, that if the country were divided in three parts between them, that it was sufficient for the maintenance of them all. After this, *Ith* takes his leave of them, and goes with his hundred soldiers towards his ship. The sons of *Carmad*, however, sharply noticed the greatness of the praise passed by *Ith* upon Erin; and they imagined, that if he could reach his own country, he would bring numerous forces to take possession of the isle. They therefore determined to despatch *Mac Coill*, with a force of one hundred and fifty men, in pursuit of him, and they over-

other King. When O'Donnell had thus finished his business with the King, he was desired by the King to return back to Corunna, and remain there until every thing should be in readiness for his return to Erin. This he did; and he remained there until the month of August following. It was anguish of heart and sickness of mind to O'Donnell that the Gaels should remain so long without being aided or relieved by him; and, deeming it too long that the army which had been promised had been without coming together to one place, he proposed to go again before the King, to know what it was that caused the retarding or delay in the raising of the army which he had promised; and when he arrived at the town which is called Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, the King's court, God permitted, and the misfortune, ill-fate, wretchedness, and curse attending the Island of Eremhon,* and the Gaels of fair Banba in general, would have it, that O'Donnell should take the disease of his death and the sickness of his dissolution; and, after lying seventeen days on the bed, he died, on the tenth of September, in the house which the King of Spain himself had at that town (Simancas), after lamenting his crimes and transgressions, after a rigid penance for his sins and iniquities, after making his confession without reserve to his confessors, and receiving the body and blood of Christ, and after being duly anointed by the hands of his own confessors and ecclesiastical attendants: Father *Flaithri* O'Mulconry, † (then confessor and spiri-

took him. *Ith* himself took the rear of his people, and brought them to the north Plain of *Ith*, where a general engagement took place between them and *Mac Coill*, in which *Ith* was wounded, and his people bore him to his ship, so that he died at sea with them, and was buried in Spain; after his corse was exhibited to the sons of Milesius, to incite them to come to Erin to take vengeance for him of the sons of *Carnad*." The coming of the Gaels or Milesians has been narrated at page 595; and some account of the *Ithians*, or families who descended from *Ith* and his relatives, will be found in our notice of the Celtic Society of Ireland, in *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No II., page 197. The rock on which *Breogan's* tower stood, in Galicia, is now occupied by a light-house, parts of the interior of which are very ancient.

* Ireland was so called by the bards, from *Eremhon*, one of the sons of Milesius, noticed at page 596. *Banba* was another ancient name for Ireland, as before mentioned.

† This was Florence Conry who was admitted to be one of the most learned divines of his time. At his solicitation, Philip III. established the College of St. Antony of Padua, in Louvain, the first stone of which was laid, in 1617, by Albert and Isabella. In this college many of the most profound Irish scholars of the seventeenth century sojourned. Among them were John Colgan, editor of the "*Trias Thaumaturga*," and of the "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*;" Hugh Ward, author of the "*Acta Sancti Rumoldi*;" Patrick Fleming, editor of the "*Collectanea Sacra*;" and Michael O'Clery, as mentioned at page 592. Conry's tomb is still to be seen at Louvain. Among his various works, he published, in 1626, one entitled *Seathán an Chraibhuidh*, or, the "*Mirror of Repentance*," for the use of his countrymen. Several distinguished natives of Ireland lie buried in the College of St. Antony of Padua; among them may be mentioned, Dominic Lynch,

tual adviser to O'Donnell, and afterwards Archbishop of Tuam on that account), and Father Maurice *Ulick* (Donlevy), the son of Donogh, a poor friar of the order of St. Francis, from the convent of the monastery of the town of Donegal, which was one of O'Donnell's fortresses. His body was conveyed to the King's palace at Valladolid, in a four-wheeled hearse, surrounded by countless numbers of the King's state officers, council, and guards, with luminous torches and bright flambeaux of beautiful wax-light burning on each side of him. He was afterwards interred in the monastery of St. Francis, in the Chapter, precisely, with veneration and honor, and in the most solemn manner that any of the Gaels had been ever interred in before. Masses, and many hymns, chaunts, and melodious canticles, were celebrated for the welfare of his soul; and his requiem was sung with becoming solemnity.

Alas! the early eclipse of him who died here was mournful to many; for he was the head of the conference and counsel, of advice and consultation, of the greater number of the Gaels, as well in peace as in war. He was a mighty and bounteous lord, with the authority of a prince to enforce the law; a lion in strength and force, with determination and force of character in deed and word, so that he durst not at all be disobeyed, for whatever he ordered to be done should be immediately executed, accordingly as he directed by his words; a dove in meekness and gentleness towards the religious orders, the clergy, and the literati, and towards every one who had not incurred his displeasure, and who submitted to his authority; a man who had impressed the dread and terror of himself upon all persons, far and near, and whom no man could terrify; a lord, the expeller of rebels, the destroyer of robbers, the exalter of the sons of life, the executioner of the sons of death; a man who never suffered any injury or injustice, contempt or insult, offered him, to remain unrevenged or unatoned for, but took vengeance without delay; a determined, fierce, and bold invader of districts; a warlike, predatory, and pugnacious plunderer of distant territories; the vehement, vigorous, stern, and irresistible destroyer of his foreign and Gaelic opposers; one who never in his life neglected to do whatever was desirable for a prince; a sweet-sounding trumpet; endowed with the gift of eloquence and address, of sense and counsel, and with the look of amiability in his countenance, which captivated every one who beheld him; a promised and prophesied one, who had been truly predicted by prophets a long time before his birth, and particularly by the holy patron, *Columb Cille*, the son of *Felim*, who said of him:

"A noble, pure, exalted man shall come,
Who shall cause mournful weeping in every territory.
He will be the pious *Donn*,
And will be ten years King."

Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment of Tally, and *Róis*, or Rose O'Docharty, daughter of the Prince of Inis Owen, and wife of the famous General Owen Roe O'Neill.

"Pitiable, indeed, was the state of the Gaels of Erin after the death of O'Donnell, for their characteristics and dispositions were changed; for they exchanged their bravery for cowardice, their magnanimity for weakness, their pride for servility; their success, valour, prowess, heroism, exultation, and military glory, vanished after his death. They despaired of relief, so that the most of them were obliged to seek aid and refuge from enemies and strangers, while others were scattered and dispersed, not only throughout Erin, but throughout foreign countries, as poor, indigent, helpless paupers; and others were offering themselves for hire as soldiers to foreigners; so that countless numbers of the free-born nobles of Erin were

* Many of these exiles served with high distinction on the Continent, and we trust soon to have their adventures laid before us in the "History of the Irish in Foreign Services," promised by the learned editor of our Archæological Society's edition of the "Destruction of Cyprus," noticed in a former paper. In allusion to the fate of these brave soldiers, we find the following lines in a late writer:—

"But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these straits—
Tired wanderers! who sought repose through Europe's battle plains—
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down in storms—
They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered forms!
No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; nor pray'r nor tear had they—
Save the moaning winds and the weeping clouds—poor exiles far away!"

A strong feeling of hope and desire of vengeance pervades the Irish political songs of the seventeenth century. The nature of these compositions, in which Ireland generally appears as a beautiful but afflicted female, has been well described by a learned French historian:—

"Les Irlandais aiment à faire de la patrie un être réel qu'on aime et qui nous aime; ils aiment à lui parler sans prononcer son nom, et à confondre l'amour qu'ils lui vouent, cet amour austère et périlleux, avec ce qu'il y a de plus doux et de plus fortuné parmi les affections du cœur. Il semble que, sous le voile de ces illusions agréables, ils veulent déguiser à leur âme la réalité des dangers auxquels s'expose le patriote, et s'entretenir d'idées gracieuses, en attendant l'heure du combat; comme ces Spartiates qui se couronnaient de fleurs, sur le point de périr aux Thermopyles."

One of the most celebrated of these productions is that known as *Róisín dubh*, or the dark little Rose; *Róisín* being the diminutive form of the female name *Róis* or Rose. This song has been attributed to Red Hugh O'Donnell, and the following stanzas from one of its many versions, may serve to give an idea of the character of compositions of this class:—

"O, bitter woe, that we must go, across the sea!
O, grief of griefs, that Lords and Chiefs, their homes must flee—
A tyrant band o'erruns the land—this land so green—
And, though we grieve, we still must leave, our Dark *Róisín*."

"O, never mourn as one forlorn, but bide your hour;
Your friends ere long, combined and strong, will prove their power:
From distant Spain will sail a train to change the scene
That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark *Róisín*."

"Till then, adieu! my fond and true! adieu, till then!
Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again;
I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and broad-sword keen,
Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark *Róisín*!"

slain in distant foreign countries, and were buried in strange places and unhereditary churches, in consequence of the death of this one man who departed from them. In a word, it would be tedious and impossible to enumerate or describe the great evils which sprang and took permanent root at that time in Erin from the death of Red Hugh O'Donnell."

"As for O'Neill and the Gaels who remained in Erin after the defeat at Kinsale, what Red Hugh Donnell had instructed and commanded them to do, before his departure for Spain, was, to exert their bravery in defending their patrimony against the English until he should return with forces to their relief, and to remain in the camp in which they then were, because their loss was small, although they had been routed. He had observed to them, also, that it would not be easy for them to return safe to their country, if that were their wish, because their enemies and adversaries would pursue and attack them; and those who had been affectionate and kind towards them, on their coming to Munster, would be spiteful and malicious towards them on their return to their territories, and that they would attack and plunder them, and scoff at and mock them. The Chiefs of the Gaels did not, however, take his advice, and did not attend to his request, because he himself was not among them; but they resolved on returning to their territories. They afterwards set out in separate hosts, without ceding the leadership to any one lord; but each lord and Chieftain apart, with his own friends and faithful people following him. Alas! how different were the spirit, courage, energy, hauteur, threatening, and defiance of the Gaels, on their return back at this time, from those they had when they first set out on this expedition. The surmises of the Prince O'Donnell, and everything which he predicted, were verified; for, not only did their constant enemies rise up before and after them to give them battle, but their former friends, confederates, and allies rose up, and were attacking and shooting them on every narrow road through which they passed. It was not easy for the Chiefs and gentlemen, for the soldiers and warriors, to protect and defend their people, on account of the length of the way that lay before them, the number of their enemies, and the severity and inclemency of the boisterous winter season, for it was then the end of winter precisely. Howbeit, they reached their territories after great dangers, without any remarkable loss; and each lord of a territory began to defend his patrimony as well as he was able. Roderic O'Donnell, the son of Hugh, son of Manus, was he to whom O'Donnell had, on the night before his departure, left the government of his people and lands, and everything which was hereditary to him, until he should return back again; and he commanded O'Neill and Roderic to be friendly to each other, as themselves both had been. They promised him this thing. The tribe of Conall then thronged around the representative of their Prince, though most of them deemed the separation from their former hero and leader as the separation of soul from body. O'Donnell's son, Roderic, proceeded to lead his people with resoluteness and constant bravery through every difficult

and intricate passage, and through every danger and peril which they had to encounter since they left Kinsale until they arrived, in the very beginning of spring, in Lower Connacht, where the cows, farmers, property, and cattle of the tribe of Conall were dispersed throughout the country, in Corran, in Leyney, and in Tíreragh of the Moy. God was the herdsman and shepherd who had come to them thither; for although O'Donnell, at his departure, had left his people much of the cattle of the neighbouring territories, Roderic did not suffer them to be forcibly recovered from him by any territory from which they had been taken; for he distributed and stationed his soldiers and warriors upon the gaps of danger and the undefended passes of the country, so that none would attempt to come through them, to plunder or persecute any of his people."

Donall O'Sullivan, Prince of Bantry, had delivered his castle on the island of Dunboy to the Spaniards, in 1604; and finding, that after the battle of Kinsale, they had stipulated to deliver it to his enemies, he expelled the foreigners, and placed an Irish garrison of about one hundred and forty men in his insulated stronghold, who, for three weeks, maintained the castle against the entire land and sea force of England. And when the building crumbled before the perpetual discharge of the English ordnance, the intrepid garrison retreated to the dungeons, contesting every inch of ground, and death alone prevented them from burying themselves and their enemies in the ruins, by the ignition of the powder magazine. "So obstinate and resolved a defence," says Sir George Carew, "hath not been seen within this kingdom." O'Sullivan, after the ruin of his castle, "went with his cows, herds and people, and all his moveables, behind his rugged-topped hills, into the wilds and recesses of his country." After nine days' incessant march, in the depth of winter, through mountainous districts scarcely passable, even in the present day, he arrived on the brink of the Shannon. "During this period, he was not a day or a night without a battle, or being vehemently and vindictively pursued, all which he sustained and responded to with manliness and vigor. Not finding cots or boats in readiness, they killed their horses, in order to eat and carry with them their flesh, and to place their hides on frames of pliant and elastic osiers, to make *currachs* for conveying themselves across the green-streamed Shannon, which they crossed at the ford of the Red Wood." Hence he cut his way, opposed at every step by enemies, to Connacht, the number

of the party having been diminished from one thousand to thirty-five. "It is scarcely credible," say the Annals, "that the like number of forces, fatigued from long marching, and coming into the very centre of their enemies, ever before achieved such a victory in defence of life and renown, as they achieved on that occasion." Donall O'Sullivan, then in his seventieth year, was accompanied by his wife, on this daring expedition; and after having thus traversed the entire length of the kingdom, they sailed for Spain; "making choice," as the Chieftain himself wrote to the Conde de Caracena, "rather to forsake his ancient inheritance, friends, followers, and goods, than to trust to the most graceless pardon or promise of his merciless enemies."

O'Neill and a few of his faithful allies, at bay in the fastnesses of the north, still bravely maintained their independence. The English commanders, aided by their Irish allies, formed a junction, and hemmed in the desperate northerners. The means destined by Providence for the preservation of mankind were now converted into the most destructive weapons. "It seemed incredible," says the secretary of the merciless Mountjoy, "that by so barbarous inhabitants, the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the towns so frequently inhabited, and the highways and paths so well beaten, as the Lord Deputy found them. Our captains, and by their example (for it was otherwise painful) the common soldiers, did cut down with their swords all the Rebels' corn, to the value of ten thousand pound and upwards, the only means by which they were to live, and to keep their Bonaghts, or hired soldiers." The entire fruits of the earth were thus destroyed; and the result was a famine, nearly equal in scenes of horror to the terrible dearth which devastated France in the eleventh century. The coinage was debased, and no means left untried to reduce the country into a desert.

"Carew," says Dr. W. C. Taylor, "was more merciless in establishing this cruel system than Mountjoy. He was naturally cruel and rapacious, a deliberate encourager of treachery, and not ashamed to avow and defend perfidy and assassination. When any of the insurgent leaders, broken by calamity, sued for permission to return to his allegiance, Carew granted pardon only on condition that the offender should prove his zeal for the royal service by murdering a

friend or relative; and this detestable practice he vindicates in his writings, as wise and sound policy." "Alas," exclaimed Elizabeth, horrified at the atrocities perpetrated by her ministers in Ireland, "the same reproach shall, I fear, be urged against me as was formerly made by Bato to Tiberius: 'It is you, you! that are to blame for these things, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds but to wolves!'" Although immense rewards were offered for O'Neill, alive or dead, his faithful people preferred to perish by famine rather than betray the champion of their independence. "And it is most sure," writes the Lord Deputy, in 1603, "that never Traitor knew better to keep his own head, than this, nor any subjects have a more dreadful awe to lay violent hands on their sacred Prince, than these people have to touch the persons of their O'Neills; and he that hath as pestilent a judgment as ever any had, to nourish and to spread his own infection, hath the ancient swelling and desire of liberty in a conquered nation to work upon, their fear to be rooted out, or to have their old faults punished, upon all particular discontents, and generally, over all the kingdom, the fear of a persecution for religion, the debasing of the coin, which is grievous unto all sorts, and a dearth and famine, which is already begun, and must of necessity grow shortly to extremity; the least of which alone, have been many times sufficient motives to drive the best and most quiet estates into sudden confusion. These will keep all spirits from settling, breed new combinations, and, I fear, even stir the towns themselves, to solicit foreign aid." The great engine used by the Queen's generals in reducing the northern Chiefs was Red Hugh's kinsman, Niall O'Donnell, who was promised the Earldom of Tir Connell as a reward for his services; in lieu of which he was, when the war was ended, incarcerated for life in the Tower of London. In speaking of the successes achieved by his party, Sir Henry Docwra observes—"I must confess a truth: it was all by the help and advice of Niall and his followers and the other Irish that came in with Sir Arthur O'Neale, without whose intelligence and guidance little or nothing could have been done of ourselves, although it is true withall they had their own ends in it, which were always for private revenge, and we ours, to make use of them for the furtherance of the publique service." "To attack them, if fighting on the same side, would have been as dan-

gerous," says the native writer, "as to rob the nest of a serpent, to plunder the young of the griffin, or to attack a lion in his den." After having vainly exhausted every stratagem to entrap the wary Chieftain, the Queen's ministers were obliged to offer him the Earldom of Tirone, which he accepted in 1603; while the title of Earl of Tir Connell was conferred on Roderic O'Donnell. These arrangements were hardly concluded, when Don Martin de la Cerda arrived from the King of Spain, with two ships laden with ammunition, and carrying thirty thousand gold pieces to O'Neill and O'Donnell. The honor of the Chieftains having been pledged, they refused to accept this tardy aid, and De la Cerda returned with his treasure. A similar circumstance occurred in the year 1691, when, after the capitulation at Limerick, the French Admiral, Chateau Renaud, sailed up the Shannon with certain ships of war, bearing arms and money to the gallant adherents of King James. It is useless now to speculate on what might have been the result, if either had arrived in proper time. The presence of the French ships at Limerick, however, procured the Jacobites the restitution of a most important clause of the treaty, which, although solemnly agreed to, had been omitted in the copies prepared for signature by the Williamite lawyers.

Four years after the departure of Don Martin de la Cerda—

"Cuconnacht Maguire and Donogh, the son of Mahon, son of the Bishop O'Brien, brought a ship with them to Erin, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They took with them from Erin the Earl Hugh O'Neill, and the Earl Roderic O'Donnell, with a great number of the Chieftains of the province of Ulster. These were they who went with O'Neill, namely, the Countess Catherina, the daughter of Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh the Baron, Shane, and Brian; young Art, the son of Cormac, son of the Baron; Ferdorcha, son of Conn, son of O'Neill; young Hugh, the son of Brian, son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his faithful friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell: Caffar (Cathbar), his brother, and his sister Nuala*; Hugh, the Earl's son, want-

* It was to this Princess, whom we noticed before at page 636, that Owen Roe *Mac an Bhaird*, or Ward, O'Donnell's Bard, who accompanied the Earls to Italy, addressed the exquisite elegy, commencing

"*A bean fuair faill an an ppeart!*"

in which she is represented as bewailing the death of her kinsmen, at their grave on St. Peter's Hill, at Rome. As this poem illustrates the state of

ing three weeks of being one year old ; Rose, the daughter of O'Docharty, and wife of Caffar, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; the son of his brother, young Donnell, the son of Donnell; Naghtan, the son of Calvagh, the son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell; together with many others of his faithful friends. They entered the ship on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished crew for one ship; for it is indeed certain that the sea had not supported, and the winds had not wafted from Erin, in modern times, a party of one ship who would have

Irish literature, at a period when certain writers, to serve the ends of their employers, have represented the native Chiefs of Ireland and their adherents as ignorant and barbarous savages, we select the following stanzas of the version made by the late Clarence Mangan, from Mr. Curry's literal translation. In the last line, the bard alludes to "Conn of the Hundred Battles," the common ancestor of the O'Neills and O'Donnells :—

"O, Woman of the piercing wall,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then, from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave,
In green Tir Connell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where *Beann Boirich's* banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

"Beside the wave, in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilea,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaro, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumcliffe—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

"O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wall would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill:
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come,
And swell thy strains!

"O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The mount whereon the martyr-saint
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *caoine*
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

been more illustrious or noble, in point of genealogy, or more renowned for deeds, valour, prowess, or high achievements, than they, if God had permitted them to remain in their patrimonies until their children should have reached the age of manhood. Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that decided on, the project of their setting out on this voyage, without knowing whether they should ever return to their native principalities or patrimonies to the end of the world."

"Two Princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Erin read
The names those noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

'The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of *Aileach's* lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
There were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's Chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother, *Cathbar*, whom
Tir Connell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

"O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A Prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on *Criffan's* Plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rans*
Of jubilee!

"When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one, of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!

The causes which led to this event are wrapped in mystery. Whether the Earls were engaged in forming projects for the re-establishment of their ancient power—whether they had learned the dark designs of the State against them—or whether, as most probable, both of these causes actuated them to quit their native land, still remains undecided. “As for us that are here,” wrote the At-

If at Athbui, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death,
With heart-wrung tears!

“Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderic found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would *Leath Cuinn* have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderic fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

“What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the great and free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

“Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

“And Thou, O Mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of *Cormac*!”

torney-General of King James, "we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majestie of the law and civil government hath banisht Tirone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe, and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds, did not bring to pass." In the succeeding year, the death of Sir Cahir O'Docharty, Prince of Innishowen, driven to take up arms by the savage conduct of the Governor of Derry, removed the last obstacle to the cherished project of the English "Plantation." "It was, indeed, from his death, and from the departure of the Earls we have mentioned, it came to pass that their principalities, their territories, their estates, their lands, their forts, their fortresses, their fruitful harbours, and their fishful bays, were taken from the Gaels of the province of Ulster, and given in their presence to foreign tribes; and they were expelled and banished into other countries, where most of them died."

The last entry in the "Annals of the Four Masters" records the death of the Earl of Tir Owen, in 1616—a fitting epilogue for a history, many of whose brightest recollections are associated with the names of the great northern Princes:—

"Hugh O'Neill, who had been Baron from the death of his father to the year (1585) when the celebrated Parliament was held in Dublin, and who was styled Earl of Tir Owen at that Parliament, and who was afterwards styled O'Neill, died at an advanced age, after having passed his life in prosperity and happiness, in valiant and illustrious achievements, in honor and nobleness. The place at which he died was Rome, on the twentieth of July, after exemplary penance for his sins, and gaining the victory over the world and the Devil. Although he died far from Armagh, the burial place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him a no worse burial place, namely, Rome, the head city of the Christians. The person who died here was a powerful, mighty lord, endowed with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord, in defending his religion and his patrimony against his enemies; a pious and charitable lord, mild and gentle with his friends, fierce and stern towards his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other, except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period; a lord with the authority and praiseworthy characteristics of a Prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity, to prevail during his reign; but had kept all under the authority of the law, as was meet for a Prince."

This great Chieftain, the personification of Celtic energy, holds no mean position among the distinguished men of an age eminently productive of great characters. His gallant struggles to preserve his country's ancient institutions, destined by Providence to give place to a system of government which has eventually conduced to promote the liberties and welfare of the human race, still entitle him to our sympathy and respect, for having acted on a principle which, according to a great philosopher, "is, of all others, perhaps, the most necessary for preserving society—an implicit admiration and adherence to the establishments of our forefathers."

It would be unjust to deny our tribute of admiration to the handful of brave men who, under immense disadvantages, and governed by a system essentially disuniting, so long maintained their independence, lands, and ancient institutions, against the great body of their fellow-countrymen, backed by the entire power and wealth of England, and by the unscrupulous machinations of sanguinary conspirators, miscalled statesmen. In whatever portion of the Globe, the love of liberty bravely contends with tyranny, it must command the sympathy of free men. The spirit which called Hugh O'Neill and his adherents into the field, was the same, in the abstract, style it what we may, as that which animated Bruce, William of Orange, and Washington, whose names have become associated with the most exalted feelings of human nature; yet, there was a time when even they were designated "Rebels"—a contumelious appellation ever on the lips of the opponents of the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

Scarcely had the spirit of freedom been reduced by famine and desolation, when the Anglo-Irish who had served against the Northern Clans found cause to repent of having combined with the enemies of their country. Promises made in the hour of danger were now publicly revoked, oppressive Penal Statutes were enacted, and the last days of the natives who had assisted to crush O'Neill and his brave adherents, were embittered by the reflection that their own conduct had involved themselves in the ruin which they had brought upon those who had bravely stood forth in defence of their ancient liberties. There was no sympathy for such short-sighted men in foreign countries, where the magnanimous Irish Chieftains found a generous reception, and, at home, these deluded renegades be-

came the helpless victims of needy and rapacious officials, on the faith of whose perfidious promises they had sacrificed the independence of their fatherland.

In the same spirit, though with a different result, the Hollanders—at the imminent risk of the liberties of the United Provinces—had suffered their richest city to fall into the power of their common enemy, Alessandro Farnese; because the narrow-minded citizens of Amsterdam anticipated, that when Antwerp had been reduced, its trade would be transferred to their own town.

Although the clan government of Ireland may be said to have terminated in the person of Hugh O'Neill, its spirit still lingered among the Celtic population of the island. It was this feeling which drew together the men who drove the Puritanical Munro from Benburb, in 1646, and baffled Cromwell, at Clonmel, in 1650. Much of the clan spirit was discernible in the wars of the Revolution, and it strongly pervaded the gallant Jacobite troops which formed the Irish Brigades.

So strange, however, are the changes of race, effected by time, that a few generations after "the departure of the Earls," the descendants of the men who had carried fire and sword into Ulster, to extirpate the last vigorous remnant of Celtic independence, were found assembled in armed convention at Dungannon—the very heart of the O'Neill's country—giving Ireland a proud place among the nations of Europe, and striking off the fetters imposed by their fathers on the liberties of their fellow-men. The representatives of the old clans of Erin—"a people of brilliant speech and rapid sword"—had, meanwhile, attained to the highest honors on the Continent, and decided the fate of Europe on many a well-fought battle-field. Nor were they less distinguished in the western hemisphere, in whose generous bosom so many millions of their countrymen have found a happiness and prosperity unattainable at home. In the "War of Independence," five-sixths of the Pennsylvanian line—"Washington's surest troops"—were Irishmen; and, "in a native of Donegal, the young Republic found her second General." The freedom of the United States may be said to date from the repulse of the British at "O'Sullivan's Island," where they encountered a defence as obstinate as their predecessors had experienced from the Chief of Dunboy.

Thus was verified the ancient Celtic proverb, which foretold, that time would transform "the *Gaels* into foreigners and the foreigners into *Gaels*."

When the friars of Donegal had concluded their labors of compilation, the work was submitted to the scrutiny of the most learned antiquaries of Erin. Among the various commendatory testimonia prefixed to the Annals, we find the following, from the representative of the *Brehons* of Ormond :—

"Whereas the poor friar, Michael O'Clery (in obedience to his superior, Father Joseph Everard, Provincial of the Order of St. Francis, in Erin), came to me, to show me this book, I, Flann, son of *Cairbré* MacEgan, of the town of Mac Egan, in the county of *Tibrat Arann*," do testify, that though many were the books of history of the old books of Erin which I saw, and though numerous and uncertain the number of ancient and modern books which I saw written and being transcribed in the school of Shane, son of *Torna* O'Mulconry, the tutor of the men of Erin in general, in history and chronology—and who had all that were in Erin learning that science under his tuition—I have not seen among them all any book of better order, more general, more copious, or more to be approved of, as a book of history and annals, than this book. I think also that no intelligent person whatever, of the laity or clergy, or of the professions, who shall read it, can possibly find fault with it. In attestation of which thing aforesaid, I here put my hand on this, at the town of Mac Egan aforesaid, the second of November, 1636."

No less laudatory was the declaration of the erudite Conor Mac Brody :—

"The poor friar, Michael O'Clery, in obedience to his Superior, Father Joseph Everard, Provincial of the Order of St. Francis, came before me to read and exhibit the book of history and annals written by himself and the other professional men, whose hands are upon it; and, after having viewed and examined it, I, Conor Mac Brody, son of *Maeilin óg*, of Kil Keedy and *Leitir Maelain*, in the county of Clare, do testify that this book is recommendable, and that we do not remember having seen a book of history or annals larger, better, or more generally copious in treating of all Erin, than this book; and that it is difficult to find fault with, censure, or criticise it. To attest what I have said, I now put my hand upon it, at Kil Keedy, the 11th November, 1636."

Nor were these eulogiums unmerited. The fidelity of the "Four

* Or the "Well of Ara," whence Tipperary takes its name.

Masters" has stood the test of time; every ancient Celtic manuscript, and every official document, discovered by our literary explorers, tend to confirm the veracity of these compilers. But for the labors of the poor friars of Donegal, a vast amount of our early history would have inevitably perished, as no less than six of the most valuable manuscripts, whence they drew their information, are not now known to exist; and even the autograph copy of their own Annals, from which the work before us is printed, owes its preservation to Dr. Petrie.

"How prophetic," observes this learned writer, to whom our literature is so heavily indebted, "were the just apprehensions of the chief compiler, 'that if the work were then neglected, or consigned to a future time, a risk might be run that the materials for it should never again be brought together.' Such, indeed, would have been the sad result."—"Even this careful transcript was supposed to have shared the same fate, and its recent discovery may be considered the result of a chance almost miraculous. What a solemn lesson, then, is here given us of the necessity of giving durability, while yet in our power, to the surviving historical remains of our country, and thereby placing them beyond the reach of a fate otherwise inevitable. To me it appears a sacred duty on all cultivated minds to do so. Had this compilation been neglected, or had it, as was supposed, shared the fate of its predecessors, what a large portion of our history would have been lost to the world for ever!"

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first portion of the "Annals of the Four Masters," extending to the end of the year 1171, was given to the world, with a Latin version, by the Rev. Charles O'Connor, and was long considered to form the most valuable part of the volumes, entitled "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*," published at the private cost of the Duke of Buckingham. The comparatively imperfect knowledge possessed by Dr. O'Connor, of the ancient language of Ireland, rendered him on many points an incompetent authority; hence, he has fallen into many and glaring errors. We must not, however, judge of the past by the present. To the learned family of Balenagar we owe much. They endeavoured to make us acquainted with our original Celtic documents, at a time when Irish history had been brought into contempt by the absurd theories of Vallancey and his fantastic followers. Few works, issued in the present century,

exhibit so vast an amount of profound and varied erudition as those of the classical Dr. O'Connor. And although the fortunes of the noble house of Buckingham are, at present, overshadowed by a gloomy cloud, and though the glories of the once resplendent Stowe exist but in the verse of Pope, the enlightened, and hitherto unemulated munificence of the princely English Peer, who employed his wealth in the preservation of the history of this ancient nation, will not be forgotten by those whose gratitude is most to be prized.

The "Four Masters," in their Annals, fortunately for us, transcribed verbatim the passages of the original and contemporaneous records; their work thus becomes of the utmost value to the philologist, in tracing the language at its various stages. This, however, formed one of the chief difficulties of the Editor, as many of the more ancient entries are written in a dialect long obsolete, and totally incomprehensible to scholars perfectly conversant with modern Gaelic. Thus, the learned Dr. O'Connor was, in many instances, obliged to leave words and even whole lines untranslated. It is a proud testimony of Dr. O'Donovan's proficiency in our ancient dialects, that no passage, however obscure, has baffled his profound knowledge. Not alone content with giving us a rigid and exact translation of his original, the Editor has spared no labor to collate the statements of the "Masters" with those of other annals, and we find that his notes, in general, far exceed the text. All printed works, and many ancient Celtic manuscripts, with which the compilers were themselves unacquainted, have been made ample use of. The topographical portion of the work is, perhaps, the most elaborate. Of the innumerable ancient places referred to by the Annalists, but few remain to be identified. Nearly all these localities were personally visited and inspected by the Editor, during his engagement on the Ordnance Survey, which afforded him opportunities of acquiring precise and accurate local information which will probably be never again afforded to the historic investigator. He has also made a most important use of the historical traditions, extant some time ago, among the peasantry of the more remote districts, but now totally obliterated by the late sad events which have driven their exiled depositaries to strange lands, "far away, beyond the Atlantic's foam."

Nor is Dr. O'Donovan's genealogical learning less remarkable. The clearness and precision with which he traces the various ramifications of the ancient Irish clans and their representatives, in both hemispheres, adducing evidences from Celtic records which would be totally incomprehensible to the most learned "Garter" or "Clarenceux" King at Arms,—the interesting and important pedigrees and illustrative genealogies, not elsewhere extant, which he has embodied in his notes and appendices, may well serve as models for a College of Heralds. In the present age of superficial historic works, it would at first appear incredible that a single scholar should have accomplished so vast an undertaking: especially when we recollect that he has given to the world the most comprehensive and profound treatise extant on the Hiberno-Celtic language;* and his invaluable contributions to the publications of the Irish Archæological and Celtic Societies extend to many thousand pages. It would be unjust to compare him with Du Chesne, Dom Bouquet, Mabillon, Muratori, or other editors of Continental historic literature. Their path was smooth in comparison to the labors of Dr. O'Donovan. He had no printed precedents to guide him, save such as were calculated to mislead, no compilations save those of ignorant and delusive writers. He was thus obliged to contend with the obscure and obsolete idioms of a peculiar language, and to seek his authorities and illustrations among our unclassified and unindexed Celtic monuments, half effaced by the accidents of time, and which would still remain unintelligible and inaccessible to the literary investigator, but for the labors of himself and his erudite associate, Eugene Curry. In fine, whether we regard the industry and impartiality of the original compilers, the immense learning and unwearied researches of the Editor, or the exquisite typography of the volumes, it must be admitted, that these Annals, as edited by Dr. John O'Donovan, form one of the most remarkable works, yet produced on the history of any portion of the British Isles. The mass of information which they embody

* "A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the use of the senior classes in the College of St. Columba." Dublin: Hodges & Smith, 1845. For an account of Dr. O'Donovan's contributions to our Archæological and Celtic Societies, see the notices of the publications of these bodies, in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. II., page 192 to 222, and No. III., page 409 to 468.

constitutes a collection of national records, the value of which can never be superseded. To the student desirous of obtaining a correct knowledge of the history of the Hiberno-Celtic race, the work is indispensable; while in it only will the philologist find materials for tracing the progress and various stages of the last remnant of the Indo-European language. Standing thus alone, it must maintain a high place among the great literary monuments of the world, so long as the study of history continues to retain the charms which it has ever possessed for men of cultivated and philosophic minds. To the Publishers of the "Annals of the Four Masters," Irish historic literature has been long under many and deep obligations. To their exertions may be traced—if not the origin—at least much of the success which has attended the exertions of our literary societies, and we have elsewhere* spoken of the large number of invaluable Celtic documents which but for them would have passed out of our country. At a period of unexampled commercial prostration and disaster, and when, especially in Ireland, the social system was shaken to its foundation, making personal interest a secondary consideration, they have again come forward to demand national gratitude by the publication of the greatest original work which has ever issued from the Irish press. No accessory, however costly,† has been omitted to

* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 466.

† The most elaborate care appears to have been taken by the publishers to produce a work perfect in every department, both literary and artistic. The Irish text was collated and transcribed by Mr. Curry, whose profound acquaintance with the obsolete Celtic dialects, has been noticed in the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III., page 414; and who supplied very many examples from ancient glossaries to elucidate the meanings of difficult words, and various manuscript authorities, unexplored by any but himself, to illustrate the ancient topography of the Annals. A peculiarly exquisite Irish type, modelled from the characters in the venerable "Book of Kells," was manufactured expressly for this work. The rules to be observed in printing the text and translation were determined upon by a Committee selected for that purpose; and, that the external appearance of the volumes might be in keeping with the character of their contents, the covers have been designed from the elaborate case of the shrine of St. *Maidoc*, or *Aidan*, the first bishop of Ferns, the age of which, in the opinion of some of the most skilful antiquaries of Great Britain, can hardly be later than the eighth century. The index is the most complete work of the kind which we have yet seen; it exceeds four hundred large quarto pages, in double columns, and the mass of figures which it contains resembles a series of logarithmic tables, rather than references to an historical compilation. The accuracy with which the whole has been produced is highly creditable to the University Press; although the work exceeds four thousand pages, we have been unable to

render the work worthy of the high position which its contents demand, or to make it a monument of our country's literature, to be transmitted with pride to future generations, who will feel grateful to all whose names are connected with the preservation of the venerable but fast decaying monuments of the history of their fatherland.

In our necessarily compendious notice of the rich and varied contents of Dr. O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters," we have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to use the language of original and contemporary writers, intentionally eschewing minute criticisms and arid disquisitions. We believe that the true object of history is to exhibit faithful pictures of the men of past ages, as they lived and acted, with all their original and characteristic attributes, free from the gloss of specious exaggeration, and unencumbered by those shallow philosophic speculations, so often

detect any important error or misprint in either the original text, translation, or notes. The Editor acknowledges his obligations to Captain Larcom, R.E., "who has been the active promoter of Irish literature, antiquities, and statistics, ever since the summer of 1825; and who, during his connexion with the Ordnance Survey, exerted himself most laudably to illustrate and preserve the monuments of ancient Irish history and topography;" to Captain Cameron, R.E., to George Petrie, LL.D., V.P.R.I.A., to Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and to the learned Mr. Hardiman—to the three last, in conjunction with the Marquis of Kildare, and the Earl of Dunraven, the Annals are dedicated. "When Brother Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, had finished the Annals of Ireland, he dedicated the work to Farrell O'Gara, Chief of Coolavin, there being," says Dr. O'Donovan, "no O'Donnell in the country to patronize his labours; and he adds, that his having done so should not excite jealousy or envy in the mind of any one, considering the nobleness of the race from which O'Gara was sprung, and that it was he that rewarded the chroniclers who assisted in the compilation. From the first moment that I undertook the present work, I had it in contemplation," continues the Editor, "to dedicate it to some persons who had eminently distinguished themselves by their exertions in promoting the study of Irish history and antiquities; and I feel confident that, although there are living at the present day many of the ancient Irish, as well as of the Anglo-Irish race, illustrious for their birth, talents, and patriotism, it will excite neither jealousy nor envy in any of them, that I should commit this work to the world under your names; for you have stood prominently forward to promote the cause of ancient Irish literature, at a period when it had fallen into almost utter neglect, and have succeeded in rescuing a very considerable portion of our history and antiquities from the obscurity and oblivion to which they had been for some time consigned. Permit me, then, to dedicate this work to you, that, as the Editor of the Annals of the Four Masters, I may be known to posterity as one who enjoyed your friendship, and felt grateful for the services you have rendered to Ireland," &c. It must be a source of sincere gratification to these distinguished individuals to have merited this eulogium, and to have their names associated with a work of such enduring value and historical importance.

delusive. Hence, the peculiar value of the "Annals of the Four Masters," in presenting us with unadorned and truthful narratives,—related in the very language spoken by the men whose acts they chronicle—unvarnished and unaffected by the contaminating influences of adventitious foreign models.

We have confined ourselves in the present paper to the consideration of the fortunes of the ancient natives of this island, as represented in their own Annals, and whose history has been never before noticed in a compendious though truthful manner. On the affairs of the early English settlers—who have left behind them neither literary remains nor historical documents worthy to be compared with those of the old Irish—we have not touched, save where necessary for the comprehension of our subject. They have had many chroniclers who would fain persuade us, that the history of Ireland consists of the details of the proceedings of certain officials, styled Deputies, whose authority, for many ages, did not extend beyond the compass of a few shires in Leinster.

In the true history of this nation, each ancient clan must re-appear on the portion of the island which it originally occupied—no section of the various races which have passed away on the Irish soil must be forgotten. The native Chieftain, surrounded by his devoted clansmen, bards, and learned *Brehons*—guarded by his light-footed kern and grim, axe-bearing galloglass; the Anglo-Norman Chevalier, in his embattled keep, girt with his men at arms, with glaive and shield, *martel de fer*, and *haubergeon*; the stout burghers, in their walled towns—founded by the roving sea-kings—the resort in the middle ages of the trading "French, Spaniards, Portugals, and Flemings;" the stalworth settlers in the fields of Ulster, whose sons "rose in dark and evil days to right their native land"—all must live again, with their original impassioned vigor and intensity, when History unrolls to us her ample page, "rich with the spoils of time." For such a truthful chronicle, materials are gradually accumulating. The great progress made, during the last ten years, in the study of our national records is apparent to the most superficial observer. This desire of self-knowledge has already struck deep and lasting root among those who in Ireland pretend to the cultivation of letters; although, as in all progressive movements destined to be permanent,

its extension has hitherto been gradual, but unreceding. The former neglect of Irish history and literature was attended with many evil results. Our aristocracy, divested of all exalted and ennobling national recollections, forgot their duty to a land whose past records they were designedly taught to regard as a mass of degrading associations; the lower classes, ignorant of the true history of their country, became the pliant tools of sordid demagogues and insidious fomenters of anarchy, from whom they learned to connect the present condition of the island with phases of opinion and states of society long since obliterated by the powerful hand of time.

Independently, therefore, of having created in Ireland a school of literature in its noblest form, the men who have stood forth in advocacy of the cultivation of our true history, have deserved well of all lovers of social order and progress, for having put us in possession of the real sources of those events which, in past ages, proved fatal to the peace of various sections of the Irish people.

Their publications have thus imparted permanent lessons of calm, practical philosophy, which cannot fail to produce salutary fruit, in promoting self-reliance, union, and philanthropy among all classes of our fellow-men.

ART. VI.—THE POOR LAW IN IRELAND, AND THE CONSOLIDATED ANNUITIES.

In July, 1838, the Imperial Parliament enacted the first Irish Poor Law, the gravest experiment perhaps ever made in the economic and social condition of a people.

The circumstances under which this perilous law were introduced into Ireland were strange, and in themselves ominous of evil. In the face of the Report of their own Commissioners of Inquiry, and in opposition to the opinions of the most eminent political economists of the day, the Government resolved to introduce the Poor Law system; yet, painfully impressed with the hazardous nature of the experiment they were about to make, while professedly enact-

ing a system of compulsory charity, they limited the right to relief under it within the narrowest bounds, and, in a nation where millions might be classed as paupers, only conceded relief to such of them as came under the description of "destitute." As might easily, we should suppose, have been foreseen, the Government have not been able to maintain such a position; various amending statutes "for the more effectual relief of the poor in Ireland," with "Acts for advances in aid of rates to distressed unions," have succeeded each other, till at length not only the English Poor Law system, with all its worst vices, has been extended to Ireland, but one which has almost gone the lengths, without any of the supposed advantages of an agrarian law, in its wholesale confiscation of property. Terribly fulfilled indeed have been the worst predictions of Whately, of Chalmers, O'Connell, and others, who so strongly opposed themselves to the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland—"the worst visitor," to use the language of Chalmers, "in the midst of all her grievances and wrongs that ever lighted on her shores."

But whatever opinion we entertain of the wisdom of introducing the Poor Law system into this country originally, now that it has been introduced we regard it as a permanent institution, and would not for a moment be understood as seeking to have it abrogated. We shall, as we conceive, do better service to our country on the present occasion, as we trace the history of the Poor Law in Ireland, by pointing out the enormous abuses and evils under which the system labors, as at present administered, and by suggesting their appropriate remedies. Viewing, indeed, the melancholy condition of so large a portion of our population, we feel the force of a remark of a benevolent traveller in Italy, when contemplating the vast pauperism of that country, that "without some sort of general *legal* relief, all private charity is hopeless," and even admitting that there is a vicious element in the principle of the Poor Laws, which we are not disposed to deny, still we say with Lord Hale, "better relieve twenty drones than let one bee perish."

But Lord Hale, in this quaint but humane saying, alluded to the 43rd of Elizabeth, the first English Poor Law, an act which was drawn up by the great Lord Bacon, and which was emphatically styled at the time, an Act for the Extirpation of Beggary. A system

more opposite both in principle and practice to the Irish Poor Law cannot be conceived. Labour was made the invariable condition to relief under the first; extremity of destitution under the latter. The statesmen of Elizabeth, in framing the English Poor Law Act, were careful not to contravene the Divine ordinance, that man in the "sweat of his face should eat bread?" The administrators of the Irish Poor Laws treat the poor as patients in an hospital of incurables: all industrial employment—all training with a view either to their present support or future improvement, is disregarded, their case is viewed as hopeless, so that, to vary the language of Lord Hale, while twenty drones are relieved, the *one bee does not perish*, because at length confounded with the drones in the poorhouse,* thus reversing altogether the order and course of apiary economy.

A system of Poor Laws, to work beneficially, or indeed to work at all, in Ireland, should have been a system specially adapted to the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of this country; and further, should have been accompanied by measures calculated to stimulate the energies, and develop the industrial resources of the people. This was strongly insisted upon by the advocates of the measure, as essentially necessary, but the Government unfortunately paid as little attention to the suggestions of the friends of the measure as to the prophetic warnings and opposition of its enemies. The truth is, the Irish Poor Law was opposed alike to the wishes and character of the people of this country. It was a measure conceived and carried in submission to the wishes and interests of English parties. The people of England were disgusted by the annual shoals of half-starved and half-clad labourers and mendicants cast upon their shores, reminding them at once of their misgovernment of Ireland, and the world at large of the miserable condition of a third of the United Kingdom.

The English labouring population were naturally jealous of this invasion of their labour market, which tended to bring down their condition to a level with that of their unhappy fellow-subjects. In short, Ireland sat, like Mordecai, "in the king's gate," and her wealthy neighbour could no longer enjoy her good things in peace. If there is one characteristic of the English people more prominent than an-

* So called in Ireland. The Work-house is only the official denomination—this distinction is significant.

other, it is their worship of wealth, and repugnance to poverty in all its shapes. Regarded in other countries as a misfortune, in England poverty is viewed and treated as a crime. To give her contentment then—to remove this painful apparition of her wretched sister from her presence, was absolutely essential. Keep the Irish at home!—(at least those who do not come over with full pockets or absentee rents,) let them not flout us with their rage—let them not startle us in the streets with their squalid looks, and piteous cries for charity—let them have a Poor Law—let them remain at home! There may have been other and better means of effecting this “consummation devoutly to be wished,” but to John Bull the readiest and cheapest mode appeared an Irish Poor Law; and so the Imperial Parliament passed the “Act for the relief of the destitute Poor of Ireland.” The clamour of the English people was for the time appeased, while the framers of the Act flattered themselves that they had neutralised its perils by rendering it almost inoperative. As we have already intimated, the *right* to relief was in the first place absolutely denied, all relief outside the work-house strictly forbidden, and admission only attained by submitting to the most painful and repugnant conditions. Too well aware of the impossibility of extending relief by the agency of such a system to the great mass of Irish pauperism, the authors of the measure had laboured to cut down the numbers of those who should obtain assistance to the lowest point, and to make the relief itself as little desirable as possible. To use the words of M. de Beaumont, “with one hand they offered the poor an alms, with the other they opened a prison!”* To a certain extent this policy was successful. For a few years the action of the Poor Law was scarcely felt. The people—even the most wretched—evinced an insuperable repugnance to availing themselves of its provisions—the Act remained comparatively a dead letter.

“Is there a possibility,” asks the writer just named, “that two or three millions of individuals may find in Ireland their subsistence in a system of public charity? No; and to demonstrate this a

* “*Irlande, Sociale, Politique, et Religieuse.*” We have quoted from this writer a good deal, though by no means approving of the greater portion of his work. Yet it is much to be feared, that Lord Clarendon and the organs of his Government have from this source derived much of their centralizing policy and rancorous anti-landlord sentiments.

simple calculation is sufficient." M. de Beaumont then enters into a short calculation: assuming that to provide two millions of paupers, in what he terms "the most vile nourishment," "*la plus vile nourriture*," it would require five sous, or something less than two-pence half-penny a day each.* At this rate the sum total for the annual maintenance of this wretched multitude would amount to the enormous sum of 200,000,000 francs, or at par, for brevity, to £8,000,000 sterling!

"Quelle loi des pauvres sera jamais, en Irlande établie à ce prix? qui en paierait les frais? On ne pense pas que l'Angleterre accroisse sa dette publique de quatre à cinq milliards pour se mettre en mesure de faire l'aumône à l'Irlande, *et si une pareille tâche était imposée aux propriétaires Irlandais dont elle absorberait tous les revenus, autant et mieux vaudrait peut être décréter aussitôt la loi agraire?*"

Well might this Frenchman thus reason upon the apparent impossibility of carrying to any efficacious extent the law of public charity in Ireland. Well might he regard as incredible the gigantic undertaking, of providing food in such a country for two millions of paupers in unproductive idleness. Yet we have seen this amazing enterprize, not only attempted, but persisted in; and tried to be carried through, no matter what destruction or sacrifice it involved. Ledru Rollin's projects, and Louis Blanc's Ateliers Nationaux, were rational and sober schemes, in comparison with the proposed objects of the existing Irish Poor Law. We think, however, that it was far from the original intention of the authors of the first Irish Poor-law to carry it to any such extent. It may be questioned indeed, if they contemplated more than the erection of large eleemosynary establishments, upon the model of the magnificent institutions of Florence and Genoa; and probably such establishments would have been more in unison with the religious feelings and

* Low as this scale of living is, it is generous in comparison with the actual allowance for the support of a pauper in the Irish workhouses. On the 12th of April last, the author of these remarks obtained from the clerk of the Kilmallock Union, in which he has property, a return of the state of the house, it appeared that on that day there were 4,960 inmates, maintained at a cost of 1s. 4d. weekly each! Yet it is needless to say that the rates were enormous—in one of the best circumstanced electoral divisions they amounted to 8s. 2d. within the year.

character of the Irish people. But unfortunately the measure enacted was of a totally different character. Coupled with the amended Act it embodied all the worst vices of the English Poor Law, without any of its merits, and was sure to bring with it bitter fruits in due season. That season, and a fearful one, soon came. The potato, the miserable staple food of the Irish people, failed. The most dreadful famine recorded in history set in, and under its dire pressure the repugnance of the miserable people to the poor-houses was overcome, till, in the extremity of their sufferings, they rushed to them *pêle-mêle*. Then ensued scenes which baffle all description. Within the reeking enclosures of the Union work-houses were now assembled multitudinous crowds of both sexes, bringing together all the miseries, all the sufferings, and all the corruptions of poverty, until at length, when these vast buildings were crowded to overflowing, entire towns and desolated villages were converted into auxiliary work-houses. Rate after rate was struck for the support of these multitudes; till at length property became valueless under the burthen of fresh exactions, and all domestic or local sources of sustaining this vast pauper population failing, the resources of the empire had to be appealed to. We are bound to say, that the legislature itself had, at the first appearance of the potato disease, taken the alarm; and, as if conscious that the only effectual way of relieving the sufferings of the Irish people was by giving them remunerative employment, at the close of the session of 1846, it passed an "Act to facilitate the Employment of the labouring Poor in the distressed districts." As the conflict which has just arisen between the Treasury, represented by the Poor Law Commissioners, on the one side, and the Irish Poor Law Guardians, representing the ratepayers, on the other, has its origin principally in the advances made by Government under this Act, it may be proper for us to examine it a little more in detail, to enable us to form a correct judgment of the points in dispute.

What the exact amount of these advances may be, in common, no doubt, with the majority of our readers, we are not precisely aware; indeed, Lord John Russell himself states it rather vaguely in one of his recent letters to Lord Lucan; but taking it as assumed, at upwards of £8,000,000 sterling, it certainly gives us a striking idea of the

awful extent of the calamities by which we have been visited, as well as of the sacrifices made by the Imperial Parliament to aid in repairing them.* But having made this admission most unreservedly, and from a sense of duty, we must not on that account forbear to say that we think the Poor Law guardians have the strongest grounds of complaint against the Government, as well for the reckless manner in which these enormous sums were administered, as for the unseasonable moment, and ungenerous way, in which repayment of these advances has been now demanded.

The principle of the Labour Rate Act, notwithstanding the obloquy it has encountered, we hold to have been good. We are not among those who regard with apprehension or jealousy, in a country circumstanced like Ireland, the Government becoming, even on a large scale, the great employer of the people. Among the many administrative changes, which have of late been so much discussed, we are surprised that it has not occurred to our politicians to supply a deficiency that has so long been felt, namely, our want of a regular and *responsible* Minister of Public Works? This is the only country in Europe, we think, without such a functionary, and we are disposed to believe, that had there been such a member in the Government directly responsible to Parliament, many of the evils which we are now suffering from, and particularly the mal-administration of the Act we are considering, would never have occurred.

But, while thus far allowing the principle of the Labour Rate Act to have been justifiable, it is now quite evident that it proceeded on a most mistaken assumption—namely, that the distress it was designed to alleviate was local and temporary; confined to certain districts of the country, and of a transitory character. This is clear from the title and preamble of the Act itself; and it is easily accounted for. There was great uncertainty for some time as to the real extent of the calamity which had befallen Ireland. All shrunk, as long as they could, from admitting the terrible reality; so that we are not to be surprised that the legislature, acting upon the informa-

* Nor must we forget that, exclusive of enormous charitable donations, Ireland herself paid in poor rates, in one year (1849), upwards of two millions!

tion supplied to it by the Government—even while passing an Act capable of very general application—should, nevertheless, have assumed that it would only be operative in a few “distressed districts” of the country. We are bound to believe, that, could it have foreseen the awful extent of the impending disaster—that, in place of being either temporary or local, for three consecutive years, two-thirds of Ireland should have been more or less subjected to famine, eventuating in the most unparalleled diminution of population and wealth recorded in history*—it would have devised and passed a very different measure, one better suited to the crisis, and of a more enlarged and Imperial character, than the Labour Rate Act. We hear much of repudiation, and many bitter reproaches of our forgetfulness of our just obligations. We will not descend to retort these accusations; much less will we believe that the Imperial Parliament, with a full and accurate knowledge of the calamity which was about to involve a third of the United Kingdom, would have thrown the exclusive charge of relieving it on that portion alone. The Rate-in-Aid Act certainly implies such a doctrine—and one more dangerous to the existence of the union between Great Britain and Ireland, cannot be conceived—but we believe that the principle of that most unpopular and mischievous measure is now regarded as untenable, even by English statesmen; and, if the two countries are to continue united on mutually advantageous and honorable terms, the representatives of the people of both countries must be vigilant that it be not made a precedent for further legislation. “When it happens,” says Montesquieu, “that some large portions of the community suffer, *c’est pour lors que l’état a besoin d’apporter un prompt secours.*” Yes, it is for the State, out of the general resources of the Empire, to meet so unforeseen and general a calamity as that which has visited Ireland; and we are satisfied that when Englishmen come to view the question dispassionately, and apart from all narrow-minded and selfish considerations, their wonted sense of justice will lead them to admit the strong claim that Ireland has, if not for remission, at least for the most indulgent settlement of her liabilities under the Acts we are considering. We have felt it our duty to dwell on this preliminary

* See Appendix, No. 3.

objection to the Labour Rate Act, which will however equally apply to the Relief Advance Acts, from its important bearing on the question of payment, now at issue between the Treasury and the Poor Law guardians. We now pass on to the gross abuses in the administration of these Acts, which the guardians bring forward to fortify their position against the Government—and which, we confess, appears to us the strongest part of their case. We have already said that we consider the main principle of the Labour Rate Act to have been justifiable (*assuming that the distress was, indeed, local and temporary*)—and we are fully satisfied that it was passed by the legislature with an anxious desire not only to meet the emergency, but to confer lasting benefit on the districts where it was put in operation. We are to arraign, not the Parliament, but the Government of the day, if, under the discretion left to it by the 6th section of the Act, the munificent sums voted by the legislature have been wasted in useless roads, rather than in remunerative works, calculated to develop the resources of the country. That works of such a character were recommended and urged upon the attention of the Government we have the admission of their own organs, even if we could forget that they had already in their offices a vast variety of plans, including the report of the Bog Commissioners, which alone cost the country upwards of £30,000. “Plans,” says the *Globe*, commenting on the recent admirable memorial of Lord Rosse* and the guardians of the Parsonstown Union, “for new bridges, new roads, or redemption of waste lands were sent in, and that by persons best qualified to estimate the wants of their several neighbourhoods, to an amount that would have cleared out the bank of England!” Now, why were the best of these plans set aside, and the reclamation of waste lands, the deepening of rivers, the erection of piers on the coast and in tidal rivers, but, above all, the cultivation of the land, neglected, and the whole energies of the people wasted in the comparatively unprofitable labour of road making? It does not seem to have been the intention of the legislature to restrict the choice of the cess-payers to any particular species of public works. Why, then, did the Government, in exercising their power of approval and selection, do so?

*See Appendix, No. 3.

We regret to say it, but it is greatly to be feared, that against their own better judgment, the Government was at this melancholy crisis influenced, if not coerced, by the anti-landlord-phobia of the *Times*, and the Manchester school of politicians, in their conduct towards Ireland.

Under this baneful influence it became a leading object in the administration of the funds voted by Parliament, to guard as far as possible against the devoted landlords obtaining any possible benefit for their expenditure. This policy was followed too far even for Mr. Poulet Scroope, who, in 1847, thus wrote in one of his letters to Lord J. Russell:—"The great object to be had in view, *is to create employment and food for the people; employment in the production of food if possible.*" "Will you wait, my lord," he demands, "for some terrible convulsion before you appropriate the waste lands of Ireland, *the people's farm*, to the use of the people?" But the Government were not to be moved from their course. The system of road making was obstinately persisted in, till the Act itself expired, and left the greater part of these roads unfinished and useless! Then, and not before, the cost was counted—then it was found that upwards of four millions sterling* had thus been unprofitably wasted, in a few brief months, by the very men who had opposed the wise and munificent railway scheme of Lord George Bentinck as reckless and extravagant! Thus was abused and perverted, what the *Globe* calls "the most humane legislation on record in history." Is it surprising that the Irish people do not show themselves sufficiently grateful for these mis-directed sacrifices? or that the Poor Law Guardians should hesitate before forestalling the rates, and permanently mortgaging them to meet annuities in respect of these advances for forty years to come? Is it surprising that some of the Boards of Guardians should have met the demands of the Treasury with passive resistance, even while expressing in their remonstrances submission to the law?

Nor must we forget, when considering the condition of this country, and her inability to meet any additional fiscal burthens, to remind our readers at the other side of the Channel, that Ireland has had to bear the brunt of the recent free trade policy, which commercial

*See Appendix, No. 1.

and manufacturing England, with a view to her own special interests, has forced upon us.*

Admitting, then, as we freely do, that the Parliament and people of England acted towards Ireland, throughout these disastrous events, in a spirit of the most munificent charity, and not forgetting that half of the enormous debt of £8,000,000, which the misfortunes of Ireland, including official mismanagement, entailed upon her, has been generously forgiven, we hold, nevertheless, that the period selected to begin repaying the other moiety was most unfortunate. Ireland is but slowly recovering (if at all) from a succession of the heaviest trials that any nation ever passed through; she surveys her once green and teeming fields, which now lie wasted and desolate, presenting the appearance of a vast field of battle; she counts up the terrible lists of her slain or missing, and finds, that in a few brief years, twenty per cent. of her population have been swept for ever from her bosom! Half of her landlords are ruined; her farmers, undismayed by the storms of approaching winter, are still flying across the Atlantic; her traders and shopkeepers are bankrupt; her artisans and labourers reduced to the condition of paupers; her banking circulation, always miserably inadequate to her wants, has been diminished nearly four millions;† her soil itself has been still more fearfully depreciated. To select such a time to call in payment of these Parliamentary advances was at once impolitic and ungenerous, even if nothing could be alleged against the

* Since the above remarks were written, in common with the community at large, we have derived much pleasure from the announcement made by the Treasury of a partial remission, subject to the approbation of Parliament, of the Labour Rate and Relief Annuities. It is to be confidently hoped that Parliament, when it meets, will deal with the whole question in an enlarged and liberal spirit, and thereby increase and restore confidence to the agriculturists of Ireland. And here we would strongly urge the imperative obligation imposed upon Government—to complete such of these roads as are really useful and required. On the plainest principles of justice and of law, we say, that the Government are bound to finish these works. They put themselves, with respect to them, in the position of a contractor, and the first duty of a contractor is to complete his contract—that is, to finish the work he has agreed to do. If he contracts to do a specific work, it is laid down by established authorities, that he must perform the *whole* of the work, before he is entitled to receive payment of any part of the price: so long as the work is unfinished, he is entitled to nothing.

† See Appendix, No. 2.

principle or the application of these advances. But we have abundantly shown how far this is from being the case. We hold, with Lord Rosse,* that "it has always been the policy of the English poor-law to localise relief for ordinary purposes;" but that to strike local rates to meet the expenditure consequent on a general calamity (and such, undoubtedly, is a famine) is a perversion of the fundamental principles of the Poor Law. Surely, it is to mar the great act of imperial munificence, to try and extract from this impoverished country, when hardly recovered from such a series of calamities, the cost of the relief which we admit was so liberally extended to her. We feel satisfied that the attempt must ultimately be abandoned, but it should never have been made. Better, far better, for the dignity and honor of England, to have sponged out the entire debt, great as it is, than to have thus mocked her suffering debtor with a demand for payment which she cannot meet—awakening, too, the bitter recollection of how the vast sums so generously voted for her assistance, and which should have permanently blessed and elevated her, have been squandered or perverted.

We make these remarks with feelings of pain. For many of the members of the present administration we entertain unfeigned respect. We cannot readily forget the long and eminent services of the noble Premier in the great cause of civil and religious liberty. We believe that he is actuated in his high office, even in matters where we may differ from him, by a pure and lofty ambition; and that, feeling, as he must, the deep interest that England—nay, the Empire—has in the well-being of Ireland, he is sincerely and ardently desirous to promote it to the utmost of his power. He has made warm and sincere professions of this desire; and we think that his well meant though abortive attempt to pass a measure of waste land reclamation, as well as Sir John Romilly's bill, with respect to the purchase of estates in the Encumbered Estates Court, sufficiently attest the sincerity of his desire to ameliorate the condition of Ireland; but some evil genius has presided over his Irish

* Lord Rosse has already conferred, by his genius, high honor on his country; and in his temperate and argumentative memorial as Chairman of the Parsonstown Union, he has rendered her still further service. (See Appendix, No. 3.)

Government, and baffled or neutralized all his good intentions. That this sinister influence may be soon removed we ardently hope, not only for the sake of Lord J. Russell's character as a statesman, but for the sake of our suffering country.

We must now bring these remarks to a rapid close. The subject we have been considering—the working of the Poor Laws in Ireland—is of so vast and all-absorbing an importance, that we shall be compelled soon to recur to it. We trust, when we next address ourselves to this great subject, that it may be freed from the extraneous question of Treasury advances and Treasury claims, which have excited so much angry discussion, and which, we are conscious, have embarrassed and hindered us in giving it the calm and anxious consideration which we purposed. In closing our observations, however, on the Irish Poor Law, we cannot insist too strongly on the absolute necessity there is for its radical revision. If this law is to work beneficially, or rather, if its working at all is to be a possibility,* the poor-houses must be made to a great extent self-supporting institutions. Land, as in America, must be attached to them; not the miserable twenty-five acres at present allowed by the Commissioners, but land commensurate with the pauperism to be relieved, and the general circumstances of the several unions. The area of these unions must be reduced; for it is impossible at present for the local guardians to exercise a vigilant inspection, either in the management of the house, or the state of the poor of their own electoral divisions. Without adopting the parochial system of England, it is absolutely necessary to more equitably apportion the burthen of supporting the poor. A cheaper machinery must be found to work the law in all its details: the establishment charges

* On the absolute necessity for auxiliary and external measures to the beneficial working of the Poor Laws in Ireland, we may quote the author of "the Irish Crisis," Sir C. Trevelyan, to whom, whether justly or not, the landed proprietors of this country attribute the hostile legislation of recent years. "The Poor Law," he writes, cannot alone bear the whole weight of the existing pauperism of Ireland; and its unproductive expenditure, however indispensable, must be supported by adequate industrial efforts, in order to prevent all classes of society from being involved in one common ruin."—*Irish Crisis*, p. 168. Our views on the Poor Laws and the evils of Ireland differ widely from this writer, but the absolute necessity of other means to remedy them cannot be more clearly expressed than in this passage.

at present are out of all proportion to the expenditure in maintenance (see Appendix). But having made all these reforms, it is nevertheless to other and very different measures, which should accompany these salutary changes, that we must mainly look for the social regeneration of Ireland. The Drainage Act, the Railway Advances Acts, were all measures dictated in a spirit of wisdom as well as generosity. The Government must proceed still further in this direction. It need not fear that for such expenditure it will not be amply repaid. It is from such measures—but above all, from the spread of education and peaceful and industrious habits amongst the people—that we confidently look for the prosperity of our country. We say confidently, for, undismayed even by the appalling returns of the recent Census, we will not despair of the fortunes of our country. The country of Usher and Berkeley, of Boyle and Swift, of Burke and Sheridan, of Grattan and Curran, of Goldsmith and Moore, of Charlemont and Rosse, of Wellington and Gough, not to mention a host of other illustrious names, cannot thus be blotted out from the list of nations. We say confidently, for when we reflect upon the wonderful elasticity exhibited by Ireland in bearing up under such a rapid succession of misfortunes—when we think of her still boundless resources and varied natural capabilities—we are sanguine enough to believe that even many of her children of the present generation, who have witnessed the dire disasters we have been considering, will also live to see her prosperity placed on a surer and more durable basis, than it has ever yet been in any portion of her history.

APPENDIX No. I.

POOR-LAW STATISTICS.

The disastrous and rapid increase of the poor-rates will be seen from the following short table :—

In 1840 the Expenditure amounted to £37,057			
1841	"	"	110,278
1842	"	"	281,233
1843	"	"	244,374
1844	"	"	271,334
1845	"	"	316,025
1846	"	"	435,001
1847	"	"	803,684
1848	"	"	1,826,634
1849	"	"	2,177,651

In the last-named year, perhaps that of the greatest distress, there was actually wrung from the suffering ratepayers, the enormous sum of £1,674,063, which, with the receipts from other sources, brings up the total to the immense sum stated above.

There was also due to the Consolidated Fund from Ireland, for Public Works, under the Labour Rate Act (as we believe), on the 5th January, 1850, £4,217,119.

The Poor-law Union Workhouses, without counting Auxiliaries, are more than double the number contemplated by Mr. Nicholls, and yet their average area is forty-five square miles each.

In 1845 the number of paupers relieved amounted to 114,205, in 1846 to 243,933, in 1849 to 2,142,766!!

A further and more particular analysis of the Expenditure in 1849 gives us these results:—

The number of <i>In-door</i> paupers receiving relief amounted to	932,284
The number receiving <i>Out-door</i> relief, to	1,210,482
Grand Total	2,142,766

The Expenditure was as follows:—

In Maintenance, charged to Electoral Divisions,	£680,960
In ditto, charged to Unions at large,	116,336
In Out-door Relief, charged to Electoral Divisions,	655,654
In ditto, charged to Unions at large	23,949
Establishment charges	376,745
Other expenses,	324,007
	£2,177,651

It is unnecessary to direct our readers' attention to the enormous disproportion of the last two items.

The frightful mortality in the workhouses in the years 1848 and 1849 will be seen by the following summary:—

In 1848-49 the ratio of mortality amongst the inmates rose from 3·4 per 1000, on 7th October, to 12·4 per 1000 on the 5th May following. In 1849-50, the ratio advanced from 3·5 to 6·1 on 23rd March, since which date, in the mercy of Providence, it has gradually declined.

POOR LAW EXPENDITURE, 1850 AND 1851 (TO 30TH SEPTEMBER).

	In Maintenance.	Out-door Relief.	Other Expenses.	TOTAL.
	£	£	£	£
Ulster,	66,105	131	57,020	123,256
Munster,	339,281	6,047	188,577	533,905
Leinster,	168,858	4,716	104,017	277,591
Connaught,	111,158	1,245	67,737	176,140
Total, 1851...	685,402	12,139	413,357	1,110,892
Total, 1850...	710,945	120,705	598,390	1,430,108
Decrease,	25,543	108,634	185,039	319,216

APPENDIX No. II.

BANKING STATISTICS.—DECREASE OF THE CIRCULATION.

The banking capital of Ireland has long been miserably inadequate to her exigencies. "Ireland," writes Mr. Montgomery Martin, "for more than 8,000,000 people, has not £5,000,000 of banking capital, for £2,000,000 of the Bank of Ireland capital is lent to Government. Ireland has not, in fact, ten shillings per head of banking capital; while Scotland, for less than 3,000,000 people, has (£13,000,000) at least five pounds per head of banking capital, in addition to superior and more numerous monetary establishments."

But let us look at the returns of the banks of issue, under the provisions of the 8 and 9 Vict., c. 37, and we shall find that this miserable and stinted capital has rapidly declined.

On the 3d January, 1846, the total issue of all the Irish banks amounted to	£7,404,366
Amount of specie held by them,	2,489,254
Total,	£9,893,620

While, for the corresponding period in the year 1850, the amounts respectively under these heads had fallen to, £4,669,824
And ... 1,494,861

Showing a decrease in the banking circulation of Ireland to the amount of £3,728,935 !!!

The results are similar when we look at the Savings' Bank returns:— On the 29th of November, 1845, the number of depositors in the Savings' Banks in Ireland was 96,422, and the total amount of the sums deposited was £2,922,581. In 1849 the number of depositors had fallen to 45,548, and the total of the sums deposited to £1,200,273. We have not seen more recent returns, but we greatly fear they would only tell the same tale, even if the shameful treatment experienced by the depositors in the Cuffe-street and Killarney Savings' Banks had not shaken the confidence of the industrial classes of the Irish people in these establishments.

APPENDIX No. III.

LOCAL TAXATION.—LORD ROSSE.

Among the many eminent services to his country, rendered by this distinguished nobleman, we must not forget his patriotic efforts to lessen the intolerable burthen of local taxation under which she labours. In 1849 his lordship brought this subject before Parliament in a very able manner. The following is a short summary of the statistics on which he mainly based his arguments, and claimed relief for the people of this country. The gross income of Great Britain, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, amounts to £250,000,000, that of Ireland, according to Mr. John Stewart, a witness before the Committee on the Poor Laws, to only £20,000,000. The revenue of Great Britain and Ireland is, upon the average, £52,000,000; of this Ireland pays, actually collected within herself, £4,164,264, to which is to be added the amount of income drawn over to Great Britain, not less

than one million sterling. His lordship then compares the amount of rateable property and local taxation in England and Ireland respectively. In the former his lordship states the rateable property at one hundred and five millions sterling, and the amount of local taxation at twelve millions sterling; in Ireland the rateable property, as stated by his lordship, is less than ten millions, while the local taxation is upwards of three millions sterling—amounting to 8s. 4d. in the pound, or four times as large as it is in England! These startling figures speak for themselves.

In 1822, Goulburn, in speaking to a motion of Sir J. Newport's, said, "The Union-contribution of 2-17ths for Ireland is now confessed, on all hands, to have been unjust." In the reduction of taxation, from the Union to 1843, the relief given to Ireland was to that of Great Britain as 1 to 18, while her share of the taxes imposed has been higher than as 1 to 7. See also Mr. John O'Connell's "Argument for Ireland."

APPENDIX No. IV.

FREE TRADE IN CORN.

"The average price of corn is now only 35s. 6d. per quarter, or lower than it has been for fifteen years. This is caused by the anxiety of farmers to realize, in consequence of pecuniary pressure, and their fear of foreign imports."—*Mark-lane Express*, Oct. 1851.

ART. VI.—MR. MONTAGUE DEMPSEY'S EXPERIENCES OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

CHAPTER VI.

MY IRISH PROPERTY—HOW I——BUT THE LESS THAT IS SAID ABOUT
THAT, THE BETTER.

THE daring traveller, whom business or pleasure may have induced, within the last few years, to penetrate as far westward as the town of Clonbosh, (and such adventurers are becoming by no means uncommon,) very possibly has observed a thin, timid-looking house, which seems to be squeezing and flattening itself against the gable of the great American Flour Store, in order to get out of the way of the huge gibbet-like market crane. On a deal board, over the door of this edifice, he may have read the words, "CLONBOSH INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY," the last half-dozen letters of the inscription treading on each other's heels, and tumbling against one another for want of room, like so many charity-school children at a church door. Should his visit have taken place on a Tuesday or a Thursday, he may have

caught a glimpse, over the green calico window-blind, of the small, Oxford-gray figure of the Rev. Mark Sweeny, seated at a sort of compromise between a desk and a counter, making entries in the smallest of ledgers, or distributing knitting-needles and worsted among sundry wild-looking females, of various ages and dimensions.

If the daring traveller had ever heard of the Clonbosh Ladies' Education and Fancy Work Society, it is very probable the impression on his mind would be, that the Rev. Mark, the green calico blind, and the wild-looking women, were, one and all, appendages of the Society. But this would be, like the impressions of many other daring travellers in Ireland, altogether false. The Amazons of Clonbosh would never have entrusted any duty, even so unimportant as that of handling worsted, to any meek little man in Oxford-gray; they would never have conspired to place knitting-needles in the hands of those wild-looking women, or connived at anything so paltry as a stocking manufacture. They might have encouraged doings in Berlin wool; but in mere yarn, never! And yet they failed in their efforts. How darkly the clouds seem to gather round the horizon of Erin's future, while we pause to reflect upon that fact! They failed! They failed—and took up their worsted brigands, their wax flowers, and their flirtations, just at the point where they had left them off, some months before, to play at committees. Then it was that Mr. Sweeny hung out his green window-blind; and having rallied round that standard a few of the less ambitious Amazons, succeeded in carrying out his original design, though he himself persisted in calling it merely an offshoot of the defunct society; and being somewhat flowery in his discourse, used to institute comparisons between a Phoenix and the shabby-looking little building, where he might be seen, two days in the week, making up huge parcels of Irish manufacture, and directing the same to some long-named Association in Dublin. Here it was that the poor little man used to wrestle alone with the columns of a complicated account, while he was preparing his monthly report; here he used to struggle for hours with bales of strong-scented frieze and drugget. It was here that during the winter of the famine (winter in every sense), encouraged by few, and assisted by none, he used to stand over the huge soup chaldron, an amiable duodecimo edition of the three Witches in Mac-

beth, bound in one. When the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Innisboffin, was partaking of a round of visitation soirées in the neighbourhood, I wonder did he hear anything of Mr. Sweeny and that little boiler; though, if he did, what was it to him? Mr. Sweeny was only doing his duty—nothing more—and therefore he had his reward.

Peace to the ashes of the Clonbosh Ladies' Society! (Why should not I be allowed to have my "ashes," when Mr. Sweeny has the undisturbed use of a Phoenix?) If the appearance my parlour used to present on a Board-day be any criterion, the liveliness of the House of Commons would be materially increased by the admission of lady-members; but should we be blessed with such an improvement in our Constitution, Mr. Speaker must be a person of strong nerves and great determination; or, what would, perhaps, answer the purpose better, a "ladies' man" of long experience. Had I been fitted by nature and education to figure in the latter capacity, it is possible that I might have actually enjoyed my position as Secretary. I cannot say positively, for I have never studied accurately the habits of the genus "ladies' man," for I do not consider Jubb, at Filer and Noggs's to be a specimen; I never thought much of his pretensions to the character after I discovered that the Miss Plinlimon he used to rave about was nothing more than an apprentice to a bonnet-maker in Cranbourne-street. I should like to see him in my place, when Mrs. Colonel Dodd publicly (that is to say, before the whole committee) accused Mrs. Howlan of distributing exclusively among her own retainers, two dozen copies of "Sandy M'Shane, the Serious Pig-driver," and appealed to me whether such an act was not an infraction of the seventeenth law of the Society. I doubt if his boasted knowledge of feminine ways would have saved him from the unanimous vote of censure which my miserable evasion of that momentous question incurred. But it was out of the question that I could enjoy myself. Nature had put a barrier between me and the dignity of a ladies' man, by making me insignificant in person and shy in disposition; and long habit had rendered me a person of so utterly depraved taste, that a quiet game of loo (sixpence limited) with Old Parker and—no, not Jubb, he was made too fast—but a few of a class who, in reference to the majority of their ages, and the sim-

plicity of their ideas, are called "old boys," was an institution much more consistent with my ideas of happiness than a convention of ladies resolutely bent on being official and business-like; even though their object was philanthropic, and though they did shake hands affectionately before setting to—which ceremony, somehow, always reminded me of "Bell's Life," another instance of the depraved taste aforesaid. However, I never went as far as Mrs. Fogarty, who persisted in saying that they met only for the purpose of, what she called in her terse style, "ballyragging and abusing one another;" but then every allowance must be made for the worthy creature's feelings: from the time that Mrs. Fogarty had undertaken the duties of housekeeper at Ballinahaskin, it was evident that she had determined within herself to be *aut Cæsar aut nullus* in the establishment. At least that was the substance of her determination; for I do not suppose Mrs. Fogarty ever heard of Cæsar; or if she did, it is probable that she considered him an insignificant person, to be classed with Venus, Nicodemus, and the other goddesses. With her, to plan was to succeed; and she became the Cæsar, while I filled the other post with as much dignity as I could. It was not in nature, then (certainly not in Mrs. Fogarty's nature), that she should view with indifference an invasion headed by dauntless women, who called her "Fogarty," and spilled ink on her floors, and required her to spoil her dishcloths by wiping up the same; nor did it, in my mind, detract from her virtues as a woman and a housekeeper, that she should have been obliged, on board-days, to relieve herself by rushing out on the hall-door steps, and hurling after the departing forms of the President and Committee, a few choice epithets expressive of contempt, which were never delivered till the objects of them were quite out of hearing, and were always accompanied by certain passes more hostile than mesmeric in their nature. Mrs. Fogarty, although absolute within-doors, and regulating every thing connected with domestic economy with a sway so despotic, that no social revolution, however strongly organized, would have had the slightest chance against her, was, nevertheless, powerful only as far as the hall-door: once past that frontier, I was in Mr. Myles's territory; and she herself used to admit, that "she had no call to my doings abroad, at all at all, barring that she

wished I'd scrape my feet outside the door, and not be fillin' her hall with the mud of five parishes." It was not long before I discovered, that, between these two powers—though apparently on friendly, not to say peaceful terms—there existed an enmity of the most profound description. Each was, in the eyes of the other, a monster of dishonesty; and neither ever lost an opportunity of privately impressing it on me, that I was a victim to the rapacity of his or her rival, as the case might be. Mrs. Fogarty, with that outspoken candour which characterised her on every occasion, expressed an unqualified conviction that Myles put into his own pocket at least one-half of the rents he received on my account, and that the gallows was defrauded of its rights while he lived. On the other hand, Myles, who, when he had the choice, always took a circuitous course to gain his object, in preference to a straight one, used mysteriously to mention the curious fact of Tim Fogarty having been seen at chapel, wearing a pair of boots very like mine; or the still more surprising one of my being able to finish two pounds of tea in a week, without any one to assist me in the consumption thereof. These cross-charges were made the more perplexing to me, from the circumstance, that the reciprocally accusing parties were, when brought together, invariably obsequious, and even affectionate to each other. I have often known Mrs. Fogarty change a bitter invective against the family of the Myleses in general, but Mick Myles in particular, into a panegyric on the trustworthiness and "dacency" of that house, on the approach of its representative, who would return the compliment by a volley of flattery, enough to turn any head but that of a Fogarty. At first I laboured under alternate fits of confidence and distrust—one moment regarding Myles as the noblest of his species, the next spurning him from me to take Mrs. Fogarty to my heart (of course only figuratively). But I finally compromised the matter, by disbelieving the statements of both parties; which was, probably, under the circumstances, the best thing I could have done. As to attempting to shake off the yoke of Mrs. Fogarty, that idea was too wild to bear a moment's contemplation; and the ties by which Myles had bound me to himself were too numerous and complicated for me to undo. In the first place, there was the key of the oat-bin, of which he was the custodian; secondly,

he had the sole management of the tenants, by whom I was regarded as a person of secondary importance, and one whom it was quite needless to propitiate; thirdly, he had, by easy stages, initiated me into the mysteries of agriculture, and constituted himself my land-steward; by reason of which arrangement I found myself taking a deep interest in green-crops and guano, to my own great astonishment; for although I had always, in theory, viewed the tilling of the earth as a pursuit in itself delightful, and, from its antiquity, highly respectable, yet nothing like a practical taste for it had ever developed itself in me but once, and then it was confined to the limits of a wooden box, fourteen inches by six, painted green, and containing, besides a compost of brick-dust, shavings, and common clay, a small plant—a geranium, or a dandelion, or something of that sort, I believe—for which I had bartered a half-worn pair of—well, no matter! and which I fondly hoped would live to grace my bed-room window in Russell-street, Bloomsbury. This hope, it is needless for me to say, was blighted. I have a theory of my own, and am in possession of a number of facts tending to prove it, that the period of existence allotted by the laws of nature to horticultural specimens procured from peripatetic dealers never, under any circumstances, exceeds five days. It might be well worth the while of some ardent seeker after “useful knowledge” to inquire whether this mortality is to be attributed to the atmosphere in which the plants are produced, it being in general strongly impregnated with old clothes, owing to the double calling of the cultivators, or is simply caused by the absence of roots.

This was my first attempt at tillage; my second, being under the auspices of such a man as Myles, was, of course, somewhat more successful, as well as on a more extended scale. Not only was the stock of farming implements I had brought with me from London put into immediate requisition, but the Dublin coach used almost daily bring down on its roof some mysterious engine swathed in hay ropes, which was left, like a gigantic foundling, at the door of Tim Fogarty's cabin. In justice to Myles, I must say he had no part in introducing any of these monstrosities into the country. From the beginning he had denounced them (I thought somewhat disrespectfully) as “new-fangled yokes;” and though, in deference to my

feelings, he permitted each machine to be used once or twice, he always gratified his own animosity to innovation, by allowing it to go out of order on the first opportunity.

But I had in view a far nobler object than mere gain, which, either for me or for himself, was confessedly what Myles sought. Once fairly embarked in agriculture, I magnanimously determined that mine should be strictly a model-farm, and that no piece of mechanism, however complicated, or diagram in the "Hand-Book of Farming," no matter how intricate, should daunt me. I saw—or, what was practically the same thing, persuaded myself I saw—that the system of tillage pursued by my tenants was the root of all the evils I had been trying to correct by lectures on whitewash and cleanliness. To remove that root it was, of course, necessary to attack the soil, and not the soiled; and what could be more suited to such a purpose, or more in accordance with the maxim that example is better than precept, than a model-farm? But, besides, the Clonboish Ladies' Society was then in full operation, and acquitting itself valiantly in the cause of reform, by disseminating tracts on ventilation, which were, no doubt, instructive to the recipients, though few of them could read, and all had rather more than was desirable of the article in question; and as I had no ambition to enter into either competition or partnership with that band of philanthropic houris, I resolved to concentrate all my energies on the establishment of a model-farm. There was something about the very name that I liked exceedingly: it was suggestive of agricultural meetings and cattle-shows, of sleek yearlings with blue ribbons tied to their tails, and complimentary addresses to Montague Dempsey, Esq., of Ballinahas-kin, on his having exhibited the best bunch of carrots. But, alas! such success was not destined to attend the labors of Myles and myself; nevertheless, we did achieve some tangible results, with the assistance and advice of the "Hand-Book of Farming." I think I may safely lay claim to the credit of having exhibited, for the first time in that country, seeds, and, in one or two successful instances, mature plants, that were before considered exotic by the simple natives. I remember, in particular, a wonderful specimen of turnip—so wonderful, in fact, that its very name, as inscribed on the brown paper bag that had contained the seed, inspired the whole neighbour-

hood with awe—of which, I am confident, I would have had magnificent crops, had it ever come above ground. The “Hand-book” seemed to be of opinion that the failure was caused by “the fly” (whatever that meant), but Myles said it was all the fault of the patent turnip-sower; and I am inclined to think he was nearer the truth, for the machine being somewhat complex, and we innocent of its management, it is by no means improbable that we put the seed so far into the bowels of the earth, that nothing short of volcanic agency could have ever made it come up. Notwithstanding a few similar cases, we ultimately had turnips which arrived at maturity; and then arose the question, what we were to do with them? After much deliberation, Myles arrived at the decision that our only course was, to “buy bastes to eat them up.” “Feed them off, you mean, Myles,” said I, correcting his untechnical expression. And we *did* feed them off. Thirteen ill-fated calves were procured forthwith, and confined in a sort of pillory, constructed from a design in the “Handbook.” For four months were those bovine martyrs deprived of the sweets of liberty; but though the stock of turnips diminished rapidly, they remained lean kine to the end of the chapter, nor could the most scientific handling detect anything but bony excrescences on their half-starved bodies.

In spite of these failures, I still persevered; but I could not conceal from myself, that though Myles did not appear to consider it a losing game at all, farming would be much too expensive an amusement for my finances to bear, unless better success attended it. It was, however, comforting to see that my efforts had made a decided sensation in the country. It might have been merely curiosity—though I hope it was some better motive—that used to induce the population of the neighbourhood to turn out, to a man, whenever it became known that Myles and I were conducting any particularly novel operation. Nor did the various implements we used excite less interest; indeed, some individuals, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of enquiry than the rest, even went so far as actually to beg the loan of divers of those agricultural curiosities. But as these requests, coming invariably from those of my own tenants who were most in arrear, were obviously made with a view to flatter my weak point; and as the borrowers seemed always to consider that their

enterprising spirit ought to be rewarded with a reduction in their rent; nor did it afford me much encouragement, to see infants of tender years brandishing, in a manner highly dangerous to themselves and the public, billhooks or shears that had once formed a part of my museum, or sleeping peacefully in the trough of one of my patent turnip-slicers. In one or two instances, these formidable instruments were treated with a familiarity that led to unpleasant results, which of course gave rise to additional claims against me, as the lender. I recollect, in particular, having to compensate Tim Fogarty for the injury a curiously-fashioned sickle, with a peculiarly keen edge, had inflicted on his pig. As I saw him coming up the avenue, I felt a secret presentiment that his wo-begone expression of countenance was in some way attributable to that unfortunate weapon, and it was not without trepidation that I asked him if his reaping had been facilitated by it. "Oh, then, bad luck to it for a hook, sir," he replied; "I'm a'most heartbroken in regard of the same. 'Tis afther takin' the leg off Shawneen the pig with it I am. The craythur kem into the field where I was cuttin' the oats, and somehow, before you could say 'pays,' he was ruined." Shocked as I was by the melancholy occurrence, I could not help upbraiding the bereaved Tim for allowing his pig to commit so flagrant a breach of decorum as to enter a corn field uninvited. "And what for should I hinther the poor brute?" he retorted indignantly. "Anyhow, I'd like to see the man that id keep him out of a place that he tuck into his head there was somethin' good for atin' in."

I was one morning initiating a select assembly of the worst-paying tenants on the property into some high-farming mystery—as well as I remember, it was the culture of mangold-wurzel under adverse circumstances—a subject I had been making up the night before in "the Hand-book." I had just concluded an eulogium on the nutritious qualities of that root, and had already drawn from my pupils an admission that it was "powerful sthrong feedin', by all accounts," when the sententious inquiry "what for?" uttered by a sepulchral voice behind me, made me turn round, and to my confusion I found that I had had for an auditor no less a person than Mr. Tiftbury. Since that memorable dinner party at which I made his acquaintance, Mr. Tiftbury had settled within a few miles of Bal-

linahaskin, and was generally suspected to have an intention of doing wonders with the property he had purchased—this, and a wild myth to the effect that he had means sufficiently ample to pay the national debt, and was a sleeping partner in a Liverpool firm, made him greatly revered by the gentry of the country, while the popular belief among the peasantry was simply, that he had more money than he could count, even if he tried.

“What for?” said Mr. Tiftbury coming forward. “You said mangolds are strong feeding—I say, what for? If you mean for cattle, I ask where are they? what cattle? these men have got no cattle to stall-feed. Have you my good fellows?”

In reply to this question, one man suggested “ducks,” and another murmured something about a calf; but the rest were silent, and Mr. Tiftbury, having, by way of a triumphal oration, knocked the head off a thistle, went on, “if you say mangold-wurzel is strong feeding for men, why then,” said he, folding his arms, and with the air of a man who had made up his mind, and was prepared to abide the consequences, “why then I merely deny your assertion. Would you like to live on mangold wurzel?” continued he, seizing the proprietor of the calf by the collar.

“Begorra I’d rayther not,” was the prompt reply.

“I’ll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey,” said Mr. Tiftbury, turning to me, “you are not going the right way about it.”

“The right way about what?” I inquired, startled by the idea that perhaps after all the “Hand-book” was not infallible, but I was relieved to find that he alluded merely to my attempts at reform.

“I have heard of your efforts to improve the condition of your tenantry,” he continued; “I honor you for them, sir; but depend upon it you are not going the right away about it. Here I find you to-day delivering a lecture on mangold-wurzel and what not. Now, may I ask, of what earthly use would the finest crop of mangold ever raised be to these men who have neither cattle to eat it, nor a market to sell it in?”

This was a question I had never considered, so Mr. Tiftbury had it all his own way.

“That sort of thing may be all very well,” said he, “on a farm of five hundred acres; but on a holding of five, in the hands of a

cottier, it is, if I may be allowed the expression, fiddlestick. And then, there's your model farm, and your machines for this and your machines for that, and your machines for t'other; what good can your example do your tenants, while you follow a system like that?"

"But," said I, "high-farming is"——. What I was going to say about it I do not exactly recollect, but it is of little consequence, as Mr. Tiftbury interrupted me with—

"High humbug for a man like you, sir. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dempsey, your high-farming will ruin you, for you have no capital—excuse me, sir, I'm a plain man, but you have no capital;" and the loose change he was jingling in his pocket seemed to echo "capital! capital!" at this comforting prediction.

"Well, then, what are we to do?" I cried. "Is no arm to be extended to ameliorate the condition of the benighted peasantry, and—and—make them comfortable?" for I was beginning to get a little excited, which, after all, was, under the circumstances, quite excusable.

"Teach 'em the value of land, and the value of time," was Mr. Tiftbury's sententious suggestion.

"Why that is the very thing I have been doing—or, at least, trying to do"—said I.

"And admirably you have succeeded—with that man for instance."

I daresay he did not mean to make me uncomfortable—but I *did* feel rather hurt at the irony of his tone, and the contemptuous manner in which he pointed to one of my pupils, who, finding the lecture at an end, had gone over into his own plot of ground, and was refreshing himself by a little desultory digging, at the rate of a spade-full every five minutes.

"Look at him, sir," said Mr. Tiftbury, "look at him; and now, sir, will you tell me that man is fit to hold land, as he is—mind I say only, as he is now? I saw to-day a plough of yours—a remarkably fine plough; you didn't get that plough made here, eh?—No, I thought not. You got it down from Dublin?—I thought so. Now, did you ever think of calculating how many of your poorer tenants you could have employed at eightpence a day for the price

of that plough, the expenses of its carriage, and the cost and keep of the pair of horses required to work it? Did it ever occur to you, that here where labour is so cheap, if, instead of ploughing your land you hired some of your own tenants to dig it for you, you would be consulting your own interest, and at the same time be going a great way towards teaching them the value of land, and the value of time, by showing them what their labour could effect under your direction? I say, Mr. Dempsey, has this ever occurred to you?"

It never had occurred to me—of course I did not tell Mr. Tiftbury so—but I expressed a belief that the persons he alluded to would not work,

"Oh! wont they!" he returned, with a laugh of derision; "just try 'em, that's all, at least those who have not got enough of land to occupy the whole of their time, and there's precious few of them that wont manage to do their own tillage as well as ever. I give 'em eightpence a day. The folks about here give only sixpence, I find; but I take care to get eight pennyworth of labour done, while they do not get above four. That's what I call teaching 'em the value of time. But whatever you do with your tenants," Mr. Tiftbury continued, after a pause to get breath for a fresh start—"whatever you do with your tenants, Mr. Dempsey, give them an interest in their land—make it worth their while to take care of it; what is the use of preaching whitewash and turnip-seed, when it is a race between you, whether you shall get most rent from them, or they most value from the land? You are building a lot of cottages—I was looking at them as I came along. Slated roofs and glass windows—well, that's very nice and very laudable, and all that; but it is beginning at the wrong end, and, besides, it will ruin you; just try my plan by way of a change, will you?"

It was too late. Already clouds were gathering fast, and in another month the storm of desolation had burst upon the land. The great famine of 1847 has taken its place in the long catalogue of Ireland's misfortunes; it has already become an era in her sad history. The scenes of starvation and misery which presented themselves daily throughout that eventful period, have obtained a mournful notoriety; but who, except an actual eye-witness, can form

a true idea of those scenes? It has been always a misfortune of Ireland's, that, owing to the association of ideas, everything connected with her seems to have, in many minds, something akin to the ridiculous inseparably joined with it; bright eyes, which shine still brighter through a tear of sympathy for the self-imposed tortures of "Oily Alligator," or "Little Screech-owl," or some other as euphoniously titled Choctaw chief, beam but with merriment at the name of the poor Irish peasant, and yet during that famine, in many a lonely cabin, might be found instances of a fortitude and a self-denying devotion, far surpassing the savage stoicism of the North American Indian, or the more refined heroism of the Spartan warrior. Not that the calamities of Ireland failed to excite compassion; the generous sympathy of America can never be forgotten. England came nobly to the rescue; and, let smart leading-article-writers abroad rave about Irish ingratitude, and rampant half-witted or wholly knavish demagogues at home howl forth their defiance and hatred of the Saxon, the English *people* have the gratitude of Ireland—the English government might have had it. But had Ireland been better understood—had she been a little better known than Madagascar or Loo Choo, how much more might the same amount of sympathy have benefited, not merely the starving peasantry, but even the unfortunate and now ruined landed proprietors, who, culpable though they have been as a class, yet deserve some share of the pity felt for Ireland, for their punishment is greater than they can bear. When I look back on that dreary winter, I confess I feel no surprise at the apathetic despair with which I viewed the destruction of all my schemes, and the embarrassments of my position; if my mind had been of a more energetic stamp, the misery I saw around me, and the critical nature of my own care, might have stimulated me to exertion. Had I been blessed with the philosophic temperament of some of my neighbours, I might have schooled myself to look on my troubles with calm indifference; but having neither the philosophy to contemplate, nor the energy to grapple with, my difficulties, the few struggles I made to extricate myself seemed only to sink me deeper in that "sea of troubles," which was fast engulfing all around me;—though not *all*; there was one exception. Although its illustrious predecessor had

gone to pieces on the first opportunity, Mr. Sweeny's modest little association bravely kept its head above water to the last, and like a stormy petrel, actually flourished among the billows.

When the first shock was over, and the landed proprietors of the country, who had been paralysed by its suddenness, began to look around them for means of escape from the ruin which threatened them—a mania, I can call it nothing else, for dispossessing their tenants became very prevalent among them—to look for rents which, in the best of times, had been but badly paid, was of course out of the question. Even Myles admitted, with something very like a sigh, that driving, that spirit-stirring pastime, was quite useless where there was nothing to drive; but by what sort of logic they came to the conclusion that waste lands were profitable, I have not the remotest idea. I know there is a stupid old proverb, that an empty house is better than a bad tenant, but I doubt its applicability in the present instance. For my own part, I would have much rather clung to the grand principle of the half loaf; but on this, as on every other point, Myles's reasoning was too profound for me to gainsay, and I followed the example of my neighbours, reserving to myself, however, the right of gaining possession, in every instance, by amicable treaty and the payment of a consideration, and not by ejectment, of which, in common with every other legal measure, I had undefined horror; but this trivial concession to my weakness did not in the slightest lessen the keen relish with which Myles entered upon his new pursuit. In fact I think he rather enjoyed opening negotiations with those tenants who had quite got out of the habit of paying rent, and were naturally obdurate in their demands, and tenacious of land held on such reasonable terms. Although I, in my simplicity, fancied there was a marked difference between my mode of proceeding and that of the other landlords of the country, the "Knocknashindy Sympathiser" was of a different opinion; we were all indiscriminately held up to public odium in its columns. A very curious sensation is that of seeing one's name in print for the first time. To anything of a contemplative mind it affords the raw-material for a series of fine reflections; first, to think of the awful and dignified scrutiny of the editor as he surveys you in manuscript; then the man in the brown paper cap who smartly and unimpassionedly handles each old familiar letter that you

have for years looked upon as a part of yourself; the reverses you suffer at his hands, so completely alter your appearance that, if looking on, you would begin to doubt your own identity; then you go to the devil, if there is one attached to the establishment, and after all you discover yourself next morning in a damp sheet, but so far from being a bit the worse for that or for your previous sufferings, you find yourself decidedly improved, and feel a sudden increase of self-respect at being legible for at least once in your life. Should the mention made of you be favorable, so much the better; but in my case I was obliged to be content with the mere fact of being in print, as there was nothing very gratifying in finding the title of "Heartless Exterminator" appended to my respectable patronymic, or seeing paragraphs headed with "Coldblooded evictions on the Ballinahaskin property," or "Again we warn the tyrant Dempsey."*

Now and then, it is true, the defence of myself and my co-definquents was warmly taken up the rival Journal, the *Glenbosk Constitution*, (for of course the "Sympathiser" had a rival—it would have been just as easy for the Tipton Slasher to accomplish a scientific "mill" without an antagonist, as for either paper to have kept up its circulation without a moral "buffer," in the form of a good bitter opposition,) but the only perceptible effect produced by interference on our behalf was an increase of virulence in the *Sympathiser's* rejoinders. My last public appearance (in print) was under peculiar circumstances. I am perfectly aware that to do full justice to the little adventure I met with, I ought to adopt a style something like this:—

CHAPTER (whatever it might be).

THE LONELY GLEN!—CRIME AND MYSTERY—SOLUTION OF THE LATTER.

The night was one of pitchy darkness, save when at intervals the moon burst through the murky veil of driving clouds, and revealed the horrors of the scene. To break the solemn stillness of that hour no sound was heard, except the plaintive sighing of the wind as it swept in fitful gusts across the darkened surface of the bog, or the querulous note of the sea-gull chiding rash man's approach to her damp and dismal, though beloved haunt. It seemed as though nature were in a misanthropic mood, inviting crime to come forth and do its worst.

* We regret to find that Mr. Dempsey has had a patriot of the Michael Dwyer and libelling Lucas class to endure. Why did he not bring the scoundrel before a high-minded, honest Dublin jury?—ED.

But I can not do it. There is nothing melodramatic about me. I have not got the least particle of romance in my composition; so that, rather than pass over an incident of thrilling interest, I have cut the paragraph containing the account out of the *Clonbosh Constitution* of the 24th of March, 1848.

"DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—We had hoped that our ill-fated country, stricken as it is by famine, and bowed down by the iniquitous operation of a tyrannical Poor Law, was at least exempt from those evils arising from the insatiate thirst for blood, which has already marked the southern part of our island as "the land of crime." Alas! that hope has been dashed to the ground. Landlords of Clonbosh, look to yourselves;—the assassin is abroad—the fell demon of agrarian outrage has raised his bloodstained standard in our once peaceful neighbourhood. A dastardly attempt has been made by a gang of monsters in human form, upon the life of one who has claims of no ordinary description on the gratitude of a misguided people, one who has been ever foremost in the cause of reform, and whose dignified, yet retiring manners have endeared him to all our hearts. Need we say that we allude to the philanthropic Montague Dempsey? Yes, such was the man the sons of crime selected for their victim last Monday night. After a day spent, like most of his days, in unwearied exertions for the benefit of his tenantry, Mr. Dempsey was returning home, when his attention was arrested by the sound of voices behind a hedge near his own gate; scarcely had he paused to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance, when a murderous discharge of fire-arms pealed forth from the treacherous ambush, followed by a fiendish yell of triumph, and the unfortunate gentleman, making an exclamation to the effect that he was murdered, fell forward on the road. These particulars we have learned from his companion whose nerves seem to have received a severe shock from the melancholy occurrence, and who it appears fled for assistance immediately on the perpetration of the outrage. A hat, which has been recognised as the property of Mr. Dempsey, was picked up near the spot, and was found to contain a slug. We have not been able to ascertain the precise extent of the ill-fated gentleman's injuries, but have reason to hope they are not of a fatal nature."

"FURTHER PARTICULARS.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Dempsey has been pronounced out of danger, no vital part having been injured. His wounds, which chiefly consist of bruises about the region of the forehead and nose, are to be attributed to the violence with which he fell on the shingle of the road. On questioning our informant further we have learned, that the slug found in Mr. Dempsey's hat was of the insect, not the missile, species."

The *Knocknashindy Sympathiser* viewed the occurrence in a somewhat different light, and wrote thus:—

"MR. DEMPSEY—Those of our readers who honored the *Clonbosh Constitution* of yesterday with a perusal, were no doubt astonished to see in the columns of that sycophant print, a long-winded and would-be eloquent account of an alleged attempt against the valuable life of one of its patrons, a certain Mr. Dempsey. The Editor of the *Constitution* was always remarkable for his skill in drawing prodigious conclusions from slender premises, but on this occasion he has exceeded himself. Much as we detest his principles, and execrate the fiendish eagerness he shows to blast the name of a true hearted and generous peasantry, we cannot help being amused when we think of the scanty materials out of which he has concocted his great 'attempt at assassination.' We have it on the best authority, the unimpeachable testimony of one who witnessed the whole affair, and was indeed a party in it, that the facts were simply these. Mr. Dempsey was returning on Monday evening, not after a day devoted to the good of his tenantry, as our policy-of-extermination-defending contemporary has it, but after a day spent in leaving houseless a number of those wretched beings whom the accursed rule of the Saxon has left dependant on the tender mercies of such as Mr. Dempsey. He was attended by his miscreant bailiff, who holds the unenviable post of his chief executioner, and than whom, we have reason to believe, a viler caitiff remains not unhung.

"It happened that within a field near Mr. Dempsey's gate, a number of our intelligent fellow-countrymen were occupied in the enjoyment of a right, which even the tyrannical Saxon has been compelled to recognise; of course we allude to the indefeasible right which every Irishman possesses of carrying and using arms for lawful purposes. The party in question were diverting themselves with shooting at a mark,

and at the moment of Mr. Dempsey's approach a gun was discharged, not at his worthless carcass, but at the target, which consisted of a pitchfork implanted perpendicularly in the soil and surmounted by an old hat. The rest may be easily accounted for: dreading the punishment he so richly deserved at the hands of an outraged tenantry, and conceiving that punishment had overtaken him, Mr. Dempsey, with a shriek of craven terror, prostrated himself in his congenial mud, and thus received the contusions which the *Constitution* has dignified with the name of 'wounds,' while his despicable comrade fled from the spot—the personification of abject cowardice. We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Dempsey on his rapid recovery, and would suggest that before he ventures out again, he would provide himself with a double barrelled boot-jack, and a complete suit of bullet-proof metal dish covers."

I have already said that this was my last appearance in print; that is not precisely true; it was, however, my last appearance but *one* in any newspaper. My last was when—but that would be anticipating.

What a vast piece of consolation, to the weary wayfarer who climbs the hill of difficulty, there is in the reflection, that the descent on the other side is comparatively easy,* and that, should his sojourn on the summit prove only temporary, he will trundle down without the slightest personal exertion—his own momentum, and the few friendly pushes he may calculate on receiving, being quite sufficient to bring him comfortably to the bottom. Let this assurance beguile your way, oh! ye travellers, who toil up that well-worn but still rough path; and if misfortune sounds a retreat before your journey has been completed, philosophically thank your stars that she has saved you a greater fall. The latter was my case; I do not mean that I ever practised the philosophy that I now preach, but that, at the time when I commenced running down the hill (I fear I am running down the metaphor as well, but I cannot help that), the top of it seemed, as mountain tops often will, just as far off as when I started. But, beside the advantage of having thus a shorter descent, I had a few heavy encumbrances of long standing to start with; and it is wonderful how ra-

* It is a pity that Mr. Dempsey had not the benefit of a classical education. He might have introduced "*Facilis decensus Avernī*," with great effect here.—Ed.

pidly a compact of mass of debt, once fairly set going, will increase in bulk, after the fashion of the rolling snow-ball. I suppose I must have very early shown strong symptoms of insolvency, but what they were I cannot imagine;—it is true that one half of my tenants had either run away or been bought out, and the condition of the other half afforded no prospect of rent for an indefinite period; it is true that the poor-rate collectors had seized my thirteen ill-starred calves, for the benefit of the union; but, surely, this did not justify the peremptory and even threatening tone of the letters I used to receive from my creditors, or the summary manner in which they afterwards followed up their threats. Of the others I knew nothing either personally or by report, but from the character I had heard of Mr. Dominick Sheehan, I *did* expect that he would not have lost so fine an opportunity of displaying that forbearance, which, according to Mr. Seizem, was one of the distinguishing features in his disposition—particularly after the mild and conciliatory reply I made to his first letter, when I stated my total inability to pay just at present the arrears of interest due on his mortgage, and expressed, in as forcible language as I could, my desire to do so ultimately. But the unkindest cut of all was the conduct of Mrs. Dempsey, and—alas! that my uncompromising love for veracity should compel me to say it—of Maria. Even now, though walls of towering height surround me, and vigilant janitors protect each massive door, my hand trembles as I pen that name, and an indescribable thrill pervades me when I think its fair owner is another's! Oh! Mark Sweeny, you man of meekness!—did you but see those letters, signed by your mother-in-law, but written in the unmistakeable hand of her whom you have sworn to love, honour, and cherish; they might grieve your gentle spirit, but much I fear they would not now surprise thee. I have them all, from No. 1 to 9, and ever shall I value those documents as illustrations of the progressive development of feminine hostility.

No. 1 was a perfect specimen of the early, or “Dear Muntz” style—it was affectionate in its tone and delicate in its hints. No. 2, after the same tender commencement, alluded parenthetically to a certain dressmaker, who was at the time giving “ever so much annoyance” about her bill. No. 3 was the first of “My dear Montague” period, and came to the point at once, requesting a remittance without delay.

No. 4 stated that there was upwards of a year's jointure due, "and goodness knows how much interest to the girls." 5 "really could not see why" I had not complied with the request in No. 3, and 6 thought it "very odd" that I had not answered 5 at all. No. 7 was of opinion that "something must be done," and described that something in figurative language. 8, disdaining metaphor, contained a clearly developed threat of legal measures; and in No. 9 the correspondence had evidently reached boiling point, indicated by the prefatory "Sir," and the bitter irony of the whole note; in it Mrs. Dempsey assured me that I had taken *advantage* of her *unprotected* position to trample on a *weak, defenceless woman* (I trample on any woman, much less such a one as Mrs. Dempsey!)—that she had appealed to my sympathies too often—that I had *none whatever*—and that, finally, she was determined to follow Mr. Seizem's advice, and join my other creditors in applying for a *receiver*, but that I was not to blame her, as it was all my *own fault*, and she was only doing her *duty* to herself and her children.

A few months before the word *receiver* would have been a mystery to me, but my faculties had been wonderfully sharpened of late; and in the very face of Dr. Johnson, whose definition, "one who *receives*," was obviously inapplicable to any usurper of such a property as mine, I felt a firm conviction that my reign at Ballinahaskin was over—and so it was.

One morning—it may have been even one *fine* morning, but I do not remember the precise state of the weather—the long threatened receiver made his appearance; I was deposed; the tenants, one and all, did servile homage to the new comer; and Mr. Parchment reigned in my stead. I call him Mr. Parchment for two reasons: in the first place, I am to this day in ignorance of his real name, though, I have no doubt, information on that point, as well as on some others connected with him, was contained in at least one of the many notices which Mrs. Fogarty intercepted and burned, from a superstitious idea that such documents ought never to be handled by a person in my position; and, secondly, his appearance, to my mind, suggested "parchment" at once; his face, both in complexion and character, resembled a crabbed old mortgage deed, with two small red seals for eyes, and numerous and intricate initial flourishes worked in wrinkles

round the corners of his mouth, so that that orifice always looked as if just about to utter "this indenture witnesseth;" his laugh (for I heard him laugh once) had a dry, crackling sound, like the rustling of crisp new vellum; and even his old fashioned nankeen waistcoat might have been taken for an original will, so obscure was its pattern, and so much did its distended pockets seem to contain. My imagination was at that time very apt to dwell on legal mechanism in general, and hence it was that all these fanciful comparisons occurred to me when I saw the receiver for the first time, as he walked across the lawn, attended by (oh, the perfidy of man!) the obsequious Myles, who was showing him the lands, and courting his favor in the most cringing manner, at least as far as I could see; but that was not very far; the prospect from the house was not extensive, and I was then confined to its walls. Mrs. Fogarty had got, I have not the remotest idea how, intimation of certain designs against my person, and had prescribed, on the homœopathic system, a dose of imprisonment, to avoid loss of liberty. Then it was that that noble woman appeared in her true colors. Ballinahaskin was victualled for a siege; the hall-door locked, and the command of the garrison taken by her in person, with a coolness that showed her to be an adept in such matters, and a determination worthy of an Amazon and a better cause. The apostacy of Myles, while it attached her more firmly to my interests, unveiled completely the enmity she had hitherto cherished in secret for that amiable man. She now openly taunted him, whenever he passed the house, with being a "mane-sperted negur," and accused him of thriving on his plunder after he had robbed her "poor master;" and, to this day, it is my belief she said what was true—one point, at least, was incontrovertible, he had gone over to the enemy, she had remained faithful to the last. Accept, O Bridget Fogarty!—or, if thou wouldst rather be addressed by the more endearing and familiar appellation Biddy—accept this tribute to thy virtues, as a token of gratitude from one who, in his hour of need, was deserted by all save thee; in sooth, thy temper was fiery, and thy tongue at times was troublesome, but thy heart was warm—and that, O Biddy! even in thy superiors, would atone for greater faults than thine.

I might recount the many events which occurred to relieve the monotony of that siege—how the enemy made frequent attempts to gain

admission, and how those attempts were always frustrated by the vigilance of Mrs. Fogarty; how the same heroic woman mistook a peaceable and unoffending man for a legal emissary of some sort, and thereupon broke his head with the handle of her sweeping brush,—which feat she accomplished after the approved fashion of harlequin in the pantomime, when he leans out of the first floor window, and lays his lath sword athwart the skull of unsuspecting pantaloons, who is knocking at the street-door. I might tell how a certain process-server literally sat down before our fortalice, and smoked pipe after pipe on the door-step, and how the supplies were for a time cut off, and nothing remained between the garrison and starvation but a side of bacon and a bottle of pickled onions. I might mention a host of such exciting incidents, but occurrences like these have now become every day matters; and, besides, I know there are many who will affect to consider my experiences fictitious; and I have no desire to encounter the indignation of some scores of gentlemen in difficulties, each of whom would probably think I was holding up his own peculiar case to public view. Suffice it to say, that Ballinahaskin held out for a long time, and seemed likely to rival Troy in its adherence to the motto, “No Surrender!” And even to furnish a theme, perhaps, for some future Homer. But, as Troy fell by stratagem, so eventually did Ballinahaskin. In an evil hour for me—though not, perhaps, for Mrs. Fogarty (for it was her dinner hour!) I lent an ear to the solicitations of Myles, who, through the key-hole of the hall-door, craved admittance with great earnestness. “Poor fellow,” thought I, “no doubt he is sorry, and has come to ask forgiveness for his treachery,” and, on the impulse of the moment, I let him in. “Troth, sir,” said he, after he had assured himself that Mrs. Fogarty was not present, “’tis sorry I am to see your honor this way; it’s a rayel murther for a kind-hearted gintleman, that was so good to the poor, to be shut up in a lonesome house, for all the world like a rot in a thrap. I hope,” he continued, taking some papers from his pockets, “your honor won’t think hard of me for doin’ my duty to them that employed me—a poor man must live, and they ped me well for givin’ your honor this. Anyhow, what’s the use of talkin’?—there’s the copy, and here’s the ’riginal; and there’s a shay and two peelers waitin’ for your honor, convaynient to the back gate!” It was a writ; and that night I was lodged at the expense of the county!

L'ENVOI

(FROM THE EDITOR.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dempsey has seen fit to conclude his narrative so abruptly. There can be no doubt that, described in his pathetic style, the scenes he witnessed when in prison, and his subsequent adventures, would have been deeply interesting to all readers—at least we think so—but the unfortunate gentleman himself is of a different opinion. It might appear like vanity in the Editor of the IRISH QUARTERLY, were he to state the offers of present emolument and future fame that were made on his part to Mr. Dempsey, in order to induce him to add a sequel to his tale, containing, if possible, one or two love scenes; but, at all events, winding up matters satisfactorily, with a happy marriage. Suffice it to say, that nothing could have been more liberal than his terms, or more determined than Mr. Dempsey's rejection of them—on the grounds that he did not believe in matrimonial felicity, and would have nothing to do with fiction.

The worthy gentleman having thus evinced a manifest disinclination to give any further account of himself, the duty of relieving the anxiety of the public, as to his ultimate fate, devolves upon the Editor.

Mr. Dempsey's prolonged absence from Ballinahaskin, after the term of his incarceration * had expired, excited some surprise in the neighbourhood, and gave rise to many reports, alike absurd in their nature and prejudicial to his character. It was confidently asserted that he had attempted suicide, and had been seen lying in state, and in a very untidy state, on the bank of the canal near Portobello, with two policemen keeping watch and ward over him. It was said that, preferring the calm seclusion of Mullin's Hotel† to the bustle and turmoil of the world without, he had fixed his residence there permanently, and might be seen any day, clad in a shawl-pattern dressing-gown, and playing rackets with much grace and energy. By some he was suspected of having changed his name and gone to

* It was to beguile the tedium of the hours he spent in durance vile that Mr. Dempsey committed his Experiences to paper. He touchingly alludes to this fact in the latter part of his tale. If any further confirmation be necessary, we have the original manuscript, written on protested bills and the backs of dunning letters, and will be happy to show it to any connoisseur in such matters.—ED.

† *Vulgo*, the Marshalsea.

America, others suggested California, or some hotter climate. And one of his Clonbosh acquaintances was ready to affirm on affidavit, that he had recognised him in Dame-street, attired in a paletot of deal boards, and bearing on his back the startling announcement, that the establishment he belonged to was the only house in the world for anadulterated tea at four-and-eight-pence. But after a time these rumours died away. Speculation itself grew weary of speculating, and Mr. Dempsey was quite forgotten, or remembered only in connection with a wheel-barrow of peculiar construction, which he had introduced into the country, and which is to this day known as "Dempsey's Patent." When the Encumbered Estates Court, that magic crucible for changing land into gold, was invented, Mr. Dempsey's property was one of the first experimented upon by the modern alchemysts; but those who watched his countenance as he read the first announcement of that fact, say, that with the exception of a smile of intense happiness, he displayed no emotion whatever. It was hoped that proceedings in which he was so deeply interested would have had the effect of drawing him from his concealment, or at least removing the veil of obscurity which hung over his fate, but Mr. Dempsey was sceptical as to the probability of a surplus, and besides, it was written in the Book of Fate that the IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW was to be the means of his resuscitation. In the summer of 1850 there came into the possession of the Editor a document in which Messrs. Filer, Noggs and Parker, of Lombard-street, London, were requested to pay the bearer a certain sum of money—but why should he seek to conceal the fact?—it was a bill. Armed with this talisman he sought the counting-house of that eminent firm, and on explaining the cause of his visit, was directed to apply to the head cashier, Mr. Dempsey; it is not necessary to state the nature of his request, but it was granted with such dignified suavity, that the Editor on the spot registered a vow to cultivate the acquaintance of Montague Dempsey. He succeeded, and the intimacy has been productive of the happiest results to himself and the public. Six weeks afterwards, when the Editor stepped from the Holyhead packet on his native shore, he bore in his hand a richly freighted carpet-bag—it contained a pair of trousers, a waistcoat, a dressing-case, four shirts, a Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and the manuscript of "Mr. Montague Dempsey's Experiences."

ART. VII.—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

Pre-Raphaelitism. By the Author of "Modern Painters." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1851.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.—Such is the title of a pamphlet, lately from the pen of Mr. Ruskin. The phrase is new, and is applied to a style or method of art practised by a few London artists, mostly very young men—which takes nature for its model, rejecting the dicta of schools, and which is thought to resemble much the works of artists before the time of Raphael—hence the name Pre-Raphaelitism. In a short preface, Mr. Ruskin says:

"Eight years ago, in the close of the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' I ventured to give the following advice to the young artists of England:—'They should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her, laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing.' Advice which, whether bad or good, involved infinite labour and humiliation in the following it; and was therefore, for the most part, rejected. It has, however, at last been carried out, to the very letter, by a group of men who, for their reward, have been assailed with the most scurrilous abuse which I ever recollect seeing issue from the public press. I have, therefore, thought it due to them to contradict the directly false statements which have been made respecting their works; and to point out the kind of merit which, however deficient in some respects, those works possess beyond the possibility of dispute."

This fully explains the purpose of his pamphlet, and does not exaggerate the abuse which has been almost universally lavished on the Pre-Raphaelites. It is in the very nature of any kind of innovation to elicit cavil, but regard should always be had to intention. These men seek but for truth, and if they are wrong, it ought not to be difficult to prove them so. They have bestowed infinite pains and labour on a by no means easy art; and if that labour has been mis-directed there will be no necessity to increase the pang which such a conviction would bring to the minds of these same Pre-Raphaelites. At all events, abuse never did any good, and bad pictures are sufficiently plenty on the walls of our exhibitions to make us regret that those in question should have had the outpourings of all the vials; for a spectator possessed of but a moderate share of judgment, will easily see that the works of the Pre-Raphaelites are

not the productions of inferior artists: there is much to commend and admire—"however deficient in some respects," as Mr. Ruskin modestly urges.

So far as the press is concerned, Mr. Ruskin's literary labours have been viewed in the same light as the artistic efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites, but the circumstances which elicit this are the same in both instances—peculiarities of style and a departure from the beaten track. It is to be regretted that there is not more of beauty in the artistic works, and more method and clearness in the style of Mr. Ruskin's books; it is sometimes difficult, if not impossible, to clearly make out his meaning. When writing of "ideal and vital beauty," his own ideas seem to be not altogether determined, and some inconsistencies are occasionally apparent. His last pamphlet, however, is not obnoxious to this censure. He appears to have changed somewhat from opinions heretofore advanced, and taken a more healthy and rational tone concerning the ideal. There are two great points in Mr. Ruskin which are amply sufficient to redeem either his crotchets or peculiarities—those are, his innate love and admiration of nature, and his talented advocacy of the artists of our own times, and especially the landscape painters of England. He has effectually disposed of much of the twaddle of connoisseurs, and the cant of Old Mastership. Each generation of mankind evinces decided superiority over the preceding. Science and literature have advanced—the appliances of civilization and refinement, manufactures, commerce, theory of government, and sanitary regulations, all have made astonishing progress in the last four centuries. Art ought to be no exception, but connoisseurship will have it that the tendency of art is the reverse of onward, that having made extraordinary and rapid progress at the beginning of the sixteenth century, has never advanced since—but, on the contrary, retrograded; and connoisseurship is even now fighting to the death against the heresy which dares to differ from this their darling tenet.

However, style is but of secondary importance. Mr. Ruskin writes:—

"For it is always to be remembered that no one mind is like another, either in its powers or perceptions; and while the main principles of training must be the same for all, the result in each will be as various as the kinds of truth which each will apprehend. Therefore also, the modes of effort, even in men whose inner principles and final aims are exactly the same."

He also makes a very excellent apology for the want of beauty so apparent in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites:—

“Consider, farther, that the particular system to be overthrown was, in the present case, one of which the main characteristic was the pursuit of beauty at the expense of manliness and truth; and it will seem likely, *a priori*, that the men intended successfully to resist the influence of such a system should be endowed with little natural sense of beauty, and thus rendered dead to the temptation it presented. Summing up these conditions, there is surely little cause for surprise that pictures painted, in a temper of resistance, by exceedingly young men, of stubborn instincts and positive self-trust, and with little natural perception of beauty, should not be calculated, at the first glance, to win us from works enriched by plagiarism, polished by convention, invested with all the attractiveness of artificial grace, and recommended to our respect by established authority.”

Nevertheless, it would have been better had the beautiful been more studied, which it might be, and no risk of losing either “manliness or truth:” the want of this essential has been a fruitful theme for what Mr. Ruskin designates—

“The loudness and universality of the howl which the common critics of the press have raised against them, the utter absence of all generous help or encouragement from those who can both measure their toil and appreciate their success, and the shrill, shallow laughter of those who can do neither the one or the other,—these are strangest of all—unimaginable unless they had been experienced.”

Mr. Ruskin commences by some admirable remarks upon work—its quantity, and the fitness of the work to the individual. Its precise bearing on Pre-Raphaelitism is not so evident, but is not therefore the less excellent. He says:—

“I find that, as on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by over-worked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself.”

The most distinctive feature of modern society, especially in England, is the living in a hurry, which this constant and unceasing work impels to. We find that the Turk takes matters much more easily, and yet somehow he contrives to live —and live very com-

fortably too — certain social relations, which in our opinion ought to have a contrary tendency, notwithstanding. But with us, a man conceives he will be destroyed and his family ruined, unless in the pursuit of wealth he works himself to a degree that nearly shuts out all enjoyment and relaxation. There is no such thing as contentedness with a little moderate prosperity, but an incessant craving to engross a little of some one else's; and thus when a man by a happy thought strikes some new path, and appears to profit in it, directly he has to endure a fierce struggle with others, who hope to engross some of its fruits. Plagiarism, too, is ready to pounce on intellect, if it appears to attract the smallest degree of favour; and this craving re-acts from class to class, until the lowermost in the scale, is forced to work to the extreme of endurance, merely to procure the necessary essentials to bare existence. Mr. Ruskin, in the following extract, glances at the proximate cause of all this; but we do not suppose him as thereby advocating a return to that state of society which debarred talent from advancing itself, because it happened to be plebeian, but as pointing to an abuse of what is otherwise excellent:

“The very removal of the massy bars which once separated one class of society from another, has rendered it tenfold more shameful in foolish people's, i. e. in most people's eyes, to remain in the lower grades of it, than ever it was before. When a man born of an artisan was looked upon as an entirely different species of animal from a man born of a noble, it made him no more uncomfortable or ashamed to remain that different species of animal, than it makes a horse ashamed to remain a horse, and not to become a giraffe. But now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unreprouched, with people once far above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his *duty* to try to be a ‘gentleman.’”

Also—

“There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children, only a panic horror of the inexpressibly pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the molehill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever, of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself.”

He sums up with the following excellent remark, which it is to

be regretted occurs so seldom to many who by education and position ought to feel its force :—

“ I do not in the least see why courtesy, and gravity, and sympathy with the feelings of others, and courage, and truth, and piety, and what else goes to, make up a gentleman's character, should not be found behind a counter as well as elsewhere, if they were demanded, or even hoped for, there.”

We do not see why they should not be both demanded and hoped for, there, and everywhere.

In a paper read by Mr. Crabbe, some years back, at a meeting of the Decorative Art Society, very similar ideas to the above are set forth; one paragraph occurs, in which he says—

“ We have only to compare the productions of those countries with our own, and we shall find that their staples are all connected with *taste*, and that our staples are those of *quantity*. Their's tend to elevate the whole people in mental enjoyment, ours simply aim at an increase of wealth.”

With us everything is measured by money, and the fine arts are no exception. No matter how brilliant may be the genius or talent of an artist, he has no position in public estimation until the idea gets disseminated, that he receives very high prices; our ideas of a work of Art are wonderfully changed, when the intimation is conveyed, that the artist “got a thousand guineas for it;” the change in the spectator's mind is marvellous, and he looks with awe on the production which ere while obtained scarce a passing glance. As a consequence, nothing is done for its own sake; and although at his first starting the young man of genius may have enthusiasm for his art, before he arrives at thirty, it has been pretty effectually dissipated by the kind efforts of those about him. We must hear Mr. Ruskin again:—

“ I have only a word or two to say about one special cause of over-work—the ambitious desire of doing great or clever things, and the hope of accomplishing them by immense efforts: hope as vain as it is pernicious; not only making men over-work themselves, but rendering all the work they do unwholesome to them. I say it is a vain hope, and let the reader be assured of this (it is a truth all-important to the best interests of humanity.) *No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort*; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it *without effort*.”

“ Is not the evidence of Ease on the very front of all the greatest works in existence? Do not they say plainly to us, not, ‘there has been a great effort here,’ but, ‘there has been a great power here?’ It is not the

weariness of mortality, but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognise in all mighty things; and that is just what we now *never* recognise, but think that we are to do great things, by help of iron bars and perspiration:—alas! we shall do nothing that way but lose some pounds of our own weight."

This is unquestionably true. What charms most in a work of art is the seeming facility, and yet, withal, the care evinced in every touch. But care must not be confounded with labor; this latter is always painful, and is, besides, in the power of every drudge who happens to possess great patience. Not that we wish to decry this very necessary virtue. There is a large class of people who are unable to recognise any other excellence in a work of art than labor and excessive finish. Such people are almost certain to inquire how long the artist took to produce it, and the answer determines in their minds its relative excellence. Canova was commissioned by one of this class to execute a small statue; but, from the pressure of his many engagements, he was very slow in putting it in hands, and the gentleman called several times. At last, Canova felt so much ashamed of the repeated disappointments, that he said it was in progress, and named that day week for its inspection. At the time appointed, the gentleman came—saw the statue, which was everything he wished—agreed upon the price—and so won upon Canova, that he, by way of enhancing the work in his patron's estimation, acquainted him with the fact of its having been only commenced since his last visit. But the result was altogether the opposite of Canova's expectations; for the gentleman felt it as a most scandalous extortion to require such a price for a thing done so rapidly, and intimated as much to Canova, who tartly replied, that he would be sorry to disappoint such an admirer of art, and broke the statue into fragments before the eyes of his astonished patron. Mr. Ruskin is careful to guard against the misapprehension of being supposed, in deprecating misdirected overwork, to countenance what he calls "the favorite dogma of young men, that they need not work if they have genius." He supposes that a man of genius is even more ready to work than other people, and more apt to derive good from it also. We rather differ from the first assertion, although fully agreeing with the last. Men of abstract pursuits—such as painting and literature—are very apt to be

desultory in their work, and wanting in that steady application which men of more common-place minds so generally possess. They are prone to fits of indolence and of extreme activity—sometimes getting through an amount of work astonishing often to themselves on a retrospect, and that, too, without being conscious of much effort. The more methodical and plodding have a great advantage over men of this temperament, which is that of most men of genius. But in the moments of their concentrated application, they derive much more good than do the others—being in the right vein—and matters are perhaps more equal than at a superficial glance one would imagine. Without industry and perseverance there is nothing to be achieved in art. The seeming facility and absence of effort, evident in the works of great artists, they possessed not always; it is the result of practice, of thought, and enthusiastic application. There is no more frequent mistake made by young artists than the attempt to imitate this charming facility, this power. They seek to achieve in a few months what is the gradual development of years; and in endeavouring to imitate style, forget that it is but a result—that every great man makes his own style—and that their's can only be made by a similar procedure; in other words, they commence at the wrong end, and end where they ought to begin.

It is the besetting sin of Academies that their tendency is rather to encourage this pursuit of style—the study of art being by them much more inculcated than the study of nature. Academies are admirably adapted for the producing of a certain mediocrity in art, but are uncongenial to higher development. Scarce any of the great artists—either ancient or modern—were Academy pupils: and it has been remarked how seldom students who have gained prizes and medals ever attain to any great eminence as artists. Dr. Johnson says, that “he who follows must necessarily be behind!” and Buffon has written, that “every man receives two educations: one at infancy and at schools, the other from himself; and this last is really an education.” So is it with an artist—the education which he gives himself is the true and valuable one. We, therefore, entirely agree with Mr. Ruskin in the following :—

“Understand this thoroughly; know, once for all, that a poet on canvas is exactly the same species of creature as a poet in song, and nearly every

error in our methods of teaching will be done away with. For who among us now thinks of bringing men up to be poets?—of producing poets by any kind of general recipe or method of cultivation?"

It is because those young men, termed Pre-Raphaelites, seem conscious of this — and seem energetically to strive by careful study of nature to substitute some better methods — that the severity of the criticism with which their efforts have been met, is to be regretted. Mr. Ruskin's description of what is inculcated upon young artists is but little exaggerated :—

"We begin, in all probability, by telling the youth of fifteen or sixteen, that Nature is full of faults, and that he is to improve her; but that Raphael is perfection, and that the more he copies Raphael the better; that after much copying of Raphael, he is to try what he can do himself in a Raphaelesque, but yet original, manner: that is to say, he is to try to do something very clever, all out of his own head, but yet this clever something is to be properly subjected to Raphaelesque rules, is to have a principal light occupying one seventh of its space, and a principal shadow occupying one third of the same; that no two people's heads in the picture are to be turned the same way, and that all the personages represented are to possess ideal beauty of the highest order, which ideal beauty consists partly in a Greek outline of nose, partly in proportions expressible in decimal fractions between the lips and chin; but partly also in that degree of improvement which the youth of sixteen is to bestow upon God's work in general."

The concluding portion of this would seem to imply that Mr. Ruskin has arrived at more rational conclusions respecting "the ideal," than those he held when he wrote his second volume of "Modern Painters," in which he has devoted several chapters to an elaborate investigation concerning ideal form; and as to what kind of ideal form may be attributed to a "limpet or an oyster," and he concludes that—

"Their ideality consists in the full development of all the powers and properties of the creature as such—and is inconsistent with accidental or imperfect developments—and even with great variation from average size, the ideal size being neither gigantic nor diminutive, but the utmost grandeur and entireness of proportion, at a certain point above the mean size."

Next he goes to primroses and violets, and so gradually up to oak trees—his ideal of the park oak, being—

"Full size, united terminal curve, equal and symmetrical branches on each side. The ideal of the Mountain Oak may be any thing—twisting, and

leaning, and shattered, and rock-encumbered—so only that amid all its misfortunes it maintains the dignity of oak.”—“Therefore the task of the painter in his pursuit of ideal form, is to attain accurate knowledge, so far as may be in his power, of the character, habits, and peculiar virtues and duties of every species of being; down even to the stone, for there is an ideality of stones according to their kind, an ideality of granite, and slate and marble, and it is in the utmost and most exalted exhibition of such individual character, order and use, that all ideality of art consists.” *

Now we conceive the plain practical application of all this to be, that an artist is by careful study and comparison of many different instances, to find out the average oyster, violet, oak, horse, or man, as the case may be; and having discovered it, he is always to make use of that ideal form; and that this constitutes ideality of treatment. The great characteristic of nature is extraordinary variety, even in forms very similar to each other—for instance, the leaves of trees, as, if a branch be carefully examined, not two leaves will be found exactly alike, therefore idealizing them is altogether antagonistic to what we see in nature. Sheep and goats, of all animals, possess the least individuality, yet it is said shepherds readily distinguish each one of their flock, and see nearly as great differences between them as we perceive in human physiognomy. Dr. Henderson, in his Icelandic tour, mentions his surprise on one occasion when he came suddenly on a flock of nearly sixty goats which two young peasant women were milking, and in reply to his inquiries as to how they could distinguish such as were un milked when crowded closely together, they said they knew them all by name. The pictures by David in the Louvre, are instances of this ideality of treatment. The figures, especially in the mythological subjects, are all brothers and sisters, with a strong family likeness, and the spectator cannot but remark the want of naturalness and apparent truth in the whole composition. We find Mr. Ruskin, in the work above referred to, praises

“That habit in the old and great painters, of introducing portrait into all their highest works. I look at it, not as error in them, but as the very source and root of their superiority in all things, for they were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them, that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match nor take place of—wherefore we find the custom of portraiture constant with them.”

* Modern Painters, vol. ii., pages 99, 101, 104.

This is admirable and just, but in the very next page he says :—
 “There is no face which the painter may not make ideal if he choose”—thereby spurring the artist on to that tinkering and patching up of nature’s work, which, the moment before, he praises the old masters for being too great and too humble to practice. Any study from nature is useless as a study, if it be departed from, or not made with extreme care : of course it is necessary to select nature—but having made a selection, it will be best to exert the energies upon imitating it, (and it will be a sufficient task for them,) and give up all ideas of improving nature, for there is always a fitness of one part to another, which is certain to be destroyed by any grafting upon it, of what in other instances might be considered better form. There is a propriety and perfect suitableness in the growth of every man’s hair and beard—the complexion, and colour of eye, to his general contour, which cannot be bettered. No man ever improved his *personel* by dyeing his hair, even though his locks were of the reddest, nor do certain exquisites improve themselves by the strange fantastic forms the hair and whiskers are sometimes tortured into assuming.

There are many who decry what they designate a tame and servile copy of nature, and so lead young men to think it derogatory to their genius to study. It was some of those to whom Dr. Walcot held out the ironical hope, “that perchance nature might come and copy them.” There is no doubt that a vulgar-minded man will give a vulgar transcript of any thing he seeks to represent, but as there is no vulgarity in nature, so a truthful rendering of it, will be in no degree vulgar.

At page 61 we find the following:—

“Many critics, especially the architects, have found fault with me for not ‘teaching people how to arrange masses;’ for not ‘attributing sufficient importance to composition.’ Alas! I attribute far more importance to it than they do;—so much importance, that I should just as soon think of sitting down to teach a man how to write a *Divina Commedia*, or *King Lear*, as how to ‘compose,’ in the true sense, a single building or picture. The marvellous stupidity of this age of lecturers is, that they do not see that what they call ‘principles of composition’ are mere principles of common sense in every thing, as well as in pictures and buildings.—A picture is to have a principal light. Yes; and so a dinner is to have a principal dish, and an oration a principal point, and an air of music a principal note, and every

man a principal object. A picture is to have harmony of relation among its parts? Yes; and so is a speech well uttered, and an action well ordered, and a company well chosen, and a ragout well mixed. Composition! As if a man were not composing every moment of his life, well or ill, and would not do it instinctively in his picture as well as elsewhere, if he could. Composition of this lower or common kind is of exactly the same importance in a picture that it is in any thing else,—no more. It is well that a man should say what he has to say in good order and sequence, but the main thing is, to say it truly. And yet we go on preaching to our pupils as if to have a principal light was every thing, and so cover our academy walls with Shacabac feasts, wherein the courses are indeed well ordered, but the dishes empty."

"The infinite absurdity and failure of our present training consists mainly in this, that we do not rank imagination and invention high enough, and suppose that they *can* be taught."

There is a world of truth in this; the higher principles of art and design cannot be taught. All we can do is to inculcate certain facts and ascertained principles, which may shorten the labour of the pupil, and become useful at a future period. High excellence is innate, it almost resembles an instinct in this wise, that the man of genius cannot tell how he achieves his result, he only knows that he does it. In the paragraph which we subjoin, Mr. Ruskin glances at that widespread and universal taste, against which connoisseurs who revel in ideas of the classic, committees of taste, and smatterers in art, have waged such fierce and justly ineffectual war.

"The sudden and universal Naturalism, or inclination to copy ordinary natural objects, which manifested itself among the painters of Europe, at the moment when the invention of printing superseded their legendary labours, was no false instinct. It was misunderstood and misapplied, but it came at the right time, and has maintained itself through all kinds of abuse; presenting, in the recent schools of landscape, perhaps only the first fruits of its power. That instinct was urging every painter in Europe at the same moment to his true duty—the *faithful representation of all objects of historical interest, or of natural beauty existent at the period.*"

Mr. Ruskin dwells much on the power of memory in treasuring up form and effect; but memory, even when possessed in a high degree, and coupled with keen observation, is very likely to mislead; there are many effects in their nature so fleeting, that it is impossible to take any other method of recording them save mentally—to be

brought out at the fitting time; but it will be well to reserve the memory only for such, and anything that can be rendered, ought to be registered in the sketch-book in preference. Speaking of Turner's power of memory he has the following :—

“There is a drawing in Mr. Fawkes's collection of a man-of-war taking in stores : it is of the usual size of those of the England series, about sixteen inches by eleven ; it does not appear one of the most highly finished, but is still farther removed from slightness. The hull of a first-rate occupies nearly one-half of the picture on the right, her bows towards the spectator, seen in sharp perspective from stem to stern, with all her portholes, guns, anchors, and lower rigging elaborately detailed ; there are two other ships of the line in the middle distance, drawn with equal precision ; a noble breezy sea dancing against their broad bows, full of delicate drawing in its waves ; a store-ship beneath the hull of the larger vessel, and several other boats, and a complicated cloudy sky. It might appear no small exertion of mind to draw the detail of all this shipping down to the smallest ropes, from memory, in the drawing-room of a mansion in the middle of Yorkshire, even if considerable time had been given for the effort. But Mr. Fawkes sat beside the painter from the first stroke to the last. Turner took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot.”

We would prefer to hear what the first lieutenant of a first-rate, would have said as to the details of rigging, &c., for we feel quite certain that a daguerreotype of a line of battle ship, in a similar position, or a careful study from the pencil of an artist skilled in such subjects, would be infinitely more truthful in such particulars ; and this we say without in the least questioning either the memory or great artistic skill of Mr. Turner. Let an artist, or any one possessing a tolerably cultivated power of drawing, make a careful study of any well known object, such as a hat, tea-kettle, or parlour chair, in a given position ; we will suppose the hat, a form that is sufficiently familiar—after making the sketch it is at all events fully impressed on the memory—let him then make another sketch of the hat from recollection, taking care to vary its position, either looking down on it, or some such change ; let him then place the hat in exactly the same position, and compare the sketch with it, and he will be astonished to see how much it is out : this will do more to convince him of the absolute necessity of studying all that can be studied from nature, than the most elaborate treatise. And this brings also another consideration

of what a slight knowledge of anatomy is sufficient for an artist: it is with the outside appearance only that he has to deal, and knowing exactly where this or that particular tendon is, or how the muscles pull, will, as we have shown by the above example of the hat, be but of small use. He must study the living model in the position he requires—no other method will serve.

There never was a period when such a quantity of works on the fine arts have appeared as at present, by artists as well as amateurs; and what with volumes, pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and critiques, if the young student in art is not set on the right road, it will be a wonder. But there is a proverb about too many cooks. It is remarkable that artists, when they write, for the most part, modestly confine themselves to practical details, hints, and suggestions likely to be useful to the young artist, in his endeavours to overcome the insufficiency of his material; but the amateur is certain to rush into the highest flights. He it is who descants upon high art—the imaginative and the ideal—the lofty mission of the artist, and what Thackeray calls “the beautiful with the big B”—until the anxious inquirer and the writer are alike mystified.* Those last have written much about the creative power of art. The plain truth is, art is vastly more imitative than anything else. The artist who follows his imagination, instead of his eye, is tolerably certain to go wrong. Pascal says—“L’homme n’est ni ange ni bête; et le malheur est, que qui veut faire l’ange, fait la bête.” This straining after the ethereal is a prolific source of absurdity in painting, which passes with many for lofty sublimity. This it is which has made artists represent the Almighty in the semblance of an old man, with a long beard—makes angels by well-formed, handsome young men, with birds’ wings out of their shoulder-blades. A bird’s wing is the representative of a man’s arm; therefore there should be either the one or the other, but not both; it is not one iota superior to that ignorant abortion, the sculptured Centaur, with a double sternum apparatus, two stomachs, and two abdomens! But why wings at all? they are suited *only* to our atmosphere—some fifty miles above

* “It is expected, in this nineteenth Century, that a man of culture shall understand and worship Art. Among the windy gospels addressed to our poor Century, there are few louder than this of Art.”—*Carlyle’s Life of John Stirling*, page 228.

us, it is computed—a very small portion of an angel's journey through space. Then they give us stout, able-bodied men, sitting on clouds—those who have gone up in a balloon know what description of resting place they afford; and some show us heaven and the people in it just as they were on earth—hats, and coats, and other raiment—yea, we are even afforded a peep at the celestial choir, one of whom plays on a fiddle! and scrapes catgut as vigorously as ever did mountebank at a fair. Yet the admirers of such natural ideas smile with pity at the poor Pagan, who places the bow and arrows beside his departed brother, in the belief that he will need them in “happy hunting grounds.” But it will be urged, this is all allegorical. So much the worse: allegory in painting is abominable. It may be appropriate for a nation who have no alphabet, but with us, who are able to describe all we want to convey in a written language, it is totally out of place.

Let it not be assumed, that because we decry the extravagant flights which over-zeal impels certain idolaters of art to take, that we wish to question the intellectuality of painting, or the high mental endowments requisite for an artist. We are enemies to cant of all kinds, but especially artistic cant. There are quite enough of real tangible difficulties in the path of the young artist, without strewing it with imaginary ones, to distract and waste his energies: such, for instance, as the following bathos :—“We possess this double power of embellishing in our imagination all the objects of nature, and of communicating to our own works that ideal and moral beauty which comes from the soul. Genius does not paint as it sees outwardly; it expresses what it sees inwardly. The sense of the beautiful is the light of the mind.” We would like to see the landscape an artist could produce by only looking inwardly. This twaddle is by a French writer—Aimè Martin—and passes current mostly because no one likes, in exposing its absurdity, to risk being thought deficient in soul, and by assenting, it is a cheap and easy way to get credit for lofty aspirations, and cultivated intellect. We are forcibly reminded of the fable, in which certain swindlers announced that they could weave and make up magnificent robes, but that only clever people could see them, being invisible to the dull herd. The rogues had no cloth, but pretended to manufacture it, and everybody was in the greatest ecstasy at its magnificence.

Mr. Ruskin has the following admirable passage. Speaking of the "Seven Ages," he truly says—

"This subject cannot be painted. In the written passage, the thoughts are progressive and connected; in the picture they must be co-existent and yet separate; nor can all the characters of the ages be rendered in painting at all. One may represent the soldier at the cannon's mouth, but one cannot paint the "bubble reputation" which he seeks."

Many of the mistakes made by artists, and writers on art, are owing to the comparisons they institute between painting and writing. An artist has but a moment of time for his representation, and can only show what passes at the particular instant he has chosen. A poet can tell all that precedes what he describes, and can also make us aware of what is passing in the mind, often so much at variance with outward manifestation. Painting cannot give this; if it could, it would be false. Poets and painters often attempt what cannot, and what ought not to be represented. Nor can painters express two passions on the one face; all who have attempted it have failed, and any approach to its realization is existent much more in the imagination of the spectator than in the picture. A criticism of Aimè Martin's on a painting of the "Swearing of the Horatii," by David, occurs to us as exemplifying these mistakes. He writes—

"There is something energetical in the attitude of these three warriors. Their gesture is an oath: they swear to fight—but for what? Here the work of the intelligence stops short. The painter has made a fine picture, but no voice emanates from the canvas.

"The father who presents the swords might be considered but a drunken man; the three young men who listen, only vulgar warriors. I do not hear that energetic cry which responds to the call of Rome—I do not see the assurance of victory which radiates from the brow of heroes. All these heads are mute; and yet among these warriors there is a conqueror, a noble conqueror, who will become a cruel murderer. Where is this Roman, so eager for the honor of Rome, who, in his enthusiasm, sacrifices his sister to her? Show him to me. Give him a soul at once sublime and ferocious, or lay aside your pencil."

He discovers that they swear to fight, yet he cannot comprehend for what. The oath might just as well be not to fight, for anything a spectator can tell, who is ignorant of the story illustrated; and we

think if M. Aimè Martin found out the first, he ought, by the same rule, to learn the second. But no; he must hear the oath, or else, in his opinion, the work of the intelligence stops short. He wants to see the assurance of victory on their brows; but it may be—and no doubt this was David's conception—that, like truly brave men, they knew well the difficulties of the task they had to achieve, and neither undervalued the prowess of their adversaries, nor overvalued their own; and in two, at least, of the warriors it would have been a mistaken confidence, as we know they were slain. Because M. Martin is aware that one of the three becomes afterwards a murderer, he wants to see some manifestation of what at the time had no existence. It may be, that in a moment of passion—although naturally kind and humane—he did a cruel, a horrible act; or, being in nature a thorough savage (which is the most probable), he acted accordingly. And because David has not made this furious savage look sublime (an utter impossibility), he says, "lay aside your pencil!" He thinks that the father might be considered drunken. Possibly, if he was a spectator of the actual occurrence, and unable to hear what passed, he might think the same thing; and this is precisely the position an artist fancies himself to be in, when he wishes to illustrate any occurrence that has ever happened: he shows it exactly as he supposes it to have occurred, keeping the modesty of nature in view, and following her where he can; where he cannot, following that in nature which resembles what he seeks to illustrate. We are no admirers of David, but we wish to rescue him from false criticism. It is odd that M. Aimè Martin praises David highly for qualities his works do not possess. And with regard to art criticisms generally, we fear it is more of pictures than of painting, that nature is not sufficiently accounted of; and that, without some practical knowledge of the difficulties of the art, and the inadequacy of the material by which nature has to be represented, it is almost impossible to estimate the degree of merit that is due to the painter. Mr. Pyne, in one of his admirable letters on landscape, published in the "Art Journal," mentions the meeting his little son, on one occasion, with a brush and a small piece of canvas; and, to his inquiry of what he was going to paint, replied—"I am going to paint the beautiful bright sun." "Poor little fellow!" he adds, "one day he will

learn that the only material he has to imitate it, is a spot of white paint."

Mr. Ruskin is quite correct in attributing much of the different rendering of nature by artists, to their different kinds of sight—the near-sighted man, as a matter of course, sees objects comparatively indistinctly—and his pictures are therefore more remarkable for breadth of effect, and absence of minute detail—some carrying it to an extreme. Men with keen vision, on the contrary, see everything, and in the endeavour to represent what they see, give us pictures crowded with minute objects, and foregrounds showing almost every blade of grass. There are many degrees of vision between those extremes, as, indeed, portrait painters very soon discover to their infinite mortification, for numbers of people see the same object very differently, and hence, cannot be similarly gratified by a representation which necessarily only gives the particular appearance that is evident to the painter; and this accounts for the diversity of opinions regarding likenesses that are so constantly met with. The Pre-Raphaelites, we should say, judging by their works, must have very keen vision. By the same rule we should imagine Turner to be equally near-sighted—for a greater contrast to the works of the former cannot well be; and it seems to us strange, that Mr. Ruskin should continue equally enthusiastic in his advocacy of both, for he devotes a large portion of his pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelites, to a glowing panegyric on Turner. We extract the following, as affording an explanation of the grounds on which Mr. Ruskin's admiration of such opposite styles, is founded:—

"I wish it to be understood how every great man paints what he sees or did see, his greatness being indeed little else than his intense sense of fact. And thus Pre-Raphaelitism and Raphaelitism, and Turnerism, are all one and the same, so far as education can influence them. They are different in their choice, different in their faculties, but all the same in this, that Raphael himself, so far as he was great, and all who preceded or followed him who ever were great, became so by painting the truths around them as they appeared to each man's own mind, not as he had been taught to see them, except by the God who made both him and them."

This appears very reasonable and just, but nevertheless there is an education of the eye, and men require to be taught to see nature's

truths. Few are aware how very rapidly objects diminish in apparent size as they recede from the eye; because it is known that objects are really not smaller, there is a difficulty in seeing that they appear so. If a man be placed at the distance of two feet from the human eye, and another at the distance of eight feet, the farthest off will be diminished one-fourth. Again, if any object be viewed reflected upon the ground glass of an ordinary camera, it will appear very small—but if the glass and lenses are removed, and the eye placed exactly where the reflection on the glass appeared, it will be found that the object was scarcely, if at all, diminished; from this it would appear that groups of figures represented life-size, are incorrect, as under no circumstances could groups *appear* that size; indeed it is questionable if the pictorial representation of every figure that is life-size is not a falsity, for unquestionably no artist can see his sitter of such a size, as the distance is always about six or eight feet from the artist. It is not a sufficient answer to this, to say that the picture is to be viewed at that distance, and will diminish in the same ratio, because the picture is to represent the object as if at the same distance from the base line of the picture, that the object is really distant from the artist's eye.

When we look at any group of objects in nature, it is self-evident that we only see one particular local part at the same moment; while regarding the foreground the distance is all but invisible: and if the eye be kept steadily on one point, *the appearance* would be, only a very small portion distinct—in fact, a picture truthfully representing such appearance, would resemble the view reflected in a camera, when everything is out of focus, except one prominent object in the foreground; but the observer of nature can, by moving his eye, see almost every object equally distinct in turn, save only, that distant objects seem less defined on account of the atmosphere intervening, an effect termed by artists “aerial perspective.” In a picture treated as we suppose, this could not be done by the spectator, and a feeling of disappointment would of course result; the artist is therefore driven to make a compromise—he gives us a conventional representation, and the art consists in so balancing those opposites, that no sense of incongruity is felt—a result which, in our opinion, the Pre-Raphaelites have not achieved: in their great effort to be truthful they become untrue

—for they show almost every object equally distinctly; and although such is the fact in nature, there is this difference in the pictorial representation, that all the objects are necessarily on the same plain, but in nature, being on different ones, the eye, as it travels further off, pitches itself to a different focus, and as it does not require to do this when opposite a picture, a sense of the want of naturalness is the result. This, also, is the cause of that seeming hardness of form and harshness of outline, so evident in their works. Draperies are by them most accurately and carefully studied—yet they give us the idea of being hard and unbending, instead of soft and textile, liable to be displaced by the smallest movement. A very marked change has taken place of late years in the treatment of draperies by artists, and in their attention to propriety of costume. Sir Joshua Reynolds' axiom, "it should be drapery, it should be nothing more," is now deservedly exploded; but the taste of his time was to look on all such matters as quite secondary. Inflated ideas of the classical were the only ones considered legitimate; and artists, in painting historical and scriptural subjects, generally invented their costumes, and thereby saved themselves a world of trouble. The old masters, too, for the most part, followed the same course. We have often fancied, in looking at some of their paintings, that if the people they represent wore such costume, they must have been so constantly occupied in keeping their pieces of cloth from falling to the ground, that they could not possibly have had leisure to do anything else. The artist of the present day requires to be a more generally informed man than sufficed heretofore; anachronisms, which then passed current, would not be tolerated now. How different are the paintings by Horace Vernet, illustrating the patriarchal age. He travelled in the East, and saw the resemblance between the manners and customs of the Nomadic tribes of the desert and those mentioned in holy writ—and, knowing how unchangeable are the habits of these people, he transcribed their costume and physiognomy to his canvas, and produced the most striking and characteristic illustrations of that age, that have ever been produced. Barry's treatment of the death of Wolfe was the very opposite. Allan Cunningham says, that the people who knew all the different regiments that were engaged, even to the colour of their facings, were astounded to see nothing but naked men.

The Germans have unquestionably been foremost in their strict attention to detail, and in giving the appropriate costume of the period represented. In looking over some back volumes of the *Quarterly Review*, we lately met with an article on Modern German Painting, in which it is very severely handled—too severely, in our opinion. There are many points of resemblance between the works of the German artists and the Pre-Raphaelites—and both have fallen into similar mistakes. The Reviewer is particularly caustic in his remarks on Mr. Hildibrandt's picture of the Murder of the Young Princes in the Tower—because of the satin mattresses, arabesque patterns, gold borders, and load of finish in every part. "Who," he says, "in telling the tale, would stop to point out the pattern of the coverlid, or the border of the smock, or excruciate you by faddling over the binding of the book? The narrator would feel that these minutiae—though they might be there—in no way helped to tell the story." If they were there the artist ought to represent them; and Shakespeare says—

"A book of prayers, too, on their pillow lay."

Lord Chesterfield was of opinion "that anything that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and we think all the details of a picture should be carefully and accurately rendered—for these matters *do* help to tell the story; but they should be given with such art as only to appear when looked for—like the real objects—and should not equally arrest attention with the principal subject matter of the picture—and this is precisely the art which the Pre-Raphaelites seem most to lack. The writer commences by stating that for several years an impression has been gaining ground that the Germans are leaving us far behind in art—"and with the national absence of self-esteem, which works in us so strongly, for good and for evil, we are at once ready to draw disparaging comparisons, and discouraging conclusions." We thought how a German or a Frenchman would smile at this; for if there is one character of John Bull's more marked than another, it is his perfect conviction that every thing English is right, and that whatever differs must be wrong—and this, probably, accounts for the rough handling he has given to German art.

In the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy, David Roberts had

a painting of an Attack on a Caravan in Syria, which gave the effect of nature most charmingly; it was remarkable, also, as being not at all labored; indeed, on a near inspection, it was almost coarse — but there were all the evidences of great care and consummate art. In the same Exhibition was the painting, by Maclise, of Caxton's Printing Office, in the Almonry, at Westminster, which, in point of high finish and extraordinary attention to every minute detail, surpasses anything that the Pre-Raphaelites have produced, and is much more truthful, as well as graceful. The smallest and most trifling object is as carefully labored as the more prominent and important. In the left hand corner are scattered some brushes and colors, and one little glass vial contains a yellow pigment in powder, in which the different appearance of the loose grains on the top and the closely compressed part at the sides, is plainly distinguishable. In looking at this picture it is impossible to disassociate from the mind an idea of the immense quantity of labor bestowed upon it. In our opinion, Landseer's method is more desirable, for, with great care, and all requisite attention to detail, he has combined a mastery and play of the pencil exceedingly captivating; his pictures are, also, pre-eminent for great natural truth. The following passage from Mr. Ruskin is quite true, and shows that, however partial he is to the Pre-Raphaelists, he is not insensible to their demerits:—

“I have a word to say to the Pre-Raphaelites specially. They are working too hard. There is evidence in failing portions of their pictures, showing that they have wrought so long upon them that their very sight has failed for weariness, and that the hand refused any more to obey the heart. And besides this, there are certain qualities of drawing which they miss from over-carefulness. For, let them be assured, there is a great truth lurking in that common desire of men to see things done in what they call a ‘masterly,’ or ‘bold,’ or ‘broad’ manner; a truth oppressed and abused, like almost every other in this world, but an eternal one nevertheless; and whatever mischief may have followed from men's looking for nothing else but this facility of execution, and supposing that a picture was assuredly all right if only it were done with broad dashes of the brush, still the truth remains the same; that because it is not intended that men shall torment or weary themselves with any earthly labour, it is appointed that the noblest results should only be attainable by a certain ease and decision of manipulation. I only wish people understood this much of sculpture, as well as of painting, and could see that the finely finished statue is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a

far more vulgar work than that which shows rough signs of the right hand laid to the workman's hammer."

One thing that they are successful in, is propriety of attitude and expression. The painting by J. E. Millais, illustrative of Tennyson's lines—

" She only said ' my life is dreary,
He cometh not !' she said ;
She said ' I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead.' "

The perfect truth with which the idea is portrayed, and the utter weariness evident in the attitude and air of the figure, cannot be exceeded. His other picture of the Woodman's Daughter, is equally successful. The sullen and abrupt air with which the rich squire's young son offers the fruit to the little girl, and the open, confiding and gratified manner evident in her reception of his gift, is exceedingly truthful—but one cannot help saying, what a pity they are not handsome !

Whether those gentlemen will realize the high hopes and expectations Mr. Ruskin indulges in—and " found a new and noble school in England," remains to be seen, but that they possess the essential qualities likely to lead them to greatness—industry, perseverance, and earnestness, is undeniable.

Painters and poets, but especially the former, are by general consent of mankind classed as the *genus irritabile*. Mr. Ruskin, we fancy, has mixed much with artists—and probably had this peculiarity of theirs in his mind when penning the following:—

" In general, the men who are employed in the Arts have freely chosen their profession, and suppose themselves to have special faculty for it ; yet, as a body, they are not happy men. For which this seems to me the reason,—that they are expected, and themselves expect, to make their bread *by being clever*—not by steady or quiet work ; and are, therefore, for the most part, trying to be clever, and so living in an utterly false state of mind and action."

With the following passage we conclude. It may be read with advantage by legislators, by painters, and by amateurs:—

" Suppose that every tree of the forest had been drawn in its noblest aspect, every beast of the field in its savage life—that all these gatherings were al-

ready in our national galleries, and that the painters of the present day were laboring, happily and earnestly, to multiply them, and put such means of knowledge more and more within reach of the common people—would not that be a more honorable life for them, than gaining precarious bread by ‘bright effects?’ They think not, perhaps. They think it easy, and therefore contemptible, to be truthful; they have been taught so all their lives. But it is not so, whoever taught it them. It is most difficult, and worthy of the greatest men’s greatest effort, to render, as it should be rendered, the simplest of the natural features of the earth; but also, be it remembered, no man is confined to the simplest; each may look out work for himself where he chooses, and it will be strange if he cannot find something hard enough for him. The excuse is, however, one of the lips only; for every painter knows, that when he draws back from the attempt to render nature as she is, it is oftener in cowardice than in disdain.”

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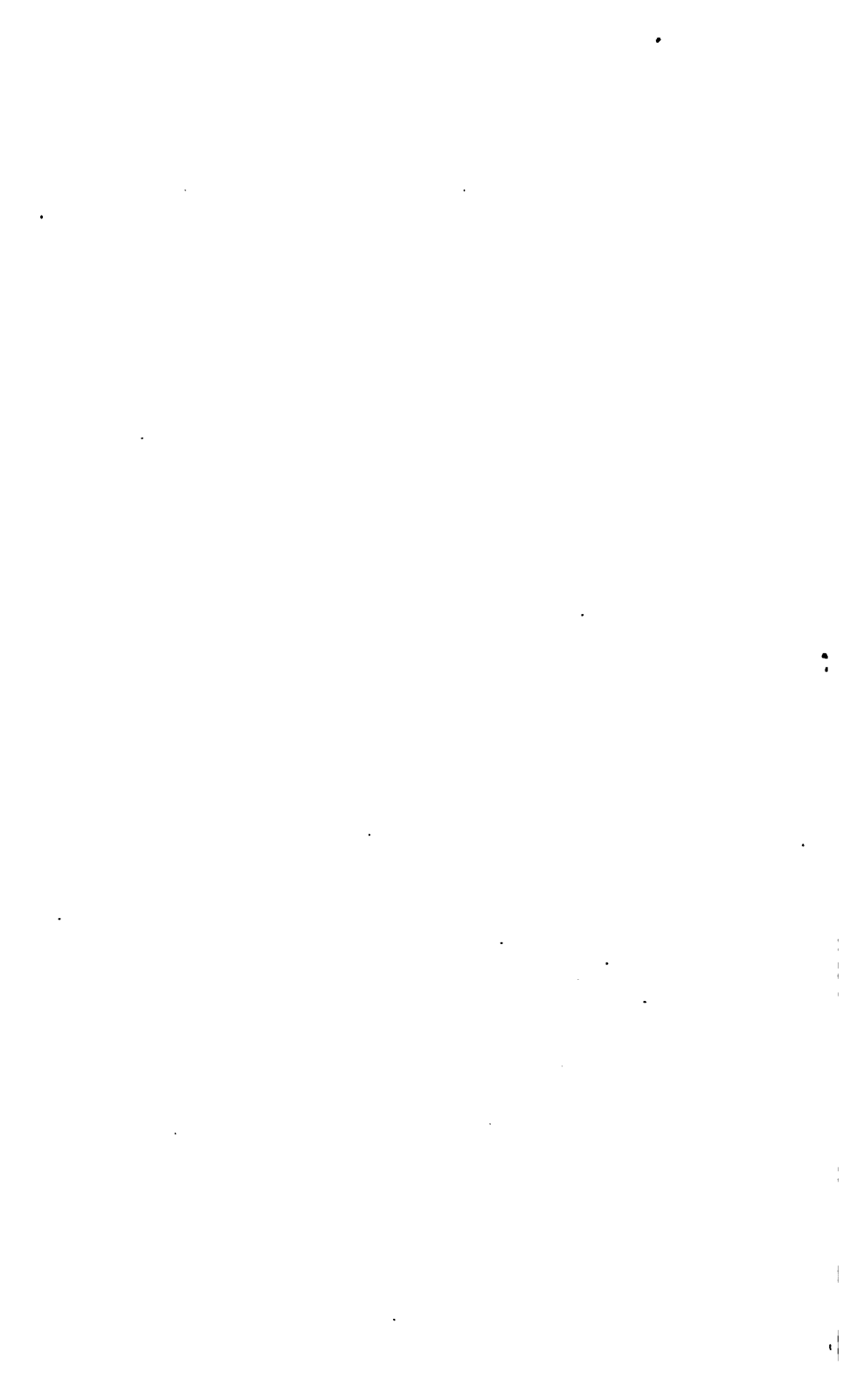
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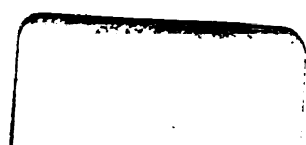
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